

THE
ENTERTAINING
FABULIST:

CONTAINING

A Variety of Diverting Tales and
Novels, in Prose and Verse.

To which is prefix'd, A

SHORT TRACTATE

OF

STORY-TELLING.

Inest sua Gratia parvis.

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. BURNET, at Bishop Burnet's
Head, in the Strand.



A circular library stamp from the British Museum. The outer ring contains the text "BRITISH MUSEUM" at the top and "30 NOV 72" at the bottom. The center features the Royal Coat of Arms.



P R E F A C E.



Notwithstanding the Ill-Nature of some Renegadoes who have maliciously endeavoured to asperse the Reputation of their Brother-Authors, by insinuating that Prefaces are merely superfluous; calculated with a View of spinning out the Performance to a greater Length, and consequently enhancing the Price of the Volume; we shall nevertheless, without any Apprehension of incurring the Displeasure of our Readers, continue to hobble on in the old Tract; since we flatter ourselves we shall be able to render the Utility of Prefaces obvious to Mankind.

*An Author may not improperly be compared to a Cook: In this alone they differ, that one caters for the Sensual; the other for the intellectual Appetite. A Preface then is a Bill of Fare, intended to inform the Reader what Sort of Viands
he*

P R E F A C E.

be is to expect : It would therefore be treating our Readers with the greatest Indignity, to omit premising a few Words, explanatory of the Design of our Work ; as they might otherwise expect a Kind of Entertainment not to be found, nor which was ever intended, in the following Pages.

The Reader who sits down with a keen Appetite, in Expectation of making an hearty Meal of Solids, will find himself egregiously disappointed ; as this Work is only intended to answer the Purpose of a Slice of Cheese, which generally makes its Appearance at the Close of the Entertainment, and serves to digest more solid Food. In this Capacity it will be found of no little Use. When a Reader has dined heartily on a well seasoned Dish of Mathematics, or becomes satiate with a more abstruse Ragout of Ethic à la Mode, a Morsel of our Parmesan will enable him to digest his Meal, and clear his Brain from the Fumes, and Vapours which arise from a more solid Diet : From whence it follows, that our Work though superficial, is yet a Work of much Importance ; absolutely necessary to give a proper Temperature to more weighty Studies. In short, it should be employed like the green Cloth which Painters make Use of to relieve the Eye, fatigued with too intense an Application to the same Object.

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SHORT TRACTATE

O F

STORY-TELLING.



HERE is no art the generality of mankind are more ambitious of attaining, than that of story-telling. That this is a very rational desire, is obvious to the meanest capacity, since it gives us an opportunity of rendering ourselves agreeable in company, by furnishing our quoto part of the conversation ; for I have often observed, that those who have not been capable of discoursing upon any ordinary topic have, by a well timed introduction of a merr, tale, passed for sprightly, facetious company ;

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or,

or, in the vulgar phrase, for men who have a great deal to say for themselves.

Story-telling is not an art meerly amusing, it is instructive also: the most sublime precepts of morality, may be conveyed in a tale, as well as in a sermon; nay, oftentimes much more effectually; for experience teaches us there is no kind of document so perswasive as that, where instruction is blended with delight; 'tis like gilding of the pill, which renders it more palatable, without lessening the operation. But admitting stories as merely entertaining; put them upon a level with a game at cards, a cast at dice, or what other diversion you please, which serves to unbend, and relax the mind without improving the morals; surely they may still plead some degree of merit, since they must be allowed to answer the same intent, to be full as entertaining, and far less dangerous: we presume therefore, there is no great impropriety in a tractate upon story-telling, than a treatise upon whist, or back-gammon.

That this, like every other art, may be reduced to a method, will evidently appear by the sequel; and we doubt not but, by a few hints properly thrown together, to render our pupils as able proficient in the knack of pleasing in this species of conversation; as the celebrated Mr. Hoyle has rendered his able adepts, by his treatise on Gaming.

The thirst of story-telling, as we observed before, reigns almost universal: from the grave senator upon the bench, to the loquacious

ous nurse in the chimney-corner ; all love, mutually to communicate, and to hear a good story. Some are pleased with the grave, the solemn, the tragic tale ; while others delight in the witty, merry, and jocose. Now I have often observed, that though all are desirous of excelling in this pleasing art, yet few, very few arrive at any manner of perfection ; and the greater number become dull, tiresome, and insipid ; and, far from gaining our applause, render themselves the objects of our ridicule. Let us then proceed to the fountain-head, and, like sage and skilful physicians, endeavour to find out the source of the disease, before we presume to administer a remedy.

An author of great judgment and solidity, has very judiciously remarked, that a man is not ridiculous for being what he is ; but for aiming to be thought what he is not. Thus, for example, natural deformities become not the object of our ridicule, but rather of our compassion ; but should the poor cripple, upon a vain presumption of what he is not, dress himself out in an embroidered suit, silk-stockings, and peruke *a la mode*, and endeavour to pass himself upon us for an handsome man ; the idiot meets with the derision he deserves. The same comparison is equally applicable to mental, as to corporal defects : a man, who might otherwise pass for a man of sober sense, often renders himself the laughing stock of the public, by a ridiculous affectation of what he has no talent for : would every one study to confine himself, to what is best adapted to his

capacity, and endeavour to act well the part that nature allotted him, and intended he should act; every one would be intitled to some shew of praise, according to his degree of merit, as well in story-telling, as in every other art. From whence it follows, that every person who wishes to attain to any degree of excellence in story-telling, so as to be capable of entertaining his auditors agreeably, should strictly scrutinize the extent of his genius, that he may be the better able to make choice of such stories, as are best adapted to his capacity. Can any one refrain from laughter, to see a fellow, with a sober, puritannical visage, endeavouring with forced grimace, and uncouth action, to entertain his auditors in the comic taste; or to see another, with a democratical phiz, ever upon the grin, holding forth in the tragic stile? Let them only interchange their parts; let the merry take the merry, the grave the grave subject from his companion, each will excel in his way, and both merit our applause, who before met with our derision.

It would seem as if those who have a superiour genius in the art, in whom nature, and judgment blend promiscuously; have no occasion for any rule, whereby to model their conduct; but even those are but too apt to give into many capital errors, and often marr all, by too intent a desire of pleasing. Undoubtedly they who possess superiority of genius, need not be so very strict in the choice of their stories, since they may, by a dextrous handling,

ling, render the most insipid tale pleasant and entertaining ; as a fine performer on the violin, will not fail to give his auditors great satisfaction, in playing even an indifferent piece of music ; for what would be intolerable in a common performer, becomes tolerable enough, through the fine graces, and dexterity of touch of the master. But a wit, is too apt to give a loose to the luxuriance of his fancy, and becomes tiresome through an ebullition of genius : his style is correct ; his thoughts are brilliant ; but he deviates too much from his subject, and the main story evaporates in a profusion of ornament. As we have already drawn a simile between story-telling and music, it may not be amiss to carry it a little farther ; as the following story may serve to illustrate what we have advanced.

When Signor Giardini, who is allowed by every one to be one of the finest fingers this, or any other age has produced, first came to England, it being in the summer season, he engaged at Marybone ; whence the fame of his masterly performance soon spread throughout the town. The late Mr. Geminiani, with whom I was intimately acquainted, called on me one evening, and insisted that I should go with him to hear this Phoenix, this wonder of the age. We went accordingly : Mr. Giardini performed a solo. At first an universal silence reigned : it seemed as if the audience were ravished in extasy : the softness of his harmony created the most pleasing sensations, and the wonderful agility of his finger alter-

rately challenged our admiration. Mr. Geminiani, could not help launching out into the most extravagant encomiums on the superiour excellency of his performance. ‘ Oh ! my ‘ G—d,’ exclaimed he, ‘ What execution ! ‘ what surprizing execution ! he do what he ‘ please with his fiddle.’ I concur’d in opinion with Mr. Geminiani, and must own I could not help applying the following lines of Dryden’s secular ode, to this ingenious Italian :

*Timotheus plac’d on high
Amidst the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch’d the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend thy sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.*

But before he had gone through half his solo, I found my ear fatigued, I knew not why ; a disgust had stolen upon me quite insensibly, and I was displeased at something, I knew not at what. I communicated my thoughts to Mr. Geminiani, who I found began to labour under the same indisposition as myself, and being a much more skilful judge of music than I, soon informed me of the cause. ‘ He play very fine, very fine indeed,’ ‘ Sir,’ said he, ‘ but he spoil his solo, by ‘ adding too much of the ornament.’ A friend in company, who heard what Mr. Geminiani said, asked him whether he was acquainted with the composition ? ‘ No, pon ‘ my word, Sir, I am not : it be his own composition very likely ; or, perhaps, it may ‘ be

‘ be some new thing he has brought over with
 ‘ him from Italy.’ ‘ ’Tis one of your solos,
 ‘ Sir.’ ‘ One of my solos ! Oh ’tis shocking !
 ‘ execrable ! I have not patience to stay any
 ‘ longer : he murder my solo, he play the
 ‘ devil with my solo ; I not know my own
 ‘ solo, by G—.’ In short, the composition
 was so drowned in a torrent of cadence, shake,
 and quaver ; and the fundamental part so be-
 wildered in ornament ; that the composer him-
 self could scarce be made to believe, that he
 had had any hand in the composition.

Let the genius in story-telling keep the fore-
 going example constantly in view, and reject
 that false notion, that one cannot have too much
 of a good thing : let him add sufficient grace
 and ornament to decorate his tale, but ever
 avoid the tinsel and the tawdry.

We shall next proceed to story-tellers of an
 inferior class, who have an inclination to sto-
 ry-telling, with little or no genius ; and doubt
 not but to render them, *invita Minerva*, boon
 companions before we part : nay, if they will
 promise strictly to pursue the method we shall
 lay down, we dare insure them of as large
 a share of success in their class, as those of
 brighter imaginations in theirs.

It generally happens, that those of inferior
 genius or knowledge in an art, are more am-
 bitious of displaying their talents, than those
 of superior skill and judgment. I have often
 intreated a wit, for half an hour together, to
 favour me with a story, without success ; but
 upon the least hint to a man of ordinary capa-
 city,

city, have been involved in a tedious narrative of two hours, three fourths of which time, might have been fairly summed off as meer froth : so many hems, and hahs, so many repetitions and tautologies, such reiterated applications of the titillating powder to the nose, that I protest I have been often surfeited of story-telling for six months after.

This is the rock, on which men of shallow understanding generally split. They want action, they want spirit ; their thoughts are cold and barren, incapable of enlivening, or imbellishing their tale ; and yet, anxious of passing for what they are not, they would fain impose themselves upon their company for men of wit, and vivacity ; and vainly imagine to counterballance their deficiency of imagination by endless tautologies, and their want of spirit and action, by taking Rappee with an air ; and are not a little disappointed, when they fail to meet with that applause they flatter themselves they deserve.

These gentlemen we do advise, to confine themselves to plain narrative. Let them make choice of such stories as require least ornament, and reject those of too great a length, as absolutely unfit for their purpose ; the plain, the concise, they will find much better adapted to their talents : if they form themselves upon this plan, they will for certain, become more entertaining ; and insure themselves a share of applause adequate to their merit. A plain ballad may be as pleasing in its kind, as the more elaborate piece of music ; and may gain
applause

applause to a man of an indifferent voice, who would become ridiculous, should he attempt a fine opera air : thus have I known a man, who had acquitted himself to admiration of that good old patriot song the Roast Beef of Old England, forfeit the lawrels he had acquired, by murdering an air in Artaxerxes.

Monotony, or a sameness of tone, is a very capital fault in story-tellers of every denomination, as nothing can be more ungrateful to the ear. A different modulation of tone is absolutely necessary, if we would give intire satisfaction to our auditors, as the raising and falling of the voice, has a most delightful and harmonious effect: 'tis like the Fortes and Pianos in music, which by diffusing an agreeable variety throughout the ear, hinder the ear from being fatigued, and make us overlook many trifling errors both in the composer, and the performer.

It is evident from what has been said, that examining the extent of our capacity, in order to make choice of such subjects as we are best able to handle, is the great hinge on which the art of story-telling turns : a basis, or foundation on which every one must build, who would attain to a proficiency in the art. It now only remains, to caution our pupils against certain heresies, which have sprung up among story-tellers ; as well among those of distinguished, as those of inferiour merit : for in story-telling, as in religion, there is a great diversity of sectaries, who differ as widely from true story-telling, as the Persian from the

true Mussulman. In order to render our meaning more perspicuous, and intelligible, we will arrange under proper heads, the different sectaries, or schismaticks, who through inadvertency, or willfulness, deviate from the system : such are—the horse-laughers—the anti-buttonists—the pipebreakers—the primmers—the kickshins—and the swearers, or infernalists.

The horse-laughers, are a very numerous sect. Their error in general, proceeds from wilfulness : they practice the horse-laugh, because they think it sprightly and becoming ; and falsely imagine they pass for men of more than ordinary importance, by drawing the eyes of the whole room upon them : but, in their ear be it spoken, 'tis not in admiration of their wit ; but of their impudence that the company gaze. This incongruity is as usually introduced, to usher in a witticism, or brilliant repartee ; as the kettle drum, and trumpet are, to usher in the theatrical house, and is productive of the same effect : for as the voice of the heroical personage is generally drowned, amidst the clamour of the martial symphony ; so the poignancy of the jest is as surely blunted by the horse-laugh. We do therefore advise our pupils, to lay aside this, and every other kind of laugh, from the commencement, to the end of their narration ; as a method of proceeding highly impolite and impolitic. In tales of the comic cast, the cheek should be ever dimpled with a smile ; an air of ease, and good humour should appear.

pear throughout the whole ; but the naviator should never be the first to laugh at his own jest, lest what he looks upon as witty, should appear in a different light to the rest of the company, and he undergo the mortification of being left to laugh at his own folly. Others there are, who though they do not profess the horse-laugh, are nevertheless reducible under the same head ; since they are no other than a branch of that sect ; I mean those who prelude their story with—egad ! I'll tell you a tale, shall make you split your sides with laughing—a promise which raises the expectations of their audience to such a pitch, that let them display all the wit they are masters of, yet they will never be able to answer the idea their hearers have formed of their superior excellency, consequently will be incapable of giving them the satisfaction they expect. Thus disappointed, far from splitting their sides ; 'tis ten to one whether they will deign to laugh at all : what a ridiculous figure must the man make, who has so odly promised what he is not able to perform !

The Anti-buttonists are a set of inadvertent hereticks, whose rage against buttons is inexpressible ; they persecute them whenever they meet them, and put them to the most exquisite tortures ; and yet, what is strange enough, they bear no malice, or aversion to that useful invention, but their cruelty proceeds from meer inanity, or want of thought. This is a piece of indecency carefully to be avoided by our pupil : 'tis not only very rude and unman-
nerly,

nerly, but it hinders the auditor, in his great anxiety for the fate of his button, from paying due attention to what he is relating. There is another branch of this sect, much more tolerable than their brethren: those who at every period of their discourse, smooth your band with the nicest care, or adjust the curls of your perriwig, But though they are less mischievous, they are not a whit less troublesome: we do therefore advice our pupils, to lay aside this officious custom of tormenting their hearers. If they find this ridiculous habit of fingering grown so strong upon them, that they are incapable of breaking through it; let them apply to Mr. Deard, who, for the trifling expence of sixpence, will furnish them with a neat, pretty toy of an intire new construction, called a twirlabout, a piece of mechanism which we have invented, after many years close study, solely for the use of such of our pupils as labour under this weakness.

The pipe-breakers are a sect, little different from the anti-buttonists, for as the latter take a delight in destroying your buttons; so the former take a pleasure in mutilating your tobacco pipe, which you no sooner lay out of your hand, than whip! 'tis broke, and the fragments instantaneously converted into two drum-sticks; and your ears so stunned with tattoos and marches, that let your pericranium be ever so stout, and your story ever so good, you will think your entertainment purchased at far too dear a rate. This method
fo

of narration may not improperly be called the opera style, since always accompanied with music; for wondrous to relate, not only the drum, but the flute, the bass viol, and the dulcimer, are alternately imitated by the ingenious performer. This error like the former, proceeds intirely from inattention and want of thought; the twirlabout will therefore, we presume, prove as sovereign a nostrum in this, as in the former case; and may be the means of preserving the half-smoked pipes of many inoffensive gentlemen from destruction.

The primmers are a most audacious, insolent sect. Their error, which is founded in the idea they form of their own importance, consists in cocking their hat full in your face, and staring you out of countenance. This is a figure made use of with great success in absurd, and incredible tales; as it generally enforces a belief; and compels the timorous auditor to confess, even that black is white. But arguments we presume, are needless to demonstrate to our pupils the impropriety of this conduct. We will however, as a caution to those refractory primmers who disdain to give ear to wholesome advice, insert the following adventure, which happened, the other day, in a certain coffee-house, under our immediate inspection. A primmer was entertaining his audience with several incredible oddities, which they seemed not rightly to digest, and even gave some intimation of their doubts; but were soon primmed into silence,
one

one only excepted, a plain modest behaved man, who required some explanations, which the orator thought he should be better able to silence than to satisfy : he accordingly strutted up to the gentleman, and cocking his hat in his face, asked him, in a voice that might have frightened a city captain at the head of his trained bands, whether he questioned his veracity ? The gentleman, with the greatest composure imaginable, laid down his pipe, seized on the nose of this hector with the fore finger and thumb of his left hand, and with his right hand applied so sound a box to his right cheek, as made him blush, in despite of his native impudence. This we looked upon at first as a remedy somewhat too violent, which would be apt to irritate, instead of alleviating the disease ; but a moment convinced us that our conjectures were ill founded. The operation proved both safe, and gentle ; and was productive of a most surprizing, and instantaneous effect on the primmer. It gave immediate ease to the contorted muscles of his visage, reduced his chapeau to its primitive cock, and from a lion, he became—a lamb ; begged pardon for the offence committed, and, 'tis to be hoped, formed a resolution to behave with more decency for the future.

The kickshins are a sect, who deviate very little from the anti-buttonists, and pipe-breakers ; the latter denounce vengeance against your button, or your pipe ; the former against your shins, and your stockings ; with which they wage a continual war. They are however,

however, the most civilized sect of any we have yet described ; and move our choler less than any other ; for they have no sooner broken your skin, or daubed your white silk stocking, than they beg ten thousand pardons, cap in hand ; with so many marks of a sincere repentance, that none but a man of the greatest inhumanity, can refuse them the indulgence they sue for. Let our pupils nevertheless be careful to avoid this error, as equally indecent, and dangerous ; for they may chance to meet with those, who, scorning to be out done in civility, will in return for a broken skin, made them a present of a broken head.

The swearers, or the infernalists, are a sect of hereticks, whose rhetoric consists in a rhapsody of random oaths, with which they interlard every period of their discourse. This is an error which probably proceeds from habit and inattention ; for no thinking man would, we imagine, wilfully act the part of a Dæmon, and fill his audience with horror, instead of delight. The spectator tells a story of a gentleman, who, observing this bad habit reign predominant in the discourse of several of his intimates, formed a scheme for their reformation. He invited them to an entertainment ; having previously placed an amanuensis behind a skreen in the same room, with strict injunctions to commit every particular of the conversation to writing. When the entertainment drew near to a conclusion, and the company began to talk of departing, he produced his paper ; told them, that ima-
gining

gining their conversation would prove both edifying and entertaining, he had taken the liberty of committing it to writing, and begged they would afford him a moment's attention ; which they very readily agreed to. But how great was their astonishment, when, instead of a conversation worthy of rational beings ; their ears were assailed with a torrent of blasphemy, which fiends themselves would have blushed at. They shuddered in cool blood, at the repetition of what had passed in the heat of conversation ; and all went away with a firm resolution to refrain for the future, from so immoral and shocking a practice.

Let our pupils be careful to avoid this, and every other error we have protested against ; let them model their conduct according to the dictates of this short treatise ; and we dare assure them they will reap as much benefit, as if we had been more prolix upon the subject.



T H E

The Taming of the SHREW ;

O R, A N

Approved Nostrum for a scolding
W I F E.

A T A L E.

‘**C**A T and dog, man and wife ;’ so said the proverb many centuries ago, so it says to this day, and so it will continue to say, and justly too, *in sæcula sæculorum* ; that is (in order to oblige our unlearned reader) as long as the world stands : but if every man, who is plagued with a vixen, would have recourse to the following nostrum, I make no doubt but that he would experience the salutary effects as well as my friend oxcheek ; though I would not on any account, recommend it to be essayed upon every trivial occasion, since it is one of those violent remedies, which will either kill or cure ; therefore only fit to be applied at the last extremity, when the disease has baffled all other power of medicine.

In those delightful regions called Broad Saint Giles’s, where the ruddy nosed strong
water

water nymphs breath their amorous sighs in aromatics ; where the fragrant sausage, combining the more delicious flavour of stale sprats and stinking whittings, regales the nostrils with a pleasing perfume, stands an ancient cellar, long sacred to the goddess of plenty. Here the dusty small-coal man, the sooty chimney-sweeper, the sturdy coalheaver, and loquacious cobbler join in promiscuous revels. Plenty shakes her cornucopia, and lo ! beef, soup, and pudding smoke upon the board. Master oxcheek, plenty's superintendant, officiates here as master of the ceremonies : as worthy a wight as ever set knife to sir loin ; worthy to be recorded in the annals of far sounding fame ; since to his hospitality we are indebted, for many a brilliant production both in verse, and in prose. How many pudding inspired poets, and porter drinking patriots, have reeled from his cellar to their garrets, big with some grand design ; and have favoured the public, the ensuing morn, with overflowings of their genius ; perhaps a dirge upon the raising of porter, or an elaborate oration against the exercise.

It is a trite but true observation, that even the best of men are as liable to misfortunes as the worst.

It was the hard fate of poor oxcheek, to be plagued with as very a shrew of a wife, as the great Socrates was in days of yore : happy, had he been endowed with so philosophic a turn of mind as that philosopher. He swore, he threatened ; and tried every expedient, the

bastinado

bastinado excepted, but he might as well have preached to the winds ; for his remonstrances had no manner of effect, on this incorrigible hantippe.

Oxcheek at length, heartily tired with stemming against the stream, resolved to take the advice of neighbour Sly, a cobbler of some eminence ; a shrewd droll kind of fellow, who had an excellent knack at a song, or a catch, and was looked upon as the oracle of the neighbourhood : he accordingly, one day, taking the advantage of the absence of his wife, who was kept aside upon some necessary occasion, paid a visit to his friend Sly ; and stating his case, begged he would favour him with a little wholesome advice. Sly, twisting his face like the head of a bass viol, took his stirrup in his hand, and with a sneer, expressive of his superior penetration and sagacity, sung.

*‘ I hope you’ll give me leave to speak,
If I may be so bold ;
There’s nought but the devil and this good
strap,
Could ever tame a scold.’*

A word to the wife, you know.—Oxcheek immediately took the hint : and, having borrowed his neighbour’s strap, took his leave ; fully determined to make the experiment, the very first opportunity that should offer.

He had no sooner set footing in his own dominions, than Mrs. Oxcheek began to tune
up.

up her clapper : ' why now, you nasty, ugly, hang in chains dog,' said she, ' where have you been all this while ? ha !—here must I toil, and moil to earn an honest livelyhood, while you are squandering your substance away, upon a parcel of vile trollops. You nasty ill looking villain you !—Was it for this I refused so many good matches ? there was Jack Juniper, the brandy merchant, would have married me, though I had not a shoe to my foot, sirrah ! that he would : there was Timothy Shave, the barber, would have given his eyes to have had me ; and he had a matter of twenty pounds in money, besides a good shop.—I wish the parson was at the devil, that coupled me to such a low lived, sneaking scoundrel : however, I hope I shall live long enough, to see you ride up Holborn Hill backwards ; that will be some comfort to me, you rogue ! it will.'

Want of breath, not want of elocution, at length put a period to her oratory ; and her husband, who had listened to her elaborate discourse with the greatest attention, began with all the composure imaginable, to oppose the rhetoric of his stirrup, to that of her tongue ; and gave her a pretty rude sample of his new acquired art. Mrs. Oxcheek, to whom this kind of entertainment was quite novel, kicked and winced like any young colt ; but her husband, resolving to break her to the bit, plied her so heartily with stirrup-oil, that she sunk beneath the discipline, and lay motionless at his feet. Poor Oxcheek was afraid he had done

done for her, and ran as fast as his legs would carry him to fetch the surgeon; who, after examining her from top to toe, declared, in a jargon hardly intelligible, that her case was very desperate; but that he hoped he should be able, by his profound skill in chiromancy, to set all to rights again.

Having anointed her bruises, and got her to bed, he had now leisure to contemplate the magnificence of the apartment, which had hitherto escaped his observation. Two crazy benches, an old oblong table, with a cloth stiff with the grease from many a dirty pair of chops; and a large earthen pan well replenished with oxcheek, were the first objects that met his sight: in vain did he turn his eyes on every side, he could perceive no signs either of money, or monies worth; he therefore took an hasty leave with a firm resolution not to return; and his patient owed this blessing to her poverty, that she was as well re-established in three days, as a more opulent dame would have been in three months; for it is a maxim with those cormorants, to stick as close as their leaches to a well replenished purse.

Sometime after, the conscientious surgeon brought in a trifling bill of five shillings, which he charged for his ointment and attendance. Master Oxcheek objected to the charge, which he insisted was quite unreasonable, and exorbitant; as he had, after his first visit, wholly neglected his wife. In
short

short the surgeon persisted, and Oxcheek contested for some time, till finding it was impossible to obtain any abatement, he agreed to pay the money : but upon examining into the strength of his purse, and finding a deficiency of some two shillings, was obliged to have recourse to neighbour Sly, who was an honest, open hearted soul ; and lent his money to a friend, with as much chearfulness as others receive it.

Mrs. Oxcheek, who took a secret pleasure in her husband's distress, as she was sure she might, for the future, let her tongue run with impunity, since her husband would be loth, she imagined, to pay at the rate of five shillings per stirruping bout ; took the opportunity of his absence, to indulge herself in her beloved garulity : she blamed the surgeon for being too moderate in his charge ; and swore he was a fool, that did not understand his business.

At length her husband returned, with half a piece which he had borrowed from Sly : ' here,' said he to the surgeon, throwing down the half guinea upon the table, ' give me sixpence change, and pocket the ten shillings ; you will then be paid for the next time I shall have occasion for you : a bird in the hand, is worth two in the bush ; I may happen to be out of cash when I send for you next, which will be the first time my termagant B——h of a wife, gives me the like provocation.' Madam hearing

hearing this unexpected resolution of her husband's, remained as mute as a fish ; and if what same reports may be depended upon, it had so happy an effect on her future conduct, that from the most termagant, she became the mildest, gentlest creature living.



The

The JESUITS *paid in their own*
C O I N :

A T A L E.

IT will not, we presume, be disagreeable to our readers, if we prefix to this story a short sketch, or description of that learned body called Jesuits. Ignatius Loyola, a gentleman of Biscay, was the founder of that order : being disabled in the wars, he applied himself to gain his livelihood by devotion ; and having read some books which fitted his purpose, pretended to revelations, and associating himself with eight or nine more, went to Rome ; where he established the society of the Jesuits, which was confirmed by pope Paul the third. They are, without dispute, the most learned community of any in Christendom, that acknowledge the papal jurisdiction : and might be of infinite benefit to society, in the education of youth, but for the pernicious tenets they inculcate, which have rendered them justly obnoxious to all mankind ; so that we may soon expect to see them expelled, the few remaining countries where they are suffered to inhabit. They excel to a proverb, in the laudable science of quibbling, and throwing
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ing a gloss upon the truth ; and make no scruple of perverting the plainest meaning, when it tends to their own advantage. That they are the greatest body of merchants in Europe, is notorious to every one, who is in the least acquainted with that society : their commerce extends to every quarter of the globe ; and that the cloak of religion enables them to traffick more ways than one, will appear by the following story.

There lived in the city of Naples, at that period of time when the duke D'Ossona was viceroy, a rich old usurer, bigotted, and superstitious to the last degree ; for though he made no scruple of rapine and extortion, as vices incident to his profession ; he failed not daily to assist at mass, at a neighbouring convent of Jesuits, for whom he entertained the highest veneration : there, with a string of beads of the largest dimensions, he uttered aloud his pious ejaculations, and recited his Pater Noster with great seeming devotion ; though perhaps he had the very moment before, thrown some poor wretch into a goal, who had been unable to comply with his exorbitant demands of Cent. per Cent.

The Jesuits had long fixed an hawk's eye on this old hunk, on account of his riches ; and having cultivated his acquaintance, began by the assistance of their spiritual artillery, to lay close siege to his conscience ; at least to what remnant of conscience he had left. Death !—immortality !—heaven !—hell ! all these points were so artfully discussed, and

C

commented

commented upon in his presence, that they soon banished from his brain, the small portion of sense, nature had blessed him with ; and raised in its stead a confused jumble of he knew not what. In short, they carried the farce so far, that they reduced old gripus to absolute despair ; which contributed not a little to shorten his days.

When they found his last moments now approaching, they thought it high time, by the application of a little Jesuitical balsam, to heal the wound they had made ; and expatiating on the wonderful effects of charity, which they assured him, being properly applied, would efface the guilt of the greatest of sinners ; they worked him up to a belief, that by the pious, and charitable act of disinheriting his only son, a promising youth about twelve years old, and leaving his ill gotten wealth to the society, he might cheat the devil of his due.

The credulous old dotard having given his consent, one of the holy fathers performed the office of a notary, at which they are very expert in order to make sure of their game, and drew a will ; by which the old fool left his whole fortune, which amounted to one hundred thousand ducats, to their convent ; upon condition they should cause prayers to be said for the repose of his soul, and receive his son Novice in their order : but the old man, who malgré the hardness of his heart, was not quite lost to every sentiment of paternal tenderness ; had resolution enough to refuse executing the will,

will, till some provision should be made for his son, in case he should refuse to profess, when arrived at years of discretion. The Jesuits finding the time press, were under a necessity of complying with so reasonable a request; and a clause was accordingly inserted, in these equivocal terms: 'That in case of such refusal to profess, he should be allowed, for his maintenance in the world, such part of the fortune bequeathed, as they themselves should chuse:' they thought, by this evasion, to elude the intention of the testator; and have it in their power, to give the son just what they pleased.

Old Gripus, who was not a man of the brightest understanding in the world, approved of the clause, and signed the will; soon after which, being cloathed in the garb of a Jesuit, in which attire they perswaded him he would be a match for all the devils in hell, he departed this life.

The good fathers, you may be sure, lost no time in possessing themselves of his effects. They invested the youth with the habit of a novice, and left no arts unessayed during his noviciate, to engage him to profess: but the youth was proof against their artifice, and informed them, the moment he became of age, that his inclinations leading him to pass his life in the world, he would be no longer immured in a cloister, and concluded with demanding his dismissal; which, though sore against the grain, they were now obliged to comply with.

A few days afterwards, having informed himself of the contents of his father's will, he waited on the superiour, and devised to know what satisfaction the convent intended to make him, for the immense riches his father had died possessed of ; he being as they well knew, penniless, and incapable of any employment by which he might earn a livelyhood. The superiour putting on an hypocritical air of benignity and good nature, common to Jesuits, and which they can shift at pleasure ; told him he could conclude on nothing without convening the chapter, but that if he would call again in a day or two, he might possibly be able to give him an answer.

The youth returned at the time appointed ; when the superior represented, in the most moving speech, the extream poverty of their house ; that not imagining they should be ever called upon to refund, they had expended the whole, long since, in charitable uses : nevertheless, in tender regard to the memory of the deceased, whose liberality they had so often experienced, they have resolved to employ their utmost efforts to raise him a competency to live upon, and that five hundred ducats were at his service. ‘ Just heavens,’ exclaimed the youth in a rage, ‘ five hundred ducats ! why had you offered me one half.’ — ‘ Sir,’ resumed the superiour, in a mild tone, interrupting him ; ‘ I take God to witness, that we have even exceeded our abilities in what we have done for you : besides, your father's will limits no particular
‘ sum

‘ sum ; but leaves it to our discretion, to give
 ‘ you what we please.’ The youth replied
 not, but by a furious look, and leaving the
 convent, returned to his lodgings ; not with-
 out making by the way, some bitter reflections
 on the memory of his deceased parent, which
 nothing but the complicated circumstances of
 passion and disappointment, could excuse.

The next day, an old acquaintance of his,
 who followed the profession of the law, hap-
 pened to call upon him with an howd’ye ; to
 whom, upon his remarking the grief so visi-
 bly painted on his countenance, he related
 what had passed the preceeding day, between
 him and the Jesuits ; ending his narration,
 with an hearty curse upon all of that order.
 His friend asked him, whether he had made
 the viceroy acquainted with the affair ; to
 which he answered in the negative : ‘ And
 ‘ why did you not ?’ resumed his friend,
 ‘ D’Ossona delights in distributing justice ;
 ‘ and after ages will be charmed with his can-
 ‘ dour and integrity.’ ‘ Alas ! replied he,
 ‘ what would it avail me to apply to him ?
 ‘ what redress can I expect ? my father’s will
 ‘ is absolute ; and had they, instead of five
 ‘ hundred ducats, offered me as many pence,
 ‘ I can see no remedy.’ ‘ Come, come,’
 ‘ said his friend, ‘ I perceive you are a meer
 ‘ novice in affairs of this nature : leave the
 ‘ management of your suit to my care, and
 ‘ I’ll undertake that the viceroy will do you
 ‘ justice ; and even set aside your father’s will,
 ‘ rather

‘ rather than suffer those cormorants to devour
 ‘ your inheritance.’

Having agreed to acquiesce in his friend’s advice, the case was stated in the form of a petition, and presented to the viceroy, who ordered all parties to attend on the morrow.

The next morning, e’re break of day, the audience-chamber was crowded with an infinity of people, of all ranks ; for the affair having transpired, made a great noise in Naples ; and every one was anxious, to hear the determination of so interesting a cause.

The Jesuits produced the will, which the viceroy ordered to be read : then addressing himself to the complainant, he asked him, if he had any thing to object to the validity of the will. ‘ No, my lord duke,’ said he, ‘ but I humbly entreat your excellency to be
 ‘ pleased, according to that justice which has
 ‘ ever been your distinguishing character, to
 ‘ explain it somewhat more to my advantage
 ‘ than those fathers have done ; who would
 ‘ fain grasp all to themselves, and leave me so
 ‘ scanty a share of so ample an inheritance.’
 ‘ Sir,’ replied the viceroy, ‘ the will of
 ‘ your father must be complied with :—
 (here the Jesuits cast a triumphal sneer at the
 unfortunate youth, who bore the marks of
 grief and disappointment in his countenance.)
 —‘ This will,’ continued the viceroy, or-
 ‘ dains, that these good fathers shall give you
 ‘ such part of the hundred thousand ducats,
 ‘ as they themselves shall chuse.’—‘ I decree
 ‘ then,

‘ then, seeing it is plainly, and expressly said in
 ‘ the will, that they shall give you what
 ‘ they themselves shall chuse; that they pay
 ‘ you, immediately, the ninety thousand five
 ‘ hundred ducats, which, as is evident by
 ‘ their offer to you of five hundred, they
 ‘ chose for themselves.’ The Jesuits, not dar-
 ing to dispute the viceroy’s commands, quitted
 his presence, with manifest tokens of their
 disgrace; and retired to their convent with a
 mob at their heels, who pelted them all the
 way, so unmercifully, that they looked, when
 they got home, as if they had just stept out of
 the pillory.

Thus the viceroy foiled them at their own
 weapons, by a laudable use of that sophistry,
 which they employ to the deceiving mankind:
 the most partial could not but acknowledge the
 justice of the decree; and all Naples rung with
 repeated acclamations, of long live the great
 duke D’Ossona.

Captain RAKESHAME *and his*
Man TRUSTY ;

O R,

HONESTY *the best* POLICY :

A T A L E.

CAPTAIN Rakeshame, one of the heroes of this true story, was the youngest son of a very ancient family, whose origin is almost equal with the world ; and the branches of which, have spread into all different nations under the sun. He gave from his most tender years, the most promising hopes of a superiour military genius ; for he placed his sole delight in spearing of flies upon a pin, and cuffing and quarelling with his school-fellows.

His friends, who perceived what a turn he had for the military art, thinking it was pity to curb his martial disposition, purchased a commission in the guards for him, before he was twenty ; and found themselves not deceived in the judgment they had formed, of his
his

his courage and capacity : cutting and flashing, fighting and bloodshed, were the constant topicks of his discourse ; and woe betided the beef and pudding, that happened to fall in his way at that time : certain it is, he was a very gallant officer, and had suffered much by French fire, though he had never been out of the smoak of London.

Captain Rakeshame at length, surfeited with debauch, took it into his head to marry, by way of change. For this purpose he began to look out, not where the most virtuous, and beautiful lady, but where the most opulent fortune was to be found : for the captain formed very inadequate ideas of the holy state of matrimony ; since the aggrandizing of his fortune, and going to bed to a fresh girl, were the sole motives on which he acted. But as providence, whose designs are unfathomable, was pleased to ordain it ; he paid his uncouth addresses to a young lady, adorned with so many accomplishments, that the greatest peer in Britain, might have gloried to sigh in her chains ; and though he met with all the disdain and contempt a man of his character deserved, from the young lady, yet the tyrannical authority of an avaricious old father (if he may be so called a father, who prostitutes his daughter for gain, overballanced all objections on her part, and they were married.)

The Captain, fickle and inconstant as the wind ; whose whimsical noddle, like a weather-cock, turned to all the different points

of the compass in an hour, took a sudden disgust to the town : the ideas of ball, opera, play and masquerade, vanished intirely from his brain ; and the more rational ones of flower enamelled meads, murmuring rills, quavering trees, and tuneful nightingales, occupied their place. A country seat was immediately purchased ; and the Captain and his lady, who was extremely happy to find this alteration in her husband's conduct, bid an eternal farewell to London.

But ah ! how vain, how fluctuating are human resolutions ?——The Captain when he arrived at his country seat, was so enraptured with this new scene of life, that he gave himself up intirely to rural occupations ; and in imitation of many a valiant, and experienced Roman chief, disdained not to cultivate his garden with his own hands ; but this life, which might have suited a person of a more sedate turn of mind, having lost the charms of novelty, grew irksome, and insipid to a man of the Captain's gaitty ; who, if we may believe that planets have any manner of influence over human system, may be concluded to have been born, under that volatile planet called Mercury : he soon lost all relish of repose and tranquillity, and longed ardently to mix again in the tumultuous bustle of the town. An excuse he thought must be found, to give a plausible appearance to such an undertaking ; for he would not on any account expose himself to the taunt, and gibes of his London acquaintance, to whom he had communicated

municated his imaginary schemes of rural happiness.

There is an approved old maxim, which inform us, ' That nothing is difficult to a ' willing mind.' A moment's reflection, will convince us of the veracity of this adage. Do we not read in history, both ancient and modern of the most incredible acts of heroic valour ? do not the annals of love furnish us, with a variety of surprizing stratagems to win a coy maid, or gain admittance to a favourite mistress ? let us now descend to the gentlemen of the pad, and their near allies the lawyers ; with what wonderful dexterity do they pick your pocket ! have you ten guineas in your purse, quick, presto, be gone ; and you have not a souse left : can you or I perform these magical operations ?—no—and why not ?—because a willing mind is wanting.—But we have deviated somewhat from our tale, for which we humbly beg our reader's indulgence. To proceed then ;

The Captain's ingenuity soon obviated this difficulty : he forged a letter, as from a friend at London, informing him of the absolute necessity there was for his appearance at that capital, to adjust some affairs of consequence. This letter he thought, would skreen him effectually from any satirical remarks that might be made on his conduct, and the easier reconcile his lady to his departure. Having shewn his passport, he obtained leave to depart, though not without some difficulty ; for she was apprehensive lest the gaiety of the town, and
the

the conversation of his old companions in iniquity, should awaken in his mind certain former inclinations, destructive of the tranquillity they enjoyed.

Rakeshame set forwards, with as much alacrity as a school-boy on a play-day, accompanied only by his old and faithful servant Trusty. Trusty, the mirror of domesticks ! let it suffice to his praise, in order to avoid the fulsome tediousness of a panegyric, that he equalled, in approved fidelity, both the humorous, and facetious partridge in Tom Jones ; and the renowned Sancho Panca, 'squire to that valorous and doughty knight, Don Quixote of the Mancha.

The Captain upon his arrival in London, took a ready furnished lodging at the court end of the town, and gave a loose to his former libertinism. ' Trusty,' said he one day, ' I shall spend the evening with a few select friends at the tavern, but shall be within before twelve : there are two guineas for you ; take care to provide me a pretty young wench against I return : none of your vagrant streetwalkers, but a girl of character and reputation in her way ; and,—hark ye,—take care my landlady don't smell a rat. The girl may go to bed when she chuses, I would not have her wait for me—ay, and you may bring the maid for yourself, Trusty, if you can conveniently—thou lovest a bit of young flesh, old boy, I'll warrant thee.'

Honest

Honest Trusty was not very well pleased with this new employment of pimp general, for hitherto, the Captain had always started his own game : he took the two guineas however, or rather suffered them to be put into his hand ; and the Captain whose levity and unconcern had hindered his remarking any backwardness in Trusty to obey his orders, turned upon his heel and departed.

Poor Trusty, who had a great affection for his master, and as great a regard for his mistress, having well weighed the consequence of his commission, determined as every honest placeman should do, to throw it up ; since it was plainly inconsistent with honour and conscience : he therefore penned a billet to his master, setting forth the motives of his conduct, and having inclosed the two guineas, although there was five times that sum due to him in wages, deposited it on the table, and left the lodgings ; fully resolved to take French leave. He had scarce gone the length of the street, when he was hailed by a black-moor wench, with a pair of broad powting lips, and a nose as flat, and as big as a potatoe, in such familiar terms, as left him no room to doubt of her vocation. At the instant he conceived a lucky thought : and having engaged the wench for the evening, took her back with him to the lodgings, and got her to bed.

About two o'clock Captain Rakeshame came in half seasoned, shouting, and ranting like any bedlamite ; and having undressed himself,
 slept

stept into bed without examining into the hue of his bedfellow.—‘Joan is as good as my lady in the dark:’—he kissed her, caressed her, and so forth; and the warmth of his imagination represented her more beauteous than the Paphian goddess. But when he awoke next morning and drew open the curtains in order to take a clearer survey of his commodity, how great was his astonishment!—’twould pass thy skill, ingenious Hogarth, and yet thy mimic power is great, to give a due expression to the mixture of horror and surprize, that blended on his countenance, when he described the sooty complexion of his consort. He had a confused idea of a certain bugbear, or hobgoblin, called the Devil; for he used at one certain period of his life, to go to church, in compliance with the then reigning fashion, in order to ogle, and take snuff to greater advantage; and by the description he had had of Monsieur le Diable, concluded that this could be no other than his dam. The coal-black maid, who perceiving his amazement, stretched her arm over him in a loving embrace, and endeavoured to sooth him by the warmth of her caresses; but Rakeshame, who made sure he was now carrying bodily to Old Nick, sprung from the bed, and roared so loud that the whole house was presently alarmed, and came to his succour.

My landlady was the first that entered the room, and the first thing that presented itself to her sight, was madam’s Paraphernalia.

This

This was sufficient to set her clappers going, and she began as follows. ‘ So there have
 ‘ been fine doings here I perceive. Why now
 ‘ Captain Rakehame, I wonder how you can
 ‘ use me in this barbarous manner ; I that am
 ‘ a virtuous woman, and have lived in this
 ‘ neighbourhood this twenty years past in
 ‘ good repute !—Yes, sir, I defy any one to
 ‘ impeach my character ; I never suffer any
 ‘ such proceedings under my roof, I’ll assure
 ‘ you. Fye upon you, Captain, you that are
 ‘ a married man too, to have to do with such
 ‘ trollops : indeed if so be that you was a sin-
 ‘ gle man, why then indeed, I can’t say but
 ‘ —that—to be sure.—But I’ll turn the brazen
 ‘ hussy a packing, that I will ; and if it were
 ‘ not out of regard to you, sir, Bridewell
 ‘ should be her portion, as I’m a person it
 ‘ should.’ So saying, she attempted to draw
 down the cloaths, beneath which the coal-
 black maid had concealed herself ; but hap-
 pened, in her hurry, to seize upon the girl’s
 hair and the bedcloaths together. The girl
 feeling the smart, stretched forth her arm, for
 she was of the Broughtonian race, as stout a
 virago, as the hundreds of Drury could boast
 of, and seized my landlady by the nose, which
 happened to be pretty prominent, not unlike
 that of a snipe. My landlady quitting her
 hold, made an effort to speak, but the holding
 of her nose, rendered her jargon unintelligi-
 ble ; and the coal-black maid starting up at
 the same instant, in order to wage a more
 equal war with her antagonist, my landlady,
 seized

seized with the same apprehensions as Rakeshame had been before, gave a loud shriek, and fell upon the floor in a swoon.

When the bustle and tumult had pretty well subsided, the Captain highly irritated at being made the object of publick ridicule, rung for his man; and after severely reprimanding him for his insolence, paid him his wages, and dismissed him his service. In vain did honest Trusty, on bended knees, assure him of the goodness of his intention, which was nothing more than to give him an hearty disgust to that sort of cattle; the Captain was inexorable, and insisted on an immediate compliance with his orders.

Poor Trusty was now like a fish out of water, for he had served from a boy in the family of the Rakeshames, and had a particular attachment to the Captain, whom he had waited on when at college, and lived with ever since: he resolved therefore to return to the country, and endeavour through the mediation of his mistress whom he knew to be a most sweet tempered woman, to get himself reinstated in his place. He began his peregrination on foot; and as he trudged along began to reason with himself as follows. ‘What
 ‘ the plague have servants to do with conscience? why of all other professions should
 ‘ they alone be honest? is not conscience banished from the tradesman’s counter, from
 ‘ the merchant’s compting house, from the studies of grave physic, and loquacious law;
 ‘ does not the eloquent divine, who so vehemently

‘mently enjoins her worship from the pulpit,
 ‘cast her aside with his surplice. Conscience,
 ‘farewell!—I’ll none of you; you are not a
 ‘poor man’s market: was it not for the per-
 ‘nicious tenets you inculcate, Trusty might
 ‘yet have kept his place, been his master’s
 ‘favourite, and in the high road to for-
 ‘tune.’

Trusty’s good genius would now have interposed, to dissuade him, if possible, from open rebellion; but upon second thoughts, she concluded, that the most effectual method of recalling him to his duty, was to let him remain in his new adopted error. This had soon the desired effect. Trusty had scarce proceeded two furlongs, when conscience whom he had renounced, began to reproach him for turning his back upon his best friend: ‘Two words to a bargain,’ quoth he, ‘What
 ‘are riches! what is power! if accompanied
 ‘with the pangs I feel? conscience and po-
 ‘verty for me; riches and the tortures of
 ‘guilt to the lot of those, who are rash enough
 ‘to make it their option.’ Here he ended his soliloquy: luckily enough for his nose; for had he continued it two minutes longer, he would have run apparent risk of breaking it against the gates of the Captain’s rural habitation, which he was within six yards of before he perceived it.

Having gained an audience of his lady, who was greatly surprized at his returning without his master, he told her, with tears in his eyes, that he had been dismissed the service.—‘Dis-
 ‘missed,

‘ missed the service, Trusty,’ said she, ‘ what
 ‘ do you mean?’ ‘ my master has discharged
 ‘ me madam,’—‘ nay, Trusty,’ continued
 she, ‘ I know you was always a favourite ;
 ‘ you must have misbehaved greatly, or I am
 ‘ sure your master would not have parted with
 ‘ you.’ ‘ Indeed, madam, I’ll tell you the
 ‘ whole truth,’ said he, ‘ my master sent me
 ‘ to market to buy a fowl, and I happened to
 ‘ bring him a black legged fowl, instead of a
 ‘ white legged fowl, which made him so an-
 ‘ gry, that he discharged me.’

Mrs. Rakefame thought undoubtedly, that
 her husband was a very whimsical capricious
 sort of a man ; but she took care as every pru-
 dent lady should, not to indicate the least hint
 of what she thought, in the presence of her
 servant. ‘ Well, Trusty,’ said she, ‘ if that
 ‘ be all your fault, I promise you my good of-
 ‘ fices shall not be wanting, to make up mat-
 ‘ ters between your master and you ; though
 ‘ you should be more careful for the future ;
 ‘ every body knows, that a black legged fowl,
 ‘ is not so good as a white legged one. I will
 ‘ write immediately to my husband in your
 ‘ behalf ; and make no doubt but that he will
 ‘ comply with my request : in the mean time,
 ‘ provide yourself with a lodging in the town,
 ‘ for since my husband has thought proper
 ‘ to dismiss you, I cannot entertain you with-
 ‘ out his consent.’

The good lady was as good as her word :
 she wrote to the Captain, in the most modest
 terms, that she thought, and doubted not but
 that

that he would also join with her in opinion, when his passion had time to subside, that Trusty's punishment might admit of some alleviation, since his fault proceeded entirely from the effects of his ignorance ; and that it would be rather too severe upon an old and faithful domestic, to lose his place merely for an error in point of marketing ; and buying a black legged fowl instead of a white legged fowl. The Captain, who had already repented parting with so valuable a servant, was so charmed with his good sense, in giving the story so discreet a turn, that he very readily granted his lady's petition, and reinstated the faithful Trusty in his former employment ; and a vacancy happening soon after, by the death of one of his stewards, preferred him to the stewardship, and had ever afterwards a particular esteem for that worthy servant.

Thus Trusty experienced the veracity of the old adage, which assures us, ' that honesty is ' the best policy.'



The W I D G E O N ;

O R, A

Striking Picture of Matrimonial

L I F E :

A T A L E.

JACK Sawwell, as honest a carpenter as ever drove nail in timber, lived as happy a life as man could live, till his good or bad genius (I know not which) inspired him to do pennance for his sins ; I mean to marry. He married then : alas the day !—Mrs. Ann, for so the good creature was called whom he deigned to make bone of his bone, took great care, like the rest of her sex, to put on her best airs before marriage : you would have sworn she could not say boh ! to a goose ; and yet, between you and I, she was a very Xantippo. She lisped out honour and obey, in so humble, so compliant a tone ; that Plumpjoles the parson, turning up his eyes to heaven in admiration, compared this loving couple to the primitive pair, and prayed heaven to shower down its choicest blessing upon them.

Well—

Well—the honey-moon, you may easily imagine, wained an uninterrupted scene of rapturous delight. Not so, egads ! you are shrewdly mistaken in your opinion : madam, whose temper like a brooding tempest, had kept lowring a while, only to pour down with the greater impetuosity, began the very next day, to give him a specimen of what he was to expect in futuro.

Honest Sawwell, arose the next morning, highly delighted with the passive obedience of his wife, and went to work as usual ; for he was an industrious pains taking man ; none of your holiday-makers. Before he went out, he gave his spouse half a guinea ; ‘ my dear,’ said he, ‘ buy us something nice for dinner, ‘ though it cost a shilling extraordinary, let ‘ us go through the week as merrily as we began it.’ Would you believe it, Gentlemen, Mrs. Ann, for once in her life, paid an implicit obedience to her husband’s commands : probably her passion for tid bits reigned predominant that day ; that is the only reason I am capable of assigning for her condescension. To market she went, and purchased a wild duck, as she thought, and as the poulterer swore ; but we can assure our readers, from very good authority, that it was nothing more than a widgeon ; which bird bears so near a resemblance to the wild duck, that none but a connoisseur, can distinguish the one from the other.

When her husband came home, ‘ my ‘ dear,’ said she, ‘ what do you think I have ‘ bought

‘bought for dinner?’ ‘I do’nt know,’ replied he, ‘mahap you may have bought a goose.’ ‘No,’ continued she, ‘but I have bought as fine a wild duck, as ever you set your eyes on.’ Having deposited her duck in a dish, poured her gravy over it, and added the necessary garnish of a slice of leman, she shewed it up.

The carpenter now returned from whetting his knife upon the stairs, and casting his eyes on the dish—‘zounds, Nan,’ cried he, ‘why sure you did not buy this for a duck.’—‘Not buy that for a duck! why what did I buy it for then,’ cries Mrs. Ann, tossing up her head?—‘Why ’tis no more a duck than I am a duck,’ replied the carpenter; take my word for it, ’tis nothing but a widgeon.’—‘A widgeon; a fool’s head,’ cries his wife in a rage, ‘do you think I don’t know a duck when I see it as well as you do? be-fides, the woman said it was a duck.’—‘The woman is a lying b——h,’ said the carpenter, ‘i’ll warrant you imagine the woman knows better than I do, who am a Lincolnshire man, and have killed scores of them in the Fenns.’—‘Why now only behold the obstinacy of the man,’ cries Mrs. Ann, ‘why I tell you again it is a duck; and it shall be a duck.’—‘My dear,’ said the carpenter, who had much of the philosopher in his temper, ‘you do not consider, that while we are spending the time in idle disputes, the widgeon stands cooling.’—‘’Tis no widgeon I tell you again,’ says his wife, ‘but

‘ but a duck.’ Well then, my dear replied he, ‘ let it be a duck, for peace sake:’ ‘ for peace sake, or not for peace sake,’ continued she, ‘ it is a duck, and I will take my oath it is a duck.’ ‘ I own it,’ said Sawwell, ‘twas I was in the wrong : let us agree to drop the discourse, my dear, and do you carve the duck.’ His wife resolving to have the last word, continued to harp upon the same string all the time she was carving:—‘ yes,’ says she, looking attentively at her husband, ‘ ’tis a duck ; look as spiteful as you please ’tis a duck.’

Sawwell, who had now lost all patience, rose from his chair : ‘ damn you for a termagant b—h, said he, ‘ I have been fool enough to let you have your own way for the sake of a quiet life, and yet that will not content you, but you must be bringing up the old story again ; hold your tongue, or by G—d i’ll cuff you handsomely.’—‘ Hold my tongue,’ says she, ‘ why should I hold my tongue, when I know it is a duck ;—you cuff me, I defy you, you villain ! touch me at your peril, I’ll clapperclaw you, you rogue !—yet, ’tis a duck ; in spite of your teeth tis a ——’ duck she would have said, but a stout box from her husband made the word recoil down her throat again. And now—a most dreadful combat ensued :—pinching—scratching—tearing—cuffing—and bruising. The victory which had long remained doubtful, declared itself at length in favour of her husband ; and the wife, totally defeated, fled

fled into the street, still crying out, 'tis a duck, 'tis a duck.'——Sawwell having lopped off a leg and a wing, marched away to the next publick-house, eat his dinner in peace, and returned to his evening work. When he came home at night, all was quiet; no mention made of the quarrel: they slipped their lamb's-wool together, and went to bed; where Mrs. Ann, conformed again to the doctrine of passive obedience, as she had done the preceeding night.

The next day at dinner, 'my dear,' says she to her husband, 'I hope in God we shall eat our bit to day, with a little more comfort than we did yesterday: you must confess however, that you was in a very ill humour.'——'Nay, my dear,' replied the carpenter, 'do't say so, it was the effects of your obstinacy: did I not desire you to drop the discourse? it seemed to me as if you took a pleasure in contradicting me, and making me angry.' 'Nay, but how was I to blame?' cries she, 'I only said it was a duck; and a duck it was, that I am very certain of.'——'Come now, don't begin again, Nan, don't,' said honest Sawwell, 'let us live peaceably and quietly, can't you?'——'with all my heart, replies she, 'I am sure, if no body loved quarreling better than I do, there would be more peace, and harmony in the world than what there is: but however, I am very certain as how it was a duck; if I was to die this moment.'——'Nan, hold your Tongue, once again,' said

said the carpenter, who began to grow warm. 'Why should I hold my tongue,' replies she, 'when I know it was a duck?' zounds! 'woman,' cries Sawwell, whom her obstinacy had irritated, 'if you will not be silent, I'll serve you as I did yesterday.'—'No, that I will not,' says she, 'it was a duck; and I will swear it was a duck.'—And now, an hearty cuff from the carpenter gave the signal to engage.—Mrs. Ann, with nimble fingers, seized with both hands upon a dish, big with the remains of the subject matter of their dispute, and darted it like lightning at her husband's noddle: but undoubtedly by the interposition of some deity, the dish took a contrary course, and fell amongst a set of china, which Mrs. Ann had purchased the day before; three cups, two saucers, and the lid of a broken tea-pot fell sacrifices to her fury.

The carpenter at length, tired of waging so unequal a fight, seized upon a crabstick that stood near him, which was a twin brother of that of the famous parson Adams, of whom Fielding in his excellent romance makes such honourable mention; and the victory which had hitherto been doubtful, began to declare itself in his favour, when the appearance of the neighbours, who had been disturbed by the uproar, put a final conclusion to the combat. By their friendly interposition, the breach was again cemented, and they passed the ensuing night as loving as two turtles; but the next day at dinner the duck was brought upon the

D

carpet,

carpet, and a battle fought and won, as usual, and from that time to this, not a day has passed, but has been productive of the like consequences.

“ The following tale is (we presume) no
 “ unnatural picture of matrimonial life. The
 “ moral it conveys, may be of equal utility to
 “ the prince, and to the peasant; by shewing
 “ from what trivial causes those dire dissensions
 “ spring, that imbitter the married state,
 “ and render what, otherwise, would be the
 “ highest scene of happiness, and most permanent
 “ felicity humanity is capable of enjoying; the lowest
 “ scene of wretchedness, and most permanent misery.—It is indeed
 “ inconsistent to expect perfect happiness in
 “ this life; such being incompatible with the
 “ nature of man in his mortal state, who
 “ cannot possibly arrive at perfect and lasting
 “ felicity, until he be divested of humanity: but let him not therefore contribute to his own wretchedness, but rather
 “ endeavour to render himself as happy, as
 “ the nature of his being will admit of.”

“ In dissensions betwixt husband and wife,
 “ both parties are apt to imagine themselves
 “ in the right; but to speak candidly, and
 “ impartially, they are generally both in the
 “ wrong. In trivial affairs, where it imports not a jot who is right, or who is
 “ wrong, the husband's good sense, should
 “ teach him to avoid childish disputations
 “ with his wife; and the duty and obedience
 “ of the wife, should instruct her to submit to
 “ the

“ the judgment of her husband, and common
 “ sense teach her not to sour his temper by
 “ contradicting him, although she should hap-
 “ pen to be in the right, lest she sacrifice the
 “ future happiness of her life, to the momen-
 “ tary gratification of her own vanity. And
 “ I must insist upon it, though it will un-
 “ doubtedly seem a paradox to some ladies,
 “ that the wife is ever to blame, when she
 “ persists, tenacious of her argument, to con-
 “ test with her husband : in trivial disputes,
 “ she ought always to shew her condescension
 “ by submitting. What benefit can possibly
 “ result to her from a victory gained at so
 “ dear a rate, as the loss of her husband’s af-
 “ fections ? let her rather, like the great Sci-
 “ pio, learn to gain a sure and lasting victory
 “ by temporizing. When her husband has
 “ had leisure to reflect, and becomes sensible
 “ of his mistake ; with what delight, with
 “ what inexpressible raptures will he behold
 “ the dear woman, or rather the dear angel,
 “ who could make so great a sacrifice to his
 “ tranquillity ! he will amply repay, by a
 “ profession of love and tenderness, the mor-
 “ tification she underwent for his sake.”

“ But we have already made too long a
 “ digression from our subject : we will there-
 “ fore resume our tale, and leave to the pul-
 “ pit, what belongs to the pulpit. This hint
 “ then shall suffice, which every married lady
 “ may improve at pleasure.”

HARUM AL RASHID, *and the*
DERVIS.

An Oriental T A L E.

NO prince ever ascended the Moslem throne, with more joyful acclamations of the people than Harun Al Rashid : they promised themselves the highest felicity, from the administration of a prince so eminent for piety and virtue. His stature lofty as the cedar, and his mind more fruitful than the olive : he was a lover of learning, and an encourager of the arts and sciences. Every one was now ambitious of paying his court to the rising sun, who with an impartiality natural to great souls, distributing his rays on all alike ; nor made he any distinction, but between virtue and vice. He could discover merit and true nobility cloathed in fetters ; and detect the degenerate slave, lurking beneath the garb of a lord : he placed his sole delight in distributing justice to his people, and was jealous of the ancient glory of his kingdom. Thus he became the darling of his subjects, whose affections were centered in their prince : they grew mighty beneath his power, as the shrubs that flourish beneath the spreading oak ; neighbouring

bouring nations became tributaries to his throne, and made him umpire in their differences.

The court was not deficient of flatterers, who in hopes of gaining their prince's favour, failed not to extol the most minute of his actions : their blasphemous tongues scrupled not to proclaim his virtues, even surpassing those of the prophet. He listened to their soft persuasion, the subtle venom glibes through every vein ; he orders trophies to be erected to perpetuate his name, he thinks it beneath the dignity of a prince to trouble himself with state affairs ; and devotes himself intirely to his pleasure : the nation groans beneath the oppression of his favourites ; Harum is deaf to their complaints ; his neighbours invade his property ; Harum is lost to all sense of glory. The virtuous few, who have escaped the general contagion, fly from his palace, now become a constant scene of riot and debauchery.

Harum now began for the first time, to experience the tortures of a guilty conscience. He lost that pleasing tranquillity of temper he enjoyed in the exercise of virtue ; became odious to others, miserable and wretched in himself. He complained of the duration of time, when satiate pleasure which too great a familiarity had rendered tasteless and insipid : he was at a loss to employ the remaining hours ; and was reduced to such a degree of wretchedness, as to envy the happiness of the meanest of his slaves. His body too, became sharer in the

diseases of his mind : the roses vanished from his cheek, his eyes lost their wanted vivacity ; care and anxiety had furrowed o'er his brow, and he retained no more of the former Harum than the name.

He had formerly been told of a Dervis, who had in his possession two invaluable secrets : the grand arcana, or art of changing all other metals into gold, and a certain water, which had the power of restoring old age to the bloom, and vigour of youth. Harum forbore any further enquiry at that time ; he envied not the Dervis his riches, nor wished to prolong his days beyond their natural period ; but his luxury had now more than exhausted his revenues ; a constant habit of vice had doubled the number of his years, and the stings of his conscience made him shudder at the thoughts of approaching dissolution ; he therefore resolved to go himself in quest of the Dervis, and extort from him those valuable blessings he possessed.

He disguised himself in the habit of a pilgrim, going to visit the sacred tomb at Meca ; and stealing from his palace, directed his steps towards the mountain of Kamir, at the foot of which the Dervis had built his retreat. He found him at the door of his cell, with his body turned towards the east, and his head inclined to the earth. When he had ended his devotions he arose, and perceiving Harum, ' pilgrim,' said he, ' for such your garb be-
' speaks you, may God, and his holy prophet
' have you in their keeping ; and render your
' journey

' journey prosperous. You have yet far to
 ' travel, e're you reach the sacred tomb, where
 ' all true mussulmen offer up their devotions :
 ' enter into my grott, you have need of some
 ' refreshment ; the sun is now in its meridian,
 ' and the heat excessive on the mountain ;
 ' when the evening breeze comes on, you may
 ' pursue your journey with greater satisfaction.'
 Harum bowed his head, and followed the
 Dervis.

' You behold here,' said the Dervis, ' the
 ' utmost limits of my wishes. My mansion
 ' you see is neat, though not costly : I want
 ' for none of the conveniencies of life, nor
 ' do I covet any of its superfluities. Dainties
 ' serve only to vitiate, and deprave the appe-
 ' tite, and render more wholesome food insipid :
 ' riches, and splendour are gewgaws, which
 ' soon lose their value, by becoming familiar
 ' to their owners. Son, when you have at-
 ' tained unto my years, you will then regard
 ' ambition, and all those empty phantoms that
 ' fill the minds of the great, as vain delusi-
 ' ons. Virtue will then appear to thee in
 ' her native charms. When sick of the vani-
 ' ties of life, which will fly from thee with
 ' the rapidity of a torrent, nor leave thee
 ' aught but a little remembrance ; virtue,
 ' which as the laurel flourishing in perpetual
 ' bloom, is conscious of no decay, shall prove
 ' to thee a sweet consolation.'

Harum replied not ; but a sigh from the
 bottom of his heart, disclosed the anguish of
 his soul : some silent tears stole down his

cheek, so persuasive is the voice of truth. He began now to be sensible of the excesses he had been guilty of; repentance spread her healing balm o'er his breast, and his countenance resumed a little of its former serenity.

The Dervis had now spread the table with a profusion of fruits: the ruddy nectarine, was blended with the purple fruit of the vine; dates and dried figs crowned the entertainment. He drew water from a chrystian spring, which flowed in soft murmurs through a corner of the grott: then turning to Harum, with a smile expressive of the calmness of his soul, 'pilgrim,' said he, 'sit down and partake of this frugal repast; but first let us implore the blessing of God and his prophet.'

Having performed the accustomed ablutions, they sat down. Harum could taste of nothing: the words of the Dervis were engraven in his mind; and he remained for some time absorbed in thought. After a long conflict in his soul, betwixt virtue and vice, the innate goodness of his disposition appeared, as the sun breaking through the mists that seclude him from our sight, and he broke out into this exclamation.—'Oh! how wretched is man, when victim to his passions, he deviates from the sacred path of virtue.'—Then throwing himself at the feet of the Dervis: 'Father,' said he, 'behold at your feet the most wretched of mankind, even the wretchen Harum, who after rendering
' nations

‘ nations tributaries to his throne, has basely
 ‘ yielded himself a slave to his passion ; deign to
 ‘ bestow one drop of that water you are said
 ‘ to be possessed of, and let the wisdom of thy
 ‘ discourse, which still remains like music in
 ‘ mine ear, teach thy sovereign to reform his life.’

The Dervis looked up with astonishment, and notwithstanding his palmer’s dress, soon recollected the features of his prince. He arose in haste, and gently raising him to his seat, prostrated himself before him : ‘ commander of the faithful,’ said he, ‘ before whose throne all nations prostrate themselves, what mortal shall dispute thy just commands ! behold me ready to teach you to acquire the water you would possess ; but know that time and study are necessary for the acquisition : we must expose our fingers to the briars, e’re we taste the fragrance of the rose.’ ‘ I am ready—I am raady,’ cried Harum in an extasy, ‘ however arduous the task : my follies have merited more than you can impose on me.’ But first satisfy my curiosity. how the inestimable blessing came into your possession.

The Dervis bowed his head, and began as follows. ‘ Commander of the faithful, when my father Ben Hadi, lay at the point of death, he called me to his bedside : my son,’ said he, ‘ my beloved son, my life is now drawing to its final period ; I perceive I have not many moments yet to live. Suspend the tear I see trembling in your eye : dispute not the will of the highest, who is

minded to take me to himself, and make me
 partaker of those pleasures allotted to all
 true Mussulmen after death ; but listen with
 attention to what I am now going to im-
 part. It is true, I have no wealth to be-
 queath you ; this cell, and the few acres
 that surround it, make the whole of my
 possessions : but I have that which shall
 make thee ample amends for that deficiency :
 I will instruct thee how to acquire, two of
 the most valuable secrets in nature ; the art
 of transmuting all other metals into gold,
 and acquiring the water of life, which has the
 power of diffusing a juvenile bloom o'er the
 face of age, and infusing content into the
 soul. You see I have lived, many years
 beyond the ordinary period of man's life.—
 Ah ! father,' said I, interrupting him,
 why do you not now seek the friendly aid
 of that invaluable water, and continue to
 live for the sake of a son, who lives in
 you ? ' my dear son,' continued he, pres-
 sing my hand to his breast with a tenderness
 that quite overpowered me, ' it is beyond the
 power of this, or any other human aid to
 bestow immortality. We must all die :
 this water, like other salutiferous medica-
 ments; though it prolong our life far be-
 yond the usual limits, cannot withstand the
 hand of the almighty.' He then made me
 promise punctually to perform what he should
 enjoin me. I promised him ; and laying my
 hand on a koran, that lay upon his pillow, I
 called upon our holy prophet, to witness the
 purity

purity of my intentions. ' Cease not, my
 ' dearly beloved son,' said my father, to
 ' cultivate those seeds of virtue implanted
 ' in your breast. Let thy conduct ever be,
 ' as it hath hitherto been, without reproach.
 ' Let not thy eyes be dazzled with flattering
 ' appearances, but cherish virtue in whatever
 ' garb she appears. Give not cause to my
 ' friends to lament my death ; but let me live
 ' again in thee. Take this book,' continued he,
 ' peruse it with attention : it will conduct you
 ' insensibly, to the degree of virtue required
 ' for possessing those inestimable treasures.
 ' When thou hast carefully perused it, break
 ' the seals of this letter, in which the whole
 ' mystery is contained : but should you yield
 ' to a vain curiosity, and open it before the
 ' time prescribed ; the characters will instantly
 ' vanish, and you be rendered incapable of
 ' ever acquiring those valuable secrets.' Hav-
 ing finished, he embraced me with the ut-
 most tenderness ; and expired in my arms,

' When time had moderated the violence of
 ' my grief, I bethought me of the book. In
 ' the wantonness of my imagination, I past
 ' whole days in calculating the vast amount of
 ' my future riches : I formed the plan of
 ' the palace I intended to reside in, and
 ' resolved to have the very pavement of
 ' solid gold ; and even bought up a large
 ' quantity of other ores, to convert into that
 ' precious metal. I then opened the book :
 ' It was written by the man Bedreddin, so
 ' famous for the sanctity of his life ; and con-
 ' tained

' tained the sublimest precepts of morality.
 ' The diction was sweet and majestic, and
 ' the arguments founded on reason, and good
 ' sense were persuasive; and charmed me
 ' beyond expression: I applied myself seriously
 ' to fulfil the promise I had made to my fa-
 ' ther, by a compliance with the duties it en-
 ' joined.

' When I had finished the book, I found
 ' myself quite a different man: no longer did
 ' a vain ambition fire my mind; I was hum-
 ' ble and content. My thoughts ceased to
 ' rove upon grandeur: I held riches in small
 ' esteem, nor was I anxious of prolonging the
 ' number of my days; the whole of my
 ' study was how to pass virtuously, the re-
 ' mainder of the life which heaven had al-
 ' lotted me. I thought no more of the letter
 ' for sometime, nor was I much disappointed,
 ' when upon opening it I read the following
 ' lines.' If thou hast read, with profit the
 volume I bequeathed, and modelled thy life
 according to its dictates, already thou dost
 possess the promised blessings. Content, the
 inseparable companion of innocence, is the
 true Water of Life, which diffuses health, and
 bloom on the countenance, and adds length
 to our days; while despair and remorse, the
 concomitant of guilt bring on an early old
 age. Content shall also instruct thee in the
 transmutation, not only of metals, but of
 every thing else into Gold; by teaching thee to
 be satisfied with what is necessary to a quiet,
 and virtuous enjoyment of life; and shewing
 the

the folly of quitting real good, for the pursuit of imaginary pleasure.

The story informs us, that Harum, having received the book from the Dervis, experienced the same salutary effects; and having driven from his court those flattering sycophants, whose pernicious counsels had proved the source of his misfortunes, soon rose to his pristine glory; and by the justice, and lenity of his government, endeared himself to his subjects, and rendered his name sacred to posterity.

“ Heigh ho!—egad, this dull narrative has
 “ even lulled me to sleep, Jack,” says a critic: “ ’tis a meer sleeping potion, a somniferous draught. A tale quoth a!—his
 “ former tales indeed are pleasing enough; a
 “ veign of humour flows through the whole;
 “ but this is the most dull, insipid, senseless
 “ piece of stuff—what the d—l business has
 “ he, to bring his Turks, and his Arabs into
 “ a Christian country!—I have no patience
 “ with him I declare.”——“ Good master
 “ critic, be not so warm, we beseech you:
 “ the defect, if any, lies in you palate, not
 “ in our story. You, we perceive, are a jovial fellow; a true son of Comus: you delight in mirth insipid tales; consequently,
 “ the foregoing was never calculated for your
 “ meridian. A cook, who is master of his
 “ business, should always furnish his table
 “ with a variety of viands, that so he may
 “ accommodate his ordinary to every palate.
 “ If a dish is disagreeable to any particular
 “ guest,

“ guest, let him conſign it to thoſe who dif-
 “ fer with him in point of taſte ; and eat of
 “ that he likes beſt. Thus every one goes
 “ away ſatisfied : and no victuals loſt by the
 “ bye, for between thoſe who like this diſh,
 “ and thoſe who chuſe that, a clear table is
 “ generally made. The better to illuſtrate
 “ what we have advanced, we ſhall take the
 “ liberty of quoting a puerile ſaying, that
 “ comes pat to our purpoſe.”

‘ *Jack Sprat could eat no fat,*
 ‘ *His wife could eat no lean ;*
 ‘ *And ſo between them both,*
 ‘ *They made the trenchers clean.’*

“ Now what has been ſaid in regard to
 “ cooking, may be as aptly applied to au-
 “ thoring ; eſpecially in the medley way.
 “ We would therefore, in humble imitation
 “ of our fellow craft the cooks, endeavour to
 “ ſerve up a variegated kind of entertain-
 “ ment, where every one may be able to
 “ pick a bit : if his ſtomach kecks at co-
 “ mic, why ſhould he not be indulged with
 “ a mouthful of ſerious to fill his belly, ſince
 “ he pays upon an equal footing with the
 “ reſt of our customers ? —good Mr. Critic,
 “ condeſcend ſo far as to conſider, the obliga-
 “ tion we lie under of rendering ourſelves
 “ agreeable to every palate ; and in gratitude
 “ for ſuch your condeſcenſion, we paſs our
 “ royal word, to ſend you from our table,
 “ ſatiate with the food you like beſt.”

The

The Fruitless PRECAUTION :

A N O V E L.

IN the merry, and licentious reign of king Charles the second, the spirit of gallantry spread, like a wildfire, from the court, to the most remote provinces of Britain. The rural scenes, till then the seat of Saturnian innocence, did not escape the general contagion : gallantry, or libertinism, for the terms are strictly synonymous, reigned with equal sway in the splendid palace, and homely cottage.

A country squire of good fortune, had long conceived an inclination to enter into the holy noose of wedlock, but being a person of too refined a way of thinking for the reigning fashion of the times, he found it no very easy matter to suit himself in a consort : long had he continued a fruitless search from fair to fair ; he still found that levity, and coquetry were the characteristicks of every female he made his addressee to. Heartily tired in the pursuit, he had thoughts of quitting the chace, and remaining a batchelor the rest of his days ;
when

when fortune, who generally confers her favours when we least expect them, thought fit to make him amends for all his past trouble, and disappointments; by bringing him acquainted with the young lady the most accomplished of her sex: at least she was so in his opinion.

This peerless dulcina, had imbibed the chief part of her education, under the tutelage, of an old antiquated maiden aunt, who lived in a very retired situation; and inveighed bitterly against the follies of the age, because she had lost all hopes of partaking in them. In short, she was what you may call a forlorn spinster: she had been a fine woman in her time, but had trifled away the spring of her life in quaintness and coquetry, till winter had stole upon her imperceptibly, and silvered o'er her head; and her admirers were all fled, before she was aware of it, to a warmer climate: she therefore despised the world, because the world despised her; and 'nobody cares for me, I care for nobody,' was now the burden of her song. She had brought up her niece in such perfect ignorance of the world, that she had never heard of gallantry; nor was she even acquainted with the idiom of the word. Her innocence, her beauty made so sensible an impression on the 'squire, that he married her though far his inferiour in point of fortune. The nuptials were celebrated at the aunt's house, who is said to have sighed, at the idea of joys she was doomed never—cruel thought!—never to experience. After a few days

days spent in carouzing, as is usual upon similar occasions, the new married couple set out for the husband's seat, where they loved, and cooed like two turtles ; finding no delight, but in the society of each other.

The 'squire one day, in the midst of his dalliance with his charming bride, received a letter from London, informing him of the death of a near relation, who had bequeathed him a very considerable legacy, and made him his executor ; and that his presence was absolutely necessary at London, in order to prove the will. The 'squire was not a little embarrassed upon the occasion, as he must be under a necessity of quitting, for a while, his beloved wife, and knew not what might be the consequence ; for at that period, the sanction of the court, rendered the debauching of a man's wife as glorious a feat, as the gaining of a victory over the common enemy. Love of mammon, and love of wife, caused an alternate conflict in his breast : this moment he resolved to forego the treasure, and, like Anthony, sacrifice All for Love ; the next, he changed his resolution, and resolved to sacrifice love to interest. ' Oh ! for the glowing
' genius, and energetic expression of an Homer ;
' then, courteous reader, would we entertain
' you with a poetical description of a battle :
' Plutus and Venus, should have a sound bout
' at fifty cuffs, like any porter and Oyster
' wench in town ; there should be clawing
' and scratching, cuffing and tearing till the
' paper smoaked again ; but since the muses
' are

‘ are coy, and do not deign to inspire us, we
 ‘ will e’en proceed, according to our ordinary
 ‘ method in plain intelligible prose.’

The sacred thirst of lucre gained the predominance, and the ‘squire resolved to go to London; but knowing his spouse to be the simplest, best natured creature living, he could not think of parting, till he had first given her a little wholesome advice, how to regulate her conduct in his absence. Having brought his sermon to a conclusion, he told her he had one favour to ask, which he conjured her not to refuse him? The good creature was all condescension; and promised faithfully to perform his commands. Having sworn her to obedience; ‘ my dear,’ said he, ‘ the favour I
 ‘ would ask, and which I entreat you, as you
 ‘ love me, strictly to comply with is this :
 ‘ that if any man, let him be who he will,
 ‘ should speak to you during my absence, you
 ‘ will answer—No—to whatever questions he
 ‘ asks you.’ She replied, with a gracious smile that pierced quite through his heart, that his injunctions were too easy not to be complied with; and that she wished he would make trial of her love and obedience, by some more difficult task. No married man, we believe, will doubt but that this amiable condescension in his spouse, sent the ‘squire off as contented as a prince.

As soon as his back was turned, his loving wife, who grieved as much for a short absence, as others do for the death of an husband, took a solitary turn in the garden, to
 endeavour

endeavour to alleviate the violence of her affliction. At that very instant, who should ride along the garden wall, but a spruce young officer, gallantly caparisoned. The army, as we all know, is the very quintessence of gallantry ; and a red coat carries with it the same irresistible magic, as a purse of guineas ; that is, when it is well covered with lace : whether or no it would retain its virtue despoiled of that ornament—*Quere*—The officer remained, for some time, wrapt in admiration at the sight of so beauteous an object : lillies and roses were nothing compared to the native bloom on her cheeks ; he felt himself touched with that soft, that tender passion, which poets describe as a nectarius cup, of which even gods themselves do not disdain to taste ; while the graver divine inveighs against it as a poisonous draught, whose venom deals certain death : yet, true Mahometans will drink private, the liquor he decries in the pulpit. The officer, like an undaunted hero, resolved immediately to attack the fortress : the only point that remained undecided was, whether to proceed by sap, or by storm. After some little hesitation, he determined on the former, as the surest method ; and doubted not but to have undermined the walls, before the garrison was aware of his intent. He took off his hat, and making a low bow, ‘ Madam,’ said he, in a voice more charming than that of Philomel, ‘ I humbly intreat your indulgence, for the liberty I take of intruding upon your privacy ; I am quite a stranger in these parts,’
‘ and

‘ and have lost my way ; pray do me the favour to inform me, if this is the road to London ?’ the lady, yielding due obedience to her husband’s commands, answered him in the negative. He begged she would be pleased to tell him what road to keep, and still received the same answer.

The officer finding something singular in the adventure, resolved to vary the discourse. ‘ Madam,’ said he, ‘ will it be displeasing to you, if I do myself the honour of taking a turn with you in the garden ?’ ‘ No, Sir,’ replied she, ‘ I hope,’ continued he, ‘ that you will not be offended, if I entreat the favour of you to open me the door.’ ‘ No, Sir,’ said she, and immediately opened it. The officer alighted in raptures, kissed her hand in an extasy, and took a tour round the garden with her ; but was not a little surprized, that she should always answer in the negative to every question he asked. However, he did not cease entertaining her upon the score of gallantry, with which he thought she did not seem displeased. ‘ Madam,’ said he, when dinner time approached, ‘ you would not have me leave you, I presume ?’ ‘ No, Sir,’ said she. ‘ You will not be displeased if I put my horse in the stable, and do myself the honour of dining with you ?’ she still answered in the negative.

The officer having put up his nag, waited upon his fair incognita into the dining-room, where they found the dinner ready served ; and dined together. When the table was dis-
served,

served, the officer, whose good fortune had increased his usual flow of spirits, seeing a lute lie in the window, took it up: and having obtained a negative permission from the lady, to entertain her with a specimen of his singing, sung the following air:

S O N G.

To win a fair maid,
All arts I essay'd
Now courtier, now beau, and now squire;
Now merry and glad,
Now pining and sad,
But egad I drew never the nigher.

With piteous moan,
I made my case known,
To a matron experien'd, and wise;
Says she, ' take the aid,
' Of red coat and cockade,
' I warrant you'll carry the prize.'

I took her advice,
And whip, in a trice,
Cloathed in uniform gallantly lac'd;
My business was done,
For her heart I soon won,
This recipe——probatum est.

Having ended his sonnet highly to the approbation of the fair lady, who was infinitely delighted with that sprightliness and freedom of behaviour common to gentlemen of the
army;

army ; he proposed a second tour in the garden, which was as readily accepted by the willing dame. During this second tour, the officer entertained her with all the vivacity and good humour he was master of, hoping to make an impression on her in his favour. When it drew towards evening, he asked her if she should be displeased at his attending her to the tea table ; and receiving the usual negative in the affirmative, immediately waited on her thither. Egad, thinks he to himself, if she does but continue a little longer in this humour, I would lay an even wager, that I come in for a night's lodging before I've done. When they had sipped their tea, and the equipage was removed ; ' will you be offended, ' lovely fair one,' said he, ' if I stay supper with you, and lie here to night.' ' No, ' Sir,' she replied, as before.

When supper time came, down they sat, cheek by jowl. The wine, which was generous, was a reinforcement to the officer's courage, and soon elevated him to such a pitch, that he drew near his charmer, and clasping her in his arms ; ' my dear,' said he, ' I am ' sure you will not be angry, if I ravish a ' a kiss from those sweet pouting lips ?' ' No,' replied she in a languishing tone, expressive of the soft desires that glowed within her breast. Transported to find her so compliant, he imprinted numberless kisses on her ruby lips, and resolving to strike home while the iron was hot, ' my angel,' said he, ' will it ' not be disagreeable to you, to give me part
of

“ of your bed to night ?” The comeliness of the young officer, together with his gallantry and good humour, had made so compleat a conquest of heart, that she found no difficulty in answering No, according to her dear husband’s directions. The officer immediately offered her his hand, and conducting her to her bed-chamber, they slept into bed together, *sans ceremonie*.

Here we must beg leave to draw the curtain. and close the scene till the ensuing morning : when the officer arose, and having expressed his gratitude, in the politest terms, for all favours received, insisted on her accepting for his sake, a diamond ring which he wore upon his finger ; and she, as most ladies would have done in her place, said No, but took it.

The officer having saddled his horse, pursued his journey, not a little delighted with his romantic adventure. He reached the metropolis about dinner time, put up his horse at an inn, and ordered something to be dressed for his dinner ; but on the landlord’s informing him there was an ordinary in the house, to which five or six gentlemen were just ready to sit down, he agreed to make one with them, for the sake of company. After the cloth was taken away, the bottle began to circulate pretty freely, and the discourse turning upon gallantry, the young officer could not withstand the temptation he had, to relate the adventure of the garden, little imagining that any one in company took any interest in it ; but the husband’s ill stars had conducted him to the very
same

ordinary, in order to make him witness of his own dishonour. The officer, 'tis true, omitted to inform the company of the lady's name, and the name of the village where she resided; for, in reality, he was ignorant of both, but had he neither described the house, nor the lady's person, the circumstance of her answering in the negative to all his demands, was strong enough to convince him, he was become a member of the horned fraternity. However, he dissembled his chagrin, and resolved if possible, to scrape an acquaintance with the officer, for which purpose he begged to have the honour of his company to supper that night, which request he very civilly complied with.

During the time of supper, after discoursing upon other topics, the husband asked him, what stay he proposed making in town? the officer assured him he must set out again in two days at farthest. The husband finding by his discourse, what he too well knew before, that they should both travel the same road, told the officer that, intending to set out about the same time, he should be glad of his company: and as his house would be but very little out of the way, insisted upon his promise to sup with him, and stay a night; to which kind request the officer, who was a boon companion, and who distrusted nothing of his design, readily consented. The husband immediately dispatched his servant, with invitations to the principal relations of his wife, to sup with him on the night of his arrival: his design
being

being, to make the officer relate his adventure again in their presence, that they might be sensible in how tender a point his wife had injured him ; and make no opposition to his obtaining a divorce.

His spouse, little dreaming what a snare had been laid for her, provided a very elegant entertainment. The relations were punctual to their appointment ; but the husband, who was apprehensive his guest might remember the house again, took care not to arrive till pretty late. When they came in, they found the company ready seated, and the supper ready to serve up. The officer, with his usual gallantry, saluted the ladies round ; and his quondam mistress among the rest : but as he had not the least suspicion of meeting with her here, and was besides engaged in ceremonials with the rest of the company, he did not recollect her at that time ; but she, whose attention was not so much engaged, soon recollected the features of her lover. She wondered what his business could be with her husband, and trembled lest he should be indiscreet enough, to disclose the secret of their amours : She would gladly have spoke to him, but that was impossible, as her husband had seated him next himself, and engaged him so closely in conversation, in order to withdraw his attention from his wife, that, malgré all all her repeated endeavours, she could not obtain a regard.

As the majority of the company consisted of females, it was some time before the first peal of conversation was rung : at length

E

however,

however, wondrous to relate, a short interval of silence ensued, during which, the husband took an opportunity of intreating his guest, to favour the company with a repetition of the pleasant adventure he had related at the inn; and the officer, who was a man of consummate politeness, and never required pressing, immediately complied with his request.

While the officer proceeded in his narration, the husband, who hugged himself in the undoubted success of his scheme, eyed his wife attentively, to see whether he could observe any alteration in her countenance: but he should have remembered the proverb—‘ a woman’s wit is ready at invention.’

His spouse, who knew her honour was at stake, and that all was lost, unless she found an expedient to make herself known to her gallant, immediately addressed herself to him: —‘ Sir,’ said she, ‘ you have not drank one glass of wine yet; give me leave to hob or nob with you?’ and calling a servant, ordered him to bring two glasses of port, into one of which she privately conveyed the ring he had given her at parting, and presented it herself to the officer; who having almost brought his story to a conclusion, would have finished it before he drank, but she insisted so obligingly on his doing her reason, that he could not in good manners refuse. In drinking, he perceived the ring in the bottom of the glass; which he knew to be the same he had presented to his bedfellow; but how great was his astonishment, when he recollected in his host’s

host's wife, the features of his mistress ! he
 endeavoured to shift the discourse, by the in-
 troduction of some foreign topick ; but the
 husband, who waited impatiently for the con-
 clusion of his story, pressed him to continue.
 At the instant, Mars, that cuckold making
 deity, intreated, nor intreated in vain, his fair
 mistress Venus, not to leave her votary, a bro-
 ther soldier in the lurch ; but kindly to extri-
 cate him from the difficulty he laboured under.
 ' Why, what more would you have,' replied
 the inspired officer ? ' just as I had got into
 ' bed to her, one of the window shutters flapt
 ' too with such violence, that it awakened
 ' me ; in no very good humour, you may
 ' imagine, to find myself thus disappointed in
 ' my imaginary scene of blifs.' ' Bless me !'
 cries madam, who was now recovered from
 her pannic, ' it was nothing more than a
 ' dream then ?' ' nothing more I'll assure you,
 ' madam,' replied the officer, who by this sub-
 tle evasion, preserved the reputation of his
 mistress inviolate ; and defeated the scheme
 the poor cuckold had formed, to render her
 disgrace publick.

The VINTNER:

A T A L E.

TIMOTHY Tunnel, a jolly young vintner about thirty, entered into the holy state of matrimony, with Bleareye Snivel, a venerable maiden somewhat turned of her grand climacteric; so superlatively ugly and deformed, that she went by the nickname of my Grannum. Her nose and chin formed a compleat pair of nutcrackers; the skin, that covered her meagre jaws, hung in plaits like a Venetian window curtain, and bore an exact resemblance in colour, to an old parchment record; her galled eyes seemed emulous of outveying her crooked snout, in the art of distilling; and a common jakes was lavender, to the stinking exhalations of her breath. But we have given ourselves much unnecessary trouble: does not the tender Otway, give us an adequate description of this old hag, in the following expressive lines?

In

*In a close lane, as I pursu'd my journey,
 I spy'd a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
 Picking dry sticks, and mubling to herself ;
 Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and
 red ;*

*Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seem'd
 wither'd,*

*And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapt
 The tatter'd remnants of an old strip'd hanging,
 Which serv'd to keep her carcass from the cold ;
 So there was nothing of a piece about her :
 Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
 With different coloured rags, black, red, white,
 yellow,*

And seem'd to speak variety of wickedness :

Poor Tim, now became the jest of the whole neighbourhood : not a guest came in to drink his jill, but thought he had a right to be witty at my landlord's expence, by drinking to my grannum's good health ; and begging the favour, with a sarcastic sneer, of standing god-father to her first born. Why the man was certainly beside his wits, will some of our readers say, or he would never have coupled himself to this living sepulchre !—Pardon us, sirs, the man was of sound mind, memory, and understanding ; and acted rationally enough, according to the prudential maxims of the world. He was, before he married, in very indifferent circumstances ; money went out faster than it came in, and though he did all that lay in his power, by vending worse

wines, and less measure to retrieve himself, he found it was impossible to stem the torrent ; unless he could procure a little ready to pay his debts, and carry on his trade in a more extensive way. Now this antiquated spinster, was amply provided with that universal medicament, which can render deformity beautiful, and metamorphose the most glaring imperfections, into their opposite virtues : in short, first, she had golden guineas in abundance ; and our friend the vintner very judiciously calculated, that an estate, though fettered with an incumbrance, was better than no estate at all.

Tim, upon his advantageous marriage, intended as soon as he could do it conveniently, to increase his household : for the narrowness of his former circumstances, would only permit him to keep one maid servant, who had exercise, for about six months, the trifold employ of housemaid, book and bar-maid. Kitty, was a pretty, plump, fresh coloured country girl ; and Tim, who was a man of an amorous constitution, had cast the eyes of affection on her, long before his marriage, and had often solicited her in vain, to a game at romps ; for Kitty, who had no mean opinion of her own qualifications, entertained hopes of becoming one day lawful mistress of the house. Tim had made many vigorous attacks upon her virtue, and was often repulsed with equal vigour ; 'till at length, poor Kitty, unable to wage any longer so unequal a war against her master's solicitations, and her own inclina-

inclinations, which strongly pleaded in his favour, was on the point of surrendering the citadel at discretion, when the solemnization of his marriage with Mrs. Snivel, put a period to their amours ; and Kitty was so vexed, that a withered old harridan should assume a name she thought herself better intitled to, that she immediately gave her master warning.

It often happens, that we owe to chance, what we have not been able to acquire, by the greatest labour and industry.

Kitty, since the commencement of her service with Tim, had initiated herself in the orges of Bacchus ; in plain English, she had learnt to drink ; and understood the flavour of the grape, as well as the nicest connoisseur. Having often heard her master launch out into the praise of a certain hogthead of dry mountain, which he had placed in a corner of the cellar, for the drinking of his bettermost customers ; and which he intended to broach the ensuing Christmas ; she resolved to be beforehand with him : and providing herself with a wooden peg, and a gimblet, took an opportunity the next time she was sent into the cellar, to bore an hole in the bottom of the cask, in which placing her peg, she drew the wine at her pleasure ; so that before Christmas arrived, the hogthead began to verify that precept in experimental philosophy, which teaches, ‘ that empty vessels yield the greatest sound.’

Tim, who made it a constant rule to visit his casks once a month, to see that none of them leaked ; upon making his monthly re-

view, and ringing his barrels, was informed by his favourite cask, in a plaintive tone, that he was in a galloping consumption. In vain did Tim search for the leak, he found that all was sound, and could perceive nothing that indicated a vent, for the ground on every side was as dry as a bone. Tim spent some time in scratching his noddle, and ruminating upon the odness of the adventure; and concluded at length, that either the devil must have got into the hogshhead to drench himself, or that the fairies made his cellar the scene of their midnight revels. He communicated his suspicions to his wife: but she, good lady, who had not seen eighty good winters for nothing, 'grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile'—and turning her husband's sentiments into ridicule, told him to watch his maid, who, she made no doubt, was the devil incarnate that drank his wine; since none but she went into the cellar. Tim, who was the mildest, best natured fellow living, complaisantly joined in opinion with his wife; and by her orders went down immediately into the cellar, and concealed himself behind one of the hogshheads, in order to detect poor Kitty in the fact.

My grannum, having allowed him time sufficient to hide himself snug; called the maid, and bid her go draw a pint of wine: which order the poor girl, unconcious of the event, complied with without reluctance. Having drawn the pint, she thought it would not be amiss, while her hand was in, to take a little
whet

whet before dinner : she accordingly approached the hoghead, the fatal hoghead on which her virgin fame was deemed to be immolated ; and having drawn her *quantum sufficit*, and plugged the vessel again, she was lifting the pot to her head in order to drink, when something behind her, that whispered in a low voice, ‘ I’ll ‘ pledge you, my dear ! ’ struck her with such a pannic, that the pot fell from her hand ; and turning her head to see from whence the voice proceeded, who should she behold but her master !—poor Kitty expected nothing less than to be turned out of her service with ignominy ; especially if the affair should reach the ears of her mistress, who had often expressed her resentment, at some little familiarities Tim had imprudently taken with his maid in her presence ; for the old dowager was of a very jealous disposition, and like the dog in the manger, could not bear the thought that another should partake of a pleasure, she herself was past enjoying. Kitty therefore had recourse to tears and supplications, the never failing rhetoric of woman ; and falling on her marrow-bones, begged of her master to forgive her, and keep her failing a secret from her mistress ; and inde—de—de—deed she wo—wo—would do any thing to oblige him.—Now, or never ; thought Tim to himself, this is L’Heure du Berger, the critical moment : then gently raising her from the ground, he clasped her in his arms ; and Kitty, who was glad to compound at any rate for her offence, and besides had no aversion for her

mafter, yielded up her charms at the price of her pardon.

Tim spent fo much time in amorous dalliance with his fair handmaid, that my gran- num, who did not pafs her time quite fo agree- ably as they did, and to whom, confequently, the moments feemed longer, began to wax impatient, and could not help crying out from the ftairs head; ‘ why, Tim, I can’t imagine ‘ what you, and that idle flut are about : it is ‘ full half an hour, I am fure, fince fhe went ‘ down to draw a pint of wine.’ ‘ My dear,’ replied Tim, ‘ I have difcovered the hole ‘ through which my wine leaks, and Kitty ‘ and I are ufing our utmoft endeavours to ‘ ftop it.’ ‘ Oh ! ’tis very well,—’tis very ‘ well,’ cries the old lady in a milder tone, ‘ if that be the cafe, do not hurry yourfelf, ‘ good Tim, I pray you do not hurry your- ‘ felf, but ftop it well ; and make that idle ‘ huffey ftir her ftumps a little.’ Tim followed her advice : and from that day, Kitty was pronounced free of the wine cellar, and tip- pled *ad lebitum* ; and honeft Tim had confe- quently, the liberty of ftopping the leak as often as he thought fit.

The Lover's STRATAGEM:

A N O V E L.

TAUTOLOGY Scribble, Esquire; a gentleman of eminence in the law, having by dint of pen, ink and parchment, amassed a very considerable fortune; resolved to spend the remainder of his days in rural retirement, accompanied by his only daughter, a beautiful young lady in her twenty-second year. Miss Biddy possessed a native fund of gaiety, which rendered those rural scenes very dull, and insipid; she sighed after the powdered beaux, and brilliant assemblies of London, and could not at all reconcile herself, to the brutality of a parcel of country foxhunters, who paid all their adoration to hounds and horses; and had no more complaisance, or regard for the fair sex, than so many Hottentots, or wild Irishmen.

Miss however, as her better stars ordained it, did not languish many months in retirement: papa departed this life; and Miss Biddy found herself in possession of a very ample fortune, at her own disposal. As soon as decency would permit, she bid an eternal adieu to groves and streams, and tript it up to London,

don, which metropolis affords undoubtedly, as good markets as any in Christendom, the sale of female commodities. Upon her arrival in town, she took a genteel lodging near the court. To avoid scandal, a black in livery, officiated as footman; a maid servant, and waiting maid closed her retinue. She now flaunted in her silks and brocades; and paced it from opera to playhouse, like any Smithfield courser. This had the desired effect: she soon gained a circle of admirers, became a first rate toast, and several young gentlemen of rank and fortune, who boasted as nice skill in woman's flesh, as the rural 'squires did in horseflesh, became so enamoured, that each strived to outbid the other: and we are credibly informed, that a certain noble lord, who shall be nameless, was so deeply smitten, that he offered to settle a jointure of two thousand pounds a year upon her, if she would consent to marry him. 'Tis true, he was not the handsomest person of a man you might see on a summer's day: a little mountain, that peeped over his shoulders, at a little fat paunch that strutted out before; a nose that seemed intended by indulgent nature, for a peg to hang his hat upon; and a mouth, that would have fairly measured with that of old Gogmagog at Guildhall, rendered him a grotesque kind of figure: but his mountains appeared meer molehills to Miss Biddy, whose predominant passion was grandeur. To drive in a coach and six, with a coronet, and half a dozen spruce powdered footmen; luds! how enchanting?—

chanting !—Miss was indulging this thought, and making arithmetical valuations of the persons, and estates of her different lovers, when somebody knocked a double rap at the door ; and in about the space of half an hour, during which the rap had been often repeated, the black, who was already infected with the London disease, common to gentry of his cloth, —insolence, and laziness,—and had learned to make distinctions between double knock and a rat-tat-tat tat ; vouchsafed to open the door ; and in about half an hour longer, graciously condescended to carry up the gentleman's name to his mistress.

Miss Biddy started at the well known name of Ford ; and with a trepidation that prevented her taking the precaution of whispering, desired Othello to tell the gentleman she was not at home : but Mr. Ford, who had foreseen the reception he should meet with, had followed the footman to her chamber door, and upon hearing his sentence of banishment pronounced, rushed into the apartment, and threw himself at her feet ; and Miss Biddy, unable to support the presence of a man she had highly injured, sunk into an elbow chair in a swoon ; where we will leave her a while to the care of Betty and the hartshorn, in order to make our readers acquainted with a piece of secret history, explanatory of the foregoing scene.

Mr. Ford, the youngest son of a baronet of moderate fortune, was brought up to the law, under the care of Mr. Scribble ; and had been
since

since called to the bar. It would foil a far abler pen than mine, to enumerate the mental and personal accomplishments he was possessed of: let it suffice, that he was one of the most accomplished young gentlemen that ever existed; and according to the poet,

' Was all that man could wish, or maid desire.'

No wonder then, if he made a sensible impression on the young, unpractised heart of Miss Biddy. Mr. Ford was not behind hand in affection, he loved her from the first moment he beheld her; and as his residence in the family gave him frequent opportunities of entertaining her, he failed not to urge his suit in the most passionate terms, founded on sentiments of the most refined delicacy: and by the assiduity of his courtship, and his repeated solicitations, obtained a promise from his fair one, to render him happy at the expiration of his clerkship; provided the consent of his, and her parents could be obtained. Mr. Scribble, far from disapproving of their passion, beheld with pleasure, the dawning of a reciprocal affection; and wished in the overflowing of his heart, that the lovely pair might be happy in each other. He was just about to propose the match to the baronet, when death put a stop to his good intentions; and Miss at her own disposal, ceding to the prevalent dictates of a vain ambition, so natural to the sex, aspired to conquests of greater importance: poor Ford was banished from her remembrance,

brance the gay, fluttering, senseless coxcomb, that could not, without impropriety, be reckoned in the number of rational beings, was preferred to a man of real worth and understanding. 'Tis true, the idea of her former lover would sometimes steal upon her imagination unawares, and force from her the involuntary sigh ; but she soon found a remedy for this inconvenience, and like the wretch who endeavours to drown his care by a quick circulation of the glass, she strove to shake off those impertinent thoughts that incommoded her, by a quick succession of pleasures.

Miss Biddy having recovered from her trance, apprehensive of the reproaches of her lover, sought a refuge in her tears : she chid him pretty severely, for intruding so abruptly on her leisure ; and wondered what he could have seen in her conduct, to treat her with so much indecency. Mr. Ford, kept a respectful silence, till she had ended her reprimand : then, with a look expressive of the love and despair that alternately tortured his soul, ' Madam,' said he, ' rather impute my presumption to the excess of my love : trace that to it's source, and you will find, too cruel fair one, that your charms are the cause. Had you not permitted me to hope, had you not approved my flame, and promised in the face of heaven to be mine ; I should have endeavoured, however difficult the task, to tear from my heart a passion so fatal to my repose : but what do I say !—the continuance of your smiles, would render me too com-
' pleatly

‘ compleatly happy ; and angels from their
 ‘ coelestial abodes, would pine with envy at
 ‘ my blifs : I glory however, in having once
 ‘ had some share in your good graces, and
 ‘ shall die with pleasure at your feet.’

Mr. Ford never appeared half so amiable in the eyes of his mistress, as at this moment: he gazed on her with such a languishing sweetness, and pleaded so eloquently with his eyes; when his tongue had ceased to speak ; that Miss Biddy was twenty times at the point of yielding to the tender impulse of her heart ; and sinking into the arms of the man she loved : but pride triumphed over inclination ; and she at length mustered up resolution enough to order him to quit her presence, and never to see her more ; but she pronounced this decree in so gentle a tone, as plainly informed him his stay would be more agreeable than his departure ; and he might justly have said with the poet.

*‘ So sweetly she bid me depart,
 ‘ I thought that she bid me return.’*

‘ Ah ! cruel maid,’ replied he, ‘ whither
 ‘ must I fly ? unless I could fly from my
 ‘ thoughts, which incessantly recall your
 ‘ loved idea to my mind. No, since only
 ‘ my death can free you from the importuni-
 ‘ ties of him you detest, I am resolved to give
 ‘ you this last proof of my love and obedi-
 ‘ ence to your desires, by expiring in your
 ‘ presence :’ so saying, he threw himself upon
 a sofa

a sofa that stood near him : ‘ here,’ continued he, ‘ I am resolved to lie, till death shall deprive me at once, of my love, and my existence.’ ‘ Lord, Mr. Ford,’ cries Miss, ‘ how wildly you talk ! what interest do you imagine I can take in your death ? far from wishing you any harm, I must confess that I have ever entertained the highest regard for your merit, and would contribute any thing in my power to render your happiness compleat ; but, as to matrimony, I do assure you, Sir, I have no thoughts that way at present.’ ‘ Besides,’ here she surveyed her own charms in the looking glass, ‘ there are ladies I am certain, who possess charms superiour far to any I can boast of, who would esteem themselves happy.— But for god’s sake, Mr. Ford, consider to what you expose me : if any body should come in and find you lying in that posture, what will they think ?’—‘ Madam,’ replied he, ‘ I have already acquainted you with my last intentions, my resolution is fixed, and immutable as fate itself : unless you are pleased to countermand my destiny.’ Miss had how recourse to railery, but this had no better effect on her lover, who remained as insensible to the comic, as he had been to the serious ; and resolved, in despite of her tears, joaks, prayers, and promises not to depart from his present position.

Miss Scribble, finding all her efforts prove fruitless, ordered a chair to be called, and was conveyed in that vehicle, to the house of a female

male acquaintance ; with whom she passed the remainder of the day. Little intreaty was necessary, to prevail upon her to spend the evening in a game at cards ; and she designedly staid so late, that neither chair, nor hack was to be found, to re-convey her to her lodgings. The lady of course made her an offer of part of her bed, which was very readily accepted by Miss Biddy, who dreaded the thoughts of returning home, lest her lover should have had patience enough to wait her return. She spent the greatest part of the night, in ruminating on the adventures of the day : this gave a natural rise, to a long chain of unconnected ideas ; as love, or ambition alternately divided her heart. This moment love urged his argument, with such soft persuasion, that she resolved to cast off the woman, and make herself, and Mr. Ford, happy immediately : the next ambition rumbled through her mind, in a confused noise of chariots, horsemen, minstrells, and all the tumultuous joys his attendants ; love yielding to the violence of the attack, quitted the field of battle ; and, fearful, took shelter in a small corner of the heart ; till at length, the idea of a new pinner she had seen at the milliner's a day or two before, freed her from her perplexity, and restored her mind to its pristine tranquility.

The next morning, Miss Biddy took leave of her friend, in order to return to her lodgings. By the way, her heart underwent the
most

most cruel agitations : she wished that her lover might have had resolution enough to stay ; and again retracted that wish, just as love or ambition bore the momentary sway. Up stairs she went, for she was in such a trepidation, that she dared make no enquiries from her servants ; but what words can express the succession of joy, and anger that crowded on her mind, when she beheld her lover, in the same posture she had left him in at parting. She could not help applauding, within her own breast, the constancy, and heroism of his passion, but that innate pride, founded upon vanity, which makes the chief characteristic of the fair sex, compelled her to disguise her real sentiments ; and, like a true woman, dissemble hatred, while her heart was dissolving in love. She tossed up her head, with an affected air of anger and disdain, declared that such insolence was intolerable—not to be born—and that if he would not quit her apartment by fair means, she should find herself reduced to the disagreeable necessity, of compelling him by force. But Mr. Ford continued deaf to all her arguments : and, what contributed not a little to irritate her, scornfully turned his head from her, without deigning to make her the least reply. Miss Biddy, highly exasperated at this additional affront, flung out of the room, fully resolved to put her threats in execution. With this intent she paid a second visit to her friend, in order to ask her advice, how to proceed in so perplexing an affair. She flew to her apartment big
with

with the dreadful tale, but to her inexpressible mortification, the lady was not to be found : Abigail, however, assured her that her mistress could not possibly be gone abroad, as she was not yet dressed : and very sagaciously remarking, that she must have slept to the coffee-house, upon some necessary occasion, concluded with, ‘ pray, Miss, be so good as to sit down a bit, I dare say my mistress will not be long.’ Miss Biddy seated herself accordingly, in expectation of the lady’s return : but in the interim, her passion began to subside, and the step she was going to take seemed to her highly imprudent ; she knew by experience, that a secret of this nature was not to be intrusted to a female acquaintance, unless it was intended to be made the town talk ; therefore prudently determined not to mention a tittle of the matter.

The lady at length made her appearance, having been previously informed, by her loquacious waiting maid, that Miss Scribble was returned, and wanted to see her upon matters of the greatest importance, ‘ La, my dear,’ cries she, ‘ how pale you look ! something extraordinary must have happened I am sure. I hope poor Poll is well : surely the maid has not been so careless, to omit giving it its food during your absence ; or has that odious black creature, lost my pretty favourite trifle ? come, I see there has been something amiss, I will give you a little of my cordial to revive your spirits.’ Miss Biddy accepted the cordial, but assured her that her apprehensions

henfions were intirely groundlefs : ‘ ’tis true,’
 fays ſhe, ‘ I came back to advice with you
 ‘ about a trifling affair, which I inadvertently
 ‘ omitted mentioning to you when I was here
 ‘ before ; for you muſt know, my dear, that I
 ‘ ſaw one of the prettieſt French caps at a
 ‘ milliner’s, the other day—it was really a
 ‘ mighty genteel thing ; nouvellement arrivè
 ‘ de Paris. Well the French have certainly a
 ‘ natural elegance of taſte, which we Engliſh
 ‘ can never arrive at. But as I was ſaying,
 ‘ my dear, I intend taking your opinion upon
 ‘ it, if you’ll do me the favour of going with
 ‘ me.’ ‘ And is this what you call a trifling
 ‘ affair. Miſs,’ replies the lady, ‘ upon my
 ‘ word, I muſt beg leave to differ with you in
 ‘ opinion, for I really look upon it as a mat-
 ‘ ter of the utmoſt importance.—Pray, my
 ‘ dear, what can poſſibly be of greater mo-
 ‘ ment, to us women, than to render our-
 ‘ ſelves amiable in the eyes of the men.
 ‘ Now dreſs is a principal in gaining their
 ‘ eſteem : what do all the charms we can
 ‘ boaſt of ſignify—a delicate ſhape, or a fine
 ‘ face ; ’tis to the milliner, and mantua maker
 ‘ we are indebted, for ſetting them off to ad-
 ‘ vantage ; ſo that I cannot forgive your neg-
 ‘ lect, in ſo material a point.’ Come we
 will go and look at it—Oh la, ‘ I proteſt I am
 ‘ not dreſſed yet !—here, Abigail ; my ſack
 ‘ and ruffles, in a moment. Lord how you
 ‘ loiter !—why I think the wench is void of
 ‘ all comprehension to day, for my part.’

In

In about two hours, the lady who practised the ancient manner of dressing, not the modern, which requires double that time at least, was dressed : and they proceeded to the milliner's, where many learned debates were held upon the cap, which, though allowed to be very pretty, was at length rejected, for some defect which did not appear till it had undergone a closer examination. Having tumbled over all the goods in the shop, in order to amuse themselves, and pass away a tedious hour, they left it at last without buying any thing ; to the unspeakable disappointment of the milliner, who, had she known what good customers she had to deal with, would not have been so officious in displaying her merchandize, nor have spent her breath to harangue in praise of every article.

Miss Scribble's imagination was so crowded with the loved ideas of caps, fichus, blonds, &c. that Mr. Ford was as much forgotten, as if she had never been acquainted with such a gentleman. They now rambled to every milliner's, and china shop within a mile of them : not that they had occasion, or intended to purchase any one article ; but merely to kill time. Between four and five they returned whence they set out, heartily fatigued with their jaunt, for they had performed the tedious peregrination on foot. As soon as they got home, Miss Biddy was informed, by the officious Abigail, that her servant had been to inquire for her twice, within the space of an hour ; and seemed by his earnestness to see her, to have some-

something to communicate of more than ordinary import. Miss Biddy changed colour at the tidings : Mr. Ford, presented himself to her imagination, stretched on the couch, lifeless, pale and wan ; for she knew not how long he might have fasted, before he made her acquainted with this rash resolve : unable to support the cruel thought, she sunk upon the floor in a swoon. Proper methods were taken to bring her to herself, which succeeded ; and her disorder passed for the effects of her too great fatigue.

Miss Biddy, notwithstanding the importunity of her friend, who pressed her to stay dinner, and endeavour to recruit her spirits a little ; could not be prevailed on to tarry a moment longer than was necessary for a servant to call a chair. In the interim, Othello returned a third time, quite out of breath, and being informed that his mistress was there, desired to speak to her immediately. The lady very politely withdrew, and left her room to Miss Biddy ; who finding herself alone, inquired, with an eagerness which nothing but love could inspire, how Mr. Ford did !—‘ Alas ! madam !’ replied the black, ‘ I came to know
 ‘ whether you would approve of having a
 ‘ physician called in, though I fear it will
 ‘ now be too late, for the poor gentleman
 ‘ seems to be at his last gasp : he raves,
 ‘ and talks wildly ; frequently calling upon
 ‘ your name.’ ‘ Ah ! what dreadful news
 ‘ do you relate,’ cries Miss Biddy, whose
 heart was bleeding with remorse, at the mis-
 chiefs

chiefs her cruelty had created, ‘ cursed, cursed
 ‘ vanity, thou bane of our sex ; the most ge-
 ‘ nerous of men, falls victim to thy enormous
 ‘ dictates.’

Her thoughts were so busied with their present object, that she forgot she had ordered a chair to be called ; but had she recollected it, ’tis more than probable, that she would not have waited its coming : so great was her anxiety, and trouble of mind, that she did not allow herself time, even to take leave of her friend ; but glided so swiftly through the streets, that a dealer in bombast would not fail to assert, that she was born on the light pinions of love. Othello reminded her again, in their way home, of the urgent necessity there was for stepping to the doctor ; but received no answer ; perhaps she thought herself a more efficacious nostrum, than any doctor could prescribe.

She ran eagerly to her apartment, her mind divided ’twixt hope and fear ; where such an object presented itself to her view, as could not have failed to move the most obdurate heart. Mr. Ford lay reclined on the couch, his visage pale as death (for by the bye he was of a very pale complexion,—his eyes appeared fixed, and motionless, because he did not think proper to move them) and his voice was so very low and faint, that he could hardly be heard ; (because he thought to counterfeit the better to succeed in his design. ‘ Ah, ingrate,’ said he to her, ‘ are you then come
 ‘ to spourt with my misery ? or have my
 ‘ sufferings,

' sufferings, the excruciating tortures I have
 ' undergone for your sake, intitled me to some
 ' small portion of your pity; and you are
 ' come with the intent, kindly to close my
 ' dying eyes, and permit me to breathe my
 ' last sighs in your arms:' then fixing his eyes
 upon her languishingly, as if her presence
 had recalled his fleeting spirits, ' oh!' continued he, ' were that my lot, I could expire
 ' with pleasure, and triumph in the pangs of
 ' death; but I dare not, dare not hope for so
 ' supreme a blessing.' Miss Biddy, unable to
 contain any longer the overflowings of her
 heart, seized eagerly on his hand; which she
 bedewed with her tears: ' ah! Mr. Ford,'
 said she, in a voice more harmonious and en-
 chanting, than the lyre of Orpheus, the harp
 of Amphion, or the softer melody of the
 nightingale; ' you might have spared me that
 ' cruel reflection: why should you imagine
 ' that I can take any pleasure in your distress?
 ' no, Sir, far from it, I sincerely wish your
 ' happiness: and as a convincing proof of the
 ' sincerity of what I utter, know that there is
 ' nothing which you can ask, or I can grant,
 ' but I will cheerfully perform to restore you
 ' to your former tranquillity, and peace of
 ' mind.' ' Then I am blest indeed,' ex-
 claimed he in raptures, ' I will cease to re-
 ' proach you for neglecting my cure, 'till the
 ' malady, I fear, is beyond the power of me-
 ' dicine, since you generously permit that I
 ' may call you mine, before death shall sever
 ' us for ever.'

The next morning was the time fixed upon, by all parties concerned, for the celebration of the nuptials ; and a special licence being obtained the same evening, they were married accordingly ; and, wond'rous to relate, the matrimonial dose operated so speedily, and efficaciously on the happy lover, that he appeared quite another man, played his part at dinner with tooth and nail, and seemed to promise wonders against the approaching night. Miss Biddy attributed those miracles, to the all powerful magic of her charms ; and prided herself not a little, in having recalled a man from the brink of the grave : but the next day was productive of an eclairsissement, which put a check to her vanity. Her husband happened accidentally, to drop a paper from his pocket, which she took up ; and prompted by a curiosity natural to her sex, opened it. It contained memorandums of some disbursements, among which we shall beg leave to quote the two following.

Item for ammunition for the siege,	}	5 6
<i>viz.</i> a cold tongue, a flask of wine, a French roll, &c.		
Item to Othello, for assisting me in my plot	}	10 10

This discovery might have occasioned much matrimonial discord, between persons of the common stamp ; but Mr. Ford, who possessed good nature, and good sense in a very eminent degree ; found means to appease his
bride,

bride, by giving a genteel turn to the affair : he assured her that her superiour charms, were the primum mobile, on which all the hinges of his plot had turned ; and the memorandum he had made, was easily justified upon a principle of common œconomy. Miss Biddy the gay, who had never yet indulged a thought beyond pleasure, made a very valuable wife. She joined to a sincere affection for her husband, a sort of veneration for his good sense, which made her ambitious of modelling her conduct by his example ; and bidding an eternal adieu to the vanities of the age, exchanged the tasteless insipidity of routs and revels, for more solid, and permanent happiness.



The PARTRIDGES:

A T A L E.

TOBY Plumb, a rich old citizen, having buried his wife towards the close of summer, took care to provide himself with a pretty young housekeeper, to keep him warm in the cold frosty nights of winter: not that he felt within himself any irregular desires, or was any ways actuated by the spirit of carnality; but he had been so accustomed to a bedfellow, that he could not sleep without a something to occupy the place of his wife, though it had been but a log; and very prudently, we think, preferred a warm young girl, to an inanimate statue.

Toby, who formerly followed the trade of a grocer, had retired from business some years; having found out the great secret of converting figs, plumbs, &c. into gold. He now sat down in peace to enjoy the fruits of his labours; and was, for a tradesman, a goodnatured, hospitable kind of man; and always glad to entertain his friend: the old English *Chin Loin*, and his attendant pudding, smoaked daisy upon his board: no wonder then, if he,

or

or his beef and pudding, it matters not which, were blest with a numerous acquaintance.

Amongst the many who made profession of the sincerest friendship, Jemmy Spruce, an attorney of Lion's-Inn, held the first rank in his esteem. A servile complaisance, a matchless impudence, and a smattering in heraldry, by means of which he had imposed himself upon Plumb for a distant relation, had obtained him so good a footing in the house, that seldom a week passed, but he paid his respects to the beef and pudding.

Spruce, who loved a wench as he loved his eyes, no sooner beheld the fair handmaid than he was smitten : her bright eyes shot quite through his heart. In short, never was man so enamoured as he was : his stomach began to fail him ; and, from a three pounds man, he could now scarce conquer two pounds and an half. His visits now became more frequent, and he resolved to lay close siege to her heart ; for he was a veteran in the art of love, had served several campaigns in Cupid's train of artillery, and could ogle and take snuff with any man in the three kingdoms. But he might have saved himself the trouble of a formal attack ; for the fair one, who was as much captivated with him, as he had been with her, would have surrendered the place at the first summons.

They had carried on their secret amours for some time, when Plumb having received a present of a brace of Partridges from the country, resolved to invite his good friend

Spruce to eat a share with him, ' Betty,' said he, before he went out in the morning, ' take care to dress those Partridges nicely ; for I shall invite my friend Spruce to dinner to day.' Betty, obedient to his commands, got them ready against the appointed hour ; but neither her master, nor his guest, being punctual to their appointment, she took them up, lest they should be over roasted ; and dished them. The looks, and savour together, had such an effect upon poor Betty, who was perhaps in a longing condition, that, unable to resist the violence of the impulse, she at length yielded to temptation, and cut off a leg, which she eat, or rather devoured. The deliciousness of the morsel served only to irritate her appetite : she cut off the other leg ; and the wings followed presently after. Betty having in some measure satisfied her longing, looked with horror on the havock she had made. She thought that, to be sure, she should be killed, when her master came to see how the bird had been dismembered ; and recollecting at the instant an old saying, ' over shoes over boots,' she even resolved to finish the Partridge ; since as plausible an excuse might be framed for the loss of the whole, as for the loss of a part. Having then totally demolished her bird, she waited some time longer, and finding that nobody came, began to perform certain chirurgical operations upon the breast of the other, which seemed to her of a more delicious flavour than the former. From the breast, she proceeded to the leg ; from the leg, to the wing ; from the

the wing, to the carcass; and egad Sirs! in two thirds of a minute, the second shared the same fate as the first.

Poor Betty, her longing appeased, could have hanged herself for gratifying her appetite, at the expence of her master's favour. What would her master say, she thought, when he came in and missed the Partridges: what excuse should she be able to make. The poor girl, half distracted, having in vain put her invention to the rack, sunk into an elbow chair dissolved in tears; and who should pop in upon her at that very instant, but the dapper Mr. Spruce himself. How he came to arrive so late is somewhat unaccountable, for he was a strict adherer to the old maxim, 'first at a feast—' surprized to find his charmer in tears, he clasped her in his arms, and with a loving embrace, intreated her to inform him of the cause of her grief. Betty, who well knew, that sweethearts were far more plenty than Partridges, resolved to make use of the opportunity fortune had thrown in her way; and sacrifice her lover, to her repose. 'Alas! Sir,' says she, gently squeezing his hand, 'it is not so much for my own sake I grieve, as for your's.' My master has, by some means or other, got intelligence of our amours; and is resolved to — alas! I cannot, for shame speak it — but there it lies ready whetted; as sharp as a razor (pointing to a large carving knife that lay upon the dresser) it was with the intent to satisfy his bloody revenge, that he invited you to dinner: for God's sake consult

your own safety, and leave me to be the victim of his rage. Spruce turned pale at the sight of the knife; conscious of his being no match for a man of Plumb's gigantic stature; and having no inclination to be qualified for the opera; resolved, cruel thought! to abandon his beloved Betty, and his more beloved dinner, by a precipitate retreat.

He was just preparing to put his prudent design in execution, when the appearance of Toby himself, threw him into such a pannel, that he had neither power to speak, or to move. 'Well, Mr. Spruce,' says Toby, taking up the carving knife and feeling the edge, 'I fear I have made you wait: but now, Sir, I am ready for you, and we will have them in a trice.' 'Will you, faith?' cries Spruce taking to his heels, 'by my troth, you shan't though, if I can help it.' Toby, surprized at the oddness of his behaviour, applied to his maid Betty, for an eclairissement; who informed him, that Mr. Spruce had, by way of a joak she imagined, pocketed the Partridges. 'Hang his joaks,' cries Toby, following him with the knife in his hand, 'the birds will be spoiled through his folly.'

By the time Toby had got to the street-door, Spruce, whose fear added wings to his speed, had gained the end of the street; and looking back at that instant, to see whether he was pursued, spied Toby at the door. 'Egad, squire Plumb,' cries he with an air of triumph, 'you may as well put up your knife, for they are out of your reach now, I promise

‘ mise you.’ ‘ Nay, nay,’ cries Toby following him, ‘ let me have one of them at least.’ ‘ No, by my troth,’ replies Spruce, redoubling his speed, ‘ I have not a morsel to spare.’

Plumb, tired with the pursuit, returned to his mansion; not a little embarrassed, how to account for his friend’s extravagant deportment: Betty was overjoyed to think her scheme had succeeded, even beyond her most sanguine expectations: and Jemmy Spruce, apprehensive that Toby’s vengeance would follow him to the utmost limits of the earth, packed upon his alls, and departed immediately, bag and baggage into the country.



T I T *for* T A T;

O R,

Set a THIEF to catch a THIEF:

A T A L E.

A Certain attorney, of the city of London, whom, for peculiar reasons, we think fit to introduce under the fictitious name of Goosequill, had occasion to purchase an horse: nor like your poor, petty larceny rascals, to take a purse upon the road, and be decently tucked up for it next sessions; —no —Mr. Goosequill had too great a veneration for the law, to infringe any of its maxims; and though he made no more scruple of rifling a man, than other brothers of the pad, yet he always took care to do it according to act of parliament.

The

The occasion of his journey was this:— 'squire Hedgditch, a keen young foxhunter in Nottinghamshire, happened, in the heat of the sport, to cross a corn field belonging to Goodman Hobnail, a neighbouring farmer. Hobnail being at work in the field, saw the 'squire make up to a gate which stood open; and happening to be within reach, shut the gate, and stopp'd him in his career. This treatment, which every lover of the sport will agree was a little provoking, irritated the 'squire; who, in the heat of his passion, struck the farmer cross the shoulders, with a switch he had in his hand; which Hobnail happened to complain of, at the very inn where Goosequill, who was come down to attend at the assizes, had put up at. Our lawyer who like the cat, was ever upon the watch for his prey, and had as keen a scent too; takes the farmer aside: ' friend,' says he, ' take my word for it, you ' may recover.' ' Recover, measter,' replies Hobnail, staring like a stuck pig, ' wounds, ' Ise bent zuch a ghicken neither? nay for ' matter of that, a didn't hurt me much; but ' then ben't it damn'd provoking, to be zerved ' in such a manner? why, an Ise hadn't been ' vorth a varthing, a could have used one ' vorse. D'have um to know Ise have undred ' good pounds a year; and am as well quali- ' fied to carry a gun as he be.' This account, though delivered in so uncouth a manner, was more grateful to the ear of Goosequill, than the most elaborate discourse he had ever heard pronounced at the bar: and resolving not to loose
a good

a good cause, if he could help it, he proceeded to render his meaning more intelligible to the farmer; and backed it with so many arguments, that the poor fellow suffered himself to be persuaded, to bring an action for the battery: and even refused a very advantageous accommodation, which the 'squire, when he cooled, proposed to him.

Mr. Goosequill had consequently occasion for a vehicle, to convey him from London to the assizes, which were now approaching; when the trial was expected to come on: and he imagined it would turn out more to his advantage, to buy an horse for the journey, and dispose of him at his return; than to hire one. He accordingly applied to an innkeeper: a mighty honest, conscientious man as will appear by the sequel. The innkeeper shewed him a variety of cattle, and failed not to lavish the most extravagant encomiums on them all. Now so it was that Goosequill understood just as much of horseflesh, as the innkeeper did of law: he therefore judged it more advisable, to depend intirely on the innkeeper's honesty, than trust to his own judgment; whence we may infer, he was exempt from a fault which some people labour under, of measuring another's corn by their own bushel; otherwise he would never have trusted to the innkeeper's conscience.

The innkeeper was no sooner acquainted that our lawyer was no jockey, than he ordered all the horses he had shewn him, to be led back to their stables; and producing one
so

so poor and so lean, that at a distance, one would have sworn, that it was but the skeleton of that noble animal. ‘ Sir,’ said he, ‘ in appealing to my conscience, you have touched me in a tender point : if a gentleman is opiated, and will rely upon his judgment, ’tis not my fault, if he makes a bad choice ; but when a person depends upon my honesty, I cannot in conscience put a bad beast into his hands ; and you know, Sir, without conscience——.’ Here he regaled the lawyer with a remnant of sermon, delivered with as affected a cant, and perhaps with as much sincerity, as at a certain tabernacle not far from town. When Goosequill objected to the leanness, and very judiciously remarked, that he looked not unlike one of Pharaoh’s kine. ‘ Ah ! bless me, Sir,’ quoth he, ‘ ’tis a sign indeed, that you are not very conversant in horseflesh. Why, Sir, this horse was got,—here he entered into a long genealogy of his horse’s pedigree, and made him first cousin, at least, to the most famous racers that ever beat turf ; swore he refused twelve guineas for him an hour before, and sold him to Goosequill for ten ; who immediately set forward on his journey, very well pleased with his bargain.

But he had scarce got out of the smoak of London, when his courser, unable to proceed any farther, fell under him ; and in despite of whip and spur, which were both applied very lavishly, he disdained to budge, and lay as tranquil as a lap-dog on a cushion. Goosequill
swore,

swore and curst like any trooper, but all to no purpose ; resonante was deaf to his remonstrances. At length, as good luck would have it, an empty cart happened to pass that way, which in consideration of a tester, which Goosequill promised well and truly to pay, or cause to be paid to the carman, conveyed both beasts to the next inn. By the way, our lawyer, in whom all the cunning of that profession may justly be said to have centered, resolved in his mind many different schemes of revenge ; fully determined to give the inn-keeper a Rowland for his Oliver, as soon as he returned. Having hired a fresh horse at the inn, he proceeded on his journey ; laying strict injunctions upon the hostler, to take great care of his horse : and spare no cost, to get him in flesh against he came back.

Goosequill after many pleas, and counter-pleas ; demurrers, and rejoinders ; at length terminated the law suit : in which, though the 'squire was cast, poor Hobnail had no great reason to rejoice ; for instead of pocketing the ten guineas, which the 'squire offered to compromise the matter, he found himself double that sum out of pocket ; and got the character of an illnatured, litigious man into the bargain : for a battle at law, may very aptly be compared, to a battle at fifty cuffs ; in which the conqueror often comes off, in worse plight than the vanquished. Goosequill having drained his country clients to the last drop, verified the old adage, ' no longer pipe no longer dance,' and turned his back on his friends

friends in distress : for with Mr. Goosequill, friendship and money, were synonymous terms. But this is a conduct so consistent with the present mode, that we dare not comment upon it ; least we expose ourselves to ridicule, for setting up in opposition to so reigning a fashion. We shall beg leave however, to introduce one physical remark, which may have escaped the observation of many of our readers ; I mean the wonderful effects of sympathy, between friendship and a money bag. While the bag continues to swell, friendship continues to glow with redoubled ardour : but as that decreases, how surprizingly doth friendship also decrease in its warmth, and vanish intirely with the last guinea. But we beg our readers indulgence for being thus unseasonably learned ; and promise to be more concise for the future. To proceed then : Mr. Goosequill having reached the inn, where he had left his hunter, and provided himself with another, would have been at some loss to have known his own horse again, had he not been shewn him : much meat, and no labour, had effected a surprizing change. His hide which before, was as rough as a bear's skin, was now polished like a chestnut ; and the bones which were starting through his skin, were covered three fingers deep. Goosequill having tipt the hostler for his care, asked him what he thought the beast might be worth ? ' why really, Sir,' replied the hostler, ' I would not venture above ' four pieces on him : he makes a fine appearance at present, but, by G-d, he is ' damna-

‘ damnably foundered : and it is my opinion, ‘ he will never carry you to London.’ Goosequill hearing this, sent immediately to take a place in the stage coach, and consigned his keffil to the care of the waggoner, that he might proceed to London by easy journeys.

Goosequill having got to London, took all possible precaution to keep his arrival a secret from the coufscientious innkeeper, till his horse came to town : when he mounted, and rode fair and softly into the inn, as if he just came off his journey. He alighted : and calling for the landlord, desired him to keep his horse at livery, for five or six days, when he would call for him again. The innkeeper, who could scarce credit his own eyes, began to inquire how the horse had carried him ; and Goosequill who could swallow a lie, or a false oath, with as much ease as you or I could a bumper of rhenish, devoted himself to all the devils in hell, which by the bye, was giving them no more than their due, if the horse had not carried him better than ever he was carried in his life : ‘ nay,’ added he, ‘ let his good plight ‘ speak in his favour, for, by G-d, if he had ‘ not been a nonesuch, he could never have ‘ held out, for I worked him plaguey hard : ‘ this I may truly say, that no man ever ‘ crossed a better beast : he might more ‘ justly be said to fly than go ; and yet, if ‘ you’ll observe, he has not lost much flesh ‘ neither’

The

The innkeeper swallowed the bait : I must have been plaguely deceived in this horse, thought he to himself, he is much better than I imagined him to be. Before Goosequill left the inn, my honest host, asked him whether he should help him to a chap for his horse ? ' no,' replied Goosequill, ' I do not much ' care to part with him ; for if I should have ' occasion for an horse again, I do not know ' where I could meet with his fellow : though,' added he, ' were any one to take a fancy to ' the horse, and offer me an handsome price, ' he should go, though he were a second Bu- ' cephalus : aye,' continued he, clapping mine host upon the shoulder, ' I would even sell ' myself ; if any body thought me worth their ' market.' He would now have taken his leave, but the innkeeper had caught him fast by the button, and would not suffer him to depart, till he had fixed a price on his horse. Goosequill swore he would not sell him, to his own father, under twenty guineas. The innkeeper quite thunder struck, for he thought to buy him again for about half the price he had sold him for ; shook his head, and letting go the button : ' God bless your soul, master,' says he, ' I cannot afford to give half that money.' ' As you please,' replied Goosequill, ' I am ' very indifferent about the matter ; for, as I ' told you before, I do not want to part with ' him :' so saying, he left the inn and returned home, in order to give his clerk the instructions necessary for carrying on his design.

Tom,

Tom, for so this genius was vulgarly called, had not a whit more aversion for roguery than his master ; so that, to sum up his character in brief, we need only remind our readers of the proverb : ‘ like master like man.’ Tom being previously decorated with a laced waistcoat, and bag wig of his master’s, went to the inn, and calling for the innkeeper, told him he wanted a good strong horse ; one that was capable of doing a deal of work. Mine host shewed him several, which he desired him to match in England ; but mentioned not a tittle in praise of Goosequill’s horse, because he thought him a good one. Tom, to whom his master had described the horse, and indicated the place where he stood ; asked whether he too was not to be sold ? but mine host, deaf to his enquiry, continued to launch out into the praises of the others. Tom, according to his instructions, declared that he had taken a great liking to rosonante ; and repeated the question, whether he was to be sold ? ‘ why—yes,’ replied the innkeeper hesitating, and scratching his noddle, ‘ but I fear you will be frightened at the price.’ ‘ What’s best, is best cheap,’ says Tom, ‘ the beast is a good one, according to my judgment, and a trifle shall not part us.’ Mine host, finding what tractable sort of a customer he had to deal with, told him that the lowest price was thirty guineas. Tom agreed to give him his price ; and paid him a guinea earnest to bind the bargain : then calling to the hostler, gave him a shilling, and ordered him to give the horse a feed

feed of corn, saying he would return presently with the remainder of the money, and take him away.

Tom, having brought matters to this crisis, posted home immediately, to inform his master that the bargain was struck; who, having first booted himself, set out for the inn. When the innkeeper came out, to know what he wanted; ‘saddle my horse immediately,’ cries he, ‘for I must set out directly upon business of the utmost importance, and have not a moment’s time to lose.’ ‘Why, Sir,’ replied mine host scratching his head, ‘you said this morning, as how you should not want him these five or six days.’ ‘True,’ says the lawyer, ‘for I knew nothing to the contrary, till within this half hour. Here, hostler——,’ ‘Sir,’ says the innkeeper interrupting him, ‘you shall take your choice of all the other horses in my stable, but you cannot possibly have your own, for I have just now disposed of him.’ ‘Disposed of him, man! zounds! what do you mean?—why I would not have sold him, at this critical juncture, for double his worth: here am I retarded, by your imprudence, in an affair of the greatest consequence.’ Mine host who was not the meekest tempered man in the world, began to vociferate in his turn: ‘Sir,’ says he, counting out twenty guineas upon the table, ‘you set a value on your horse, and I have sold him; there is your money, and now you may do your worst. D—n it! I am not to be bullied
‘neither.’

‘neither.’ Goosequill pocketted the cash, with much seeming reluctance; and the innkeeper to console him, promised to make him amends another time; and rejoiced not a little when he got rid of his guest; for he expected every moment, that the buyer would return with the remainder of the purchase money, and congratulated himself upon his acquisition of ten pieces with so little trouble. But the purchaser never returned, from that day to this, and we dare answer for it never will.

Sometime afterwards, Goosequill happened to meet the innkeeper in the street: ‘well,’ friend says he, ‘I dare swear you made a pretty penny by the sale of that horse.’ ‘No, by G-d didn’t I,’ replied he, ‘the horse is still in my stable; the fellow never came again: some sneaking scoundrel I’ll warrant, though he had the appearance of a gentleman.’ ‘Well, well,’ says Goosequill, ‘I cannot pity you faith; ’twas a judgment upon you, for depriving me of so valuable a beast.’ ‘Sir, he is still at your service,’ resumed the innkeeper. ‘Tis too late,’ replied the lawyer, the loss of that horse made so sensible an impression on me, that I have forsworn any more dealings with horseflesh for the future.

TYRANNY

(81)

TYRANNY PUNISHED:

A T A L E.

NO good, or wise prince, will suffer men in power to usurp an unjust authority, over those placed in an inferiour station: they are sensible, that a nobleman divested of his state, becomes upon a level with the meanest cobbler, unless he claims a superiority by virtue, and goodness of mind; by which qualities, a man's intrinsic value can only be known. That subordination in individuals, is a requisite to the harmony, and tranquility of the whole, is obvious to the meanest capacity: but then there is a reciprocal duty, which obliges every degree and station, to contribute, as much as in them lies, to the mutual happiness of each other; and if the great have a right to exact duty, and submission from their inferiours; those also have a mutual right to justice, and protection from their superiours.

The archbishop of Toledo, was a prelate of such high account in Spain, of which he is primate, that he is looked upon in a degree little inferiour to the pope himself; for the
revenues

revenues of his diocese, which is the richest in Christendom, are computed to amount to three hundred and fifty thousand crowns per annum.

In the reign of Don Pedro, surnamed The Cruel, for his rigid adherence to justice; a priest was preferred to that archbishoprick, who had no one qualification to recommend him, but the strength of his purse; and some minions at the court of Rome, who had tasted of his bounty; for though he was sordidly avaricious upon every other occasion, yet he could be lavish enough of his money either to promote his own ambitious views, or to revenge himself on those who had offended him.

Some busy body having one day informed him, that a certain shoemaker, who lived in the city, and was esteemed a droll sort of fellow, had made too free with his character, and by the keenest and verity of his satyr, had rendered him the subject of publick derision; the archbishop, who possessed no more of the priest than the vestment, kindled with resentment; and far from imitating the precepts of his divine master, which enjoin all Christians, but more especially those, who in a particular manner dedicate themselves to his service, to forgive injuries; he breathed nothing but vengeance against the poor shoemaker; and having found two braves fit for his purpose, agreed with them for a sum of money, to dispatch him. They accordingly way laid him one evening; and shot him through

through the head, within a few yards of his own door. The report of the pistol, alarmed the son of the deceased, who being a resolute young fellow; raised so brisk a hue and cry, that the assassins were taken, and being put to the torture, confessed the fact; and accused the archbishop, upon oath, as their instigator to the bloody deed.

Laws, says a judicious writer, are like cobwebs; in which small flies are caught, while the large ones break through, and escape with impunity. The assassins were condemned, and executed. The archbishop pleading privilege, and haughtily insisting that he held of no temporal power, was cited before the ecclesiastical tribunal; and the judges, in regard to the dignity of his personage, contented themselves with suspending him from saying mass for a twelvemonth; as a punishment for his crime.

The son of the deceased, little satisfied with so slight a punishment, resolved to wait the arrival of his sovereign, who was expected shortly at Toledo, to assist at the solemn procession on Corpus Christi day, as is customary in Roman Catholic countries, which was then approaching. The moment the king arrived, he cast himself at his feet; and in a most moving, and pathetic speech, demanded vengeance for the death of his father, whom the archbishop had so inhumanly caused to be slain. The king asked him, whether he had carried his complaint before the ecclesiastical judge, to whom the cognizance of the affair properly belonged?

belonged? ‘yes,’ Sir, replied the youth, ‘but what justice could a poor shoemaker expect, against one of the archbishop’s rank and fortune? ’tis true he has been suspended from saying mass for a twelvemonth; but what punishment is that to him, who is well able to subsist without it?’ ‘is what you have related strictly true,’ said the king? ‘yes,’ Sir,’ replied he, ‘I will answer it with my life.’ ‘Do you think you should have resolution enough to kill him,’ said the king? ‘if your majesty commands me,’ replied the youth. ‘Do so then; continued the king, and fear not the consequence.’

The shoemaker returned home illate with joy, and providing himself with a poignard, resolved to wreak a bloody vengeance on the archbishop, on the morrow, which was the day of the procession, even in the royal presence.

The next morning, the archbishop appeared at the head of the procession, cloathed in his pontifical robes. The youth followed him close, till he came before the windows, from whence the king, and the flower of the nobility viewed the procession as it passed; then took his aim so just, that he struck him through the heart with his poignard, and he fell dead on the spot. The spectators were seized with such astonishment, at so horrid a spectacle, that were he not conscious of having acted by the king’s orders, he might easily have made his escape: but he voluntarily surrendered himself to the king’s guards, who
would

would have dragged him instantly to prison, had not the king, who beheld all that passed from his balcony, ordered him to be brought into his presence.—The spectators knowing with what an impartial severity the king administered justice, which gave him, as we before observed, the surname of Cruel, were in expectation of the most rigorous punishment, for so execrable a crime. ‘Speak villain,’ said the king, when he was brought before him, ‘say what dæmon instigated you, to perpetrate so horrid a crime in the presence of God, and of your sovereign; and on so holy a day as this.’ The shoemaker, conscious of having acted by the king’s orders, answered boldly: ‘gracious sovereign, he murdered my father; and though I sued for justice, I could not obtain it.’ But some of the archbishop’s relations, who happened to be present, maintained that his assertions were false; for that justice had been done him. ‘What justice could I have had,’ said the youth, ‘while the murderer of my father was permitted to live?’ The king then demanded, what satisfaction had been made him; and being informed, that the archbishop had been suspended from saying mass for a twelvemonth; which was a very great punishment to one of his rank; he turned to the shoemaker: ‘friend,’ said he, ‘what employment do you follow?’ ‘I am a shoemaker,’ an’t please your majesty.’ ‘be gone then,’ said the king, ‘and as a punishment for your crime, I condemn you to live a whole

‘ twelvemonth without making shoes :’ and then that he might have means to subsist, he assigned him a good pension for life, out of the estates of the deceased archbishop.

Thus the monarch by his impartiality, gained the applause of all those of the nobility who were truly good and virtuous ; and put a check to the insolence of others, who would have imitated the archbishop on a similar occasion.



The Contented CUCKOLD:

A N O V E L.

Humbly inscribed to all old Gassers who
marry young Wives.

DON Miguel de Costanzo, a young Spaniard of birth and fortune, became passionately enamoured of a young lady his neighbour, named Donna Guzman. But though she was mistress of numberless amiable accomplishments, she was so much his inferior in point of fortune, that his father could never be prevailed on to consent to the match; and thinking it more adviseable to nip their passion in the bud, than to give it time to proceed to maturity, he ordered his son to prepare himself for a journey to Italy; in order to go through his course of academical exercises. Don Miguel, though he found he could not without the greatest violence, tear himself from the sight of his beloved Donna Guzman, was nevertheless, under a necessity of complying with his father's commands,

who refused to admit even of a month's delay. He found means however, before his departure, to procure a farewell interview with his mistress. They met ; and after repeating every thing the most tender passion could inspire, exchanged reciprocal vows, and took heaven to witness, that time should not abate the ardour of their loves. Don Miguel, assured of his mistress's fidelity, took leave of his father with a tolerable good grace, and set out on his travels.

Don Alphonso, an old Spanish grandee, who was turned of his grand climacteric, had long paid his addresses to Donna Guzman without success. But he had not yet quitted the pursuit : flattering himself that his quality, joined to the vast extent of his estate, would more than over ballance all personal defects. Don Miguel's father, who was intimately acquainted with the old Don, was no stranger to his pretensions to Donna Guzman ; and harbouring some suspicion that his son still carried on a literary correspondence with her ; fully persuaded, that she would not have been proof against two such prevalent temptations, as title and riches, had he not made her some flattering promises before his departure, he resolved to interrupt their amours ; and, by endeavouring to persuade her of his son's inconstancy, to remove the grand obstacle, which, as he thought, impeded her marriage with Don Alphonso. He resolved many schemes in his head ; and at length fixed on one, which he thought would infallibly insure him
of

of success. Having communicated his project to Don Alphonso, and instructed him how to demean himself upon the occasion, he waited on Donna Guzman, who was not a little surprized at so unexpected a visit.

After common ceremonials had passed between them; he told her, that he had taken the liberty of waiting on her upon a very extraordinary occasion; and begged she would deal ingenuously with him, and inform him, whether she had any promise of matrimony, under his son's hand. Donna Guzman, after some little hesitation, occasioned by the oddness of the question, assured him, upon her honour, she had not. 'Alas!' exclaimed the old gentleman, giving marks of the utmost despair; which might have deceived a person of more penetration and experience than Donna Guzman, 'how unfortunate am I! I was in hopes he had given you a promise under his hand; you would then be able to found a prior claim, and we might get his marriage annulled, with very little difficulty. 'His marriage, Sir,' exclaimed Donna Guzman hastily!—'his marriage, madam,' replied the father: 'the hypocritical rascal, though I often urged the celebration of his nuptials with you, for whom he feigned so great a regard, had always some objection to make; and when at length, by my repeated instances, he was put to its wits end for an excuse, he told me, truly, that there were certain genteel accomplishments he should be glad to attain first, in order to render himself

‘ more deserving of so accomplished a lady,
 ‘ and proposed a tour to Italy ; to which I,
 ‘ poor credulous man, was simple enough to
 ‘ give my consent, imagining his intentions
 ‘ had been ingenuous and sincere ; but alas !
 ‘ it was all pretence and dissimulation, the
 ‘ varlet has taken a farmer’s mistress with him,
 ‘ to whom he paid his addresses unknown to
 ‘ me, and has now the assurance, to write me
 ‘ word, that he is married to her, and hopes
 ‘ I will forgive him, and permit him to re-
 ‘ turn. But I’ll punish the villain !—‘ just
 ‘ heavens !’ exclaimed Donna Guzman, who
 ‘ had given an implicit belief to the forgery,
 ‘ could all his vows and protestations be
 ‘ feigned ? Donna Guzman,’ said he to me
 when he parted, the tears starting from his
 eyes, ‘ I take heaven to witness the purity,
 ‘ and sincerity of my love : though we shall
 ‘ soon be separated, by the stern decree of a
 ‘ parent, to whom I owe obedience ; yet your
 ‘ loved idea shall ever remain inscribed within
 ‘ my heart. In short, Sir, we——’ ‘ ah the
 ‘ traitor, the perjured traitor,’ cries the father
 in a well feigned rage, interrupting her, ‘ how
 ‘ could he abuse so much innocence, and ac-
 ‘ cuse a father of cruelty,’ whose most sanguine
 wishes would have centered, in seeing his
 destiny united to that of so amiable a lady.

Donna Guzman’s heart was too full, to
 permit her to speak any more ; and pride for-
 bid the tear to fall, that stood trembling in her
 eye ; so that there now ensued an interval of
 silence : during which, the old gentleman,
 perceiving

perceiving that his scheme had succeeded to his wish, took an opportunity of taking his leave: and a moment after his departure, arrived Don Alphonso; as had been previously concerted between them. He could not have enjoyed a more critical minute than the present: Donna Guzman, naturally of a jealous disposition; had given credit to every circumstance that had been related; and her passions being naturally very violent, she resolved to retaliate on the innocent Don Miguel. Don Alphonso failed not to urge his suit as usual, and was not a little surprized, though party to the plot, to meet with a reception so very different from what he had been accustomed to. In short, not to keep our readers in suspense, matters were brought to so speedy a conclusion, that Don Alphonso obtained a promise from her, to make him happy the very next morning. Had she taken time to cool; she would, probably, not have been so precipitate: for it is not improbable, but that she repented of her bargain before the next morning arrived. However, her honour was now too far engaged; and the greatness of her spirit would not permit her to retract.

We will now leave Donna Guzman awhile, to enjoy the sweets of her marriage; and return to Don Miguel: who having received intelligence of the whole transaction, from an intimate of his, to whom Don Alphonso, vain of his atchievment, had trusted the secret; set out immediately incognito for Madrid. Upon his arrival there, he

proceeded to the house of his friend ; where he learnt, that the new married couple were gone to reside at a country seat, some eight or ten miles distant from the capital ; and being informed withal, that Don Alphonso had lately dismissed his valet de chamber, for some misdeemeanour, and was not yet provided with another ; he resolved not to let slip so favourable an opportunity, of punishing him for his perfidy. Having communicated his design to his friend, to whom Don Alphonso had applied for a valet, he obtained from him a recommendation. Then equipping himself in a livery, colouring his eye-brows, and covering his hair with a peruke, he set forwards on his expedition ; and in consequence of his friend's letter, met with a favourable reception.

He had disguised both his person and voice so compleatly, that he imposed upon even Donna Guzman herself ; who, though she thought there was a faint resemblance between the features of Fabricius, (for so he was called) and those of her dear Don Miguel, was so far from suspecting him to be so near her. Don Miguel sought all opportunities of obtaining a private audience of his mistress, but Don Alphonso being always at home, and so passionately fond of his wife, that he would never suffer her a moment from his sight, rendered this design impracticable. He resolved therefore to inform her by letter, of the schemes which had been put in practice, to dissolve their union. This design he put into immediate execution : and having found
means

means to slip the letter into her hand, unperceived by her husband, he expected the event in that pleasing, wretched state of mind, which every true lover must feel, though it is beyond the lover of diction to describe.

The letter was wrote in the ^{most} moving, and passionate terms, and carried with it such an air of truth and simplicity, that Donna Guzman did not hesitate to pronounce Don Miguel innocent. She was now fully convinced, of the artifice which had been made use of to deceive her. She lamented her credulity, and more the precipitate lengths, to which her passion had hurried her. How willingly would she have recalled the fatal, the irrevocable—yes ;—bane to every future hope of happiness ! but alas ! it was too late. The tears trickled apace, down her lovely cheeks ; and she remained for some time dissolved in sorrow. At length the same greatness of spirit which had proved the chief cause of her wretchedness, again assumed the predominance : she wiped the tears from her bright eyes, and resolved to revenge herself on the deceiver, by wounding him in the tenderest point ; and, that her revenge might be the more compleat, to render him subservient to his own dishonour.

That a woman's wit is ready at invention, is known to a proverb. Donna Guzman soon planned out her scheme of revenge ; in consequence of which, she wrote the following answer to her lover.

‘ Is it possible, Don Miguel, should yet re-
 ‘ tain a tender idea of Donna Guzman ? can
 ‘ he compassionate the sorrows of one, who
 ‘ could entertain so mean an opinion of him
 ‘ as to distrust the sincerity of his affections ;
 ‘ and think him capable of a breach of the
 ‘ most solemn vows.—alas ! were you tho-
 ‘ roughly acquainted with the long chain of
 ‘ artifice, to which I owe my undoing, I
 ‘ should surely appear to you in a degree far
 ‘ less culpable.—Oh ! how I now abhor the
 ‘ sight of my—I cannot call him husband ;
 ‘ our banns are surely dissolved, in the face of
 ‘ Heaven, since he obtained by fraud, a title
 ‘ which you had a prior right to. Can the
 ‘ most scrupulously virtuous of our sex censure
 ‘ me, if I give a loose to the sweets of re-
 ‘ venge ; and deceive the deceiver by yielding
 ‘ to the desires of him, whom alone I can
 ‘ call my husband ?—if you have as good an
 ‘ opinion of my sincerity, as I have of your
 ‘ courage, steal softly to my bedchamber at
 ‘ midnight, where your Donna Guzman will
 ‘ be ready to receive you.’

Don Miguel, upon the receipt of this let-
 ter, began to hesitate ; and was not without
 some suspicion, of her having shewn his letter
 to her husband : for what benefit could he hope
 to reap in accepting the invitation, where he
 was very certain, Don Alphonso and she ne-
 ver slept asunder. However, lest his refusal
 should be looked upon as the effect of fear, and
 wrong the good opinion she seemed to entertain
 of

of his courage ; he resolved to venture, let the consequence be what it would.

The clock had no sooner struck twelve, than our hero sallied from his chamber ; naked in his shirt : but he had taken the precaution, at all events, to arm himself with a stout oaken cudgel. He found the door unlocked : and having opened it gently, entered on tip-toe into the apartment. He was now at a loss to know on which side his fair one lay ; for the window-shutters being fastened, not a glimpse of light could possibly enter, to assist our lover in the discovery. But Donna Guzman, did not suffer him to remain long in this perplexity : softly as he had entered, she heard him ; and with an affected heigh ho ! directed him where to approach. When he came to her bedside, she took him by the hand, and conjured him, in a whisper, not to be intimated at any thing he should hear ; then addressing herself to her husband, whom she waked from a sound sleep, ‘ my dear,’ said she, ‘ I have a question to ask you. Pray ‘ tell me, which of all your domesticks do you ‘ think most faithful to you, and most firmly ‘ attached to your interest ?’ ‘ why that question, my dear, quoth Don Alphonso ?’ ‘ I ‘ will resolve you that bye and bye,’ replied Donna Guzman. ‘ Why really then,’ said he, ‘ as far as I am capable of judging, ’tis ‘ Fabricius.’ How apt we are to be deceived by appearances, exclaimed she ! would you imagine that he has had the assurance to make love to me ? and has even solicited me to what
I cannot

I cannot comply with without a breach of my duty to you ?

Don Miguel upon hearing this, made sure he should be delivered up to the resentment of the husband, and endeavoured to withdraw his hand : but Donna Guzman kept too fast an hold ; and by a gentle squeeze, gave him to understand that his apprehensions were groundless. ‘ How,’ replied Don Alphonso, ‘ Fabricius speak to you of love !—impossible ! —but what answer did you make him ?’ ‘ why, my dear,’ said Donna Guzman, with a simplicity that might have calmed the most jealous disposition, ‘ in order to convince you of the justice of the accusation, for I know that he is so fast rivetted in your good opinion, that nothing but ocular demonstration can convince you of his perfidy ; I pretended to condescend to his desires, and promised to give him the meeting to night, at half an hour past twelve, in the summer-house, at the bottom of the garden : and he will be soon at the rendezvous, for the clock has already struck twelve some time. Now if you desire to make yourself an eye witness of his insolence, and punish the traytor as he deserves ; slip on my petticoat, and night-rail, and go to the rendezvous in my stead : the night is so dark, that it is impossible to distinguish objects ; and you may rest assured that as he expects me, he will not have the least suspicion of the cheat.’

The good husband relished this advice mightily ; and having equipped himself in his wife’s regi-

regimentals, was hastening to the summer-house; but Donna Guzman called him back: ' my ' dear,' said she, if he should not be arrived ' yet, wait a while; for he will not be long ' you may depend upon it.' Don Alphonso promised to follow her advice, and sallied forth into the garden, pleased with the thoughts of convicting Fabricius; who failed not, the moment his back was turned, to occupy his place, and revel in a profusion of delight, within the arms of his beauteous mistress. Donna Guzman, at length, fearing lest her husband should grow impatient, and return; pressed the amorous Don Miguel to be gone, having first instructed him in the method he was to pursue, not only to reinstate himself in his master's good opinion, but also to acquire a greater share in his confidence hereafter. Don Miguel, though with much reluctance, complied with her commands, and proceeded, as had been concerted between them, accompanied by his trusty cudgel, to the summer-house at the bottom of the garden, when Don Alphonso waited his coming with no little impatience.

As soon as Don Alphonso heard him approach, he repeated in a soft, effeminate tone the better to imitate his wife. ' Is it you, ' my love?' ' yes, madam,' replied the false Fabricius, who could scarce refrain from laughter. ' Ah! my love,' continued Don Alphonso, ' I have been waiting for you this ' half hour: come, let us retire into this ' alcove.' ' Ah! infamous wretch,' cries Don

Don Miguel, saluting his shoulders with his cudgel, ' is it thus you requite the affection of
 ' the best of husbands ; and imagine me capable of dishonouring my dear master ? What
 ' I said was in order to make trial of your
 ' virtue : and, but that I value my master's
 ' peace, who I am certain doats on you to
 ' distraction, I would this instant make him
 ' acquainted with your misconduct, that he
 ' might punish you as you deserve. In this
 ' consideration, the adventure of to night shall
 ' be for ever buried in oblivion : however,
 ' that your crime may not go wholly unpunished, I will now give you a sovereign balsam to allay your wontonness : ' so saying, he continued to discipline him, till he was tired ; the poor cuckold not daring to complain, lest Fabricius should discover the cheat.

When Don Miguel, tired of bastinading him, permitted him at length to make his retreat, he returned to his chamber again in an extasy ; for the joy he experienced in the virtue of his wife, and the fidelity of his servant, rendered him almost insensible of the blows he had received. ' Ah ! my dear,' said he to
 ' his wife, embracing her, ' how cruelly you
 ' wronged Fabricius, by your suspicions ! Fabricius, the most faithful of servants, who
 ' only intended to make trial of your virtue ;
 ' and who has beat me like a stock fish, imagining that it was you he chastised : but I do
 ' not value the blows I received, since they
 ' have served to convince me both of your
 ' virtue,

‘ virtue, and his fidelity.’ Madam, you may be sure, who was perfect mistress of the art of dissembling, failed not to affect the greatest astonishment, and assured her husband she should ever hereafter, have the greatest esteem for Fabricius, which she failed not to manifest, as often as she found a convenient opportunity.

Thus was poor Don Alphonso deceived in his turn ; and acted the part of a Contented Cuckold : and remained so well satisfied of the fidelity of his trusty Fabricius, that he would scarce have credited his own eyes, had he afterwards found him in bed with his wife.



The CONJURER:

A T A L E.

A Poor old villager, who went in the country by the appellation of Robin; who had always earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, and to whom a morsel of fat bacon was a princely regale; had heard so much said in commendation of delicious fare, as Partridges, Pheasants, Ortolans, and such like; and those nectarious liquors, Burgundy and Champaign; that he longed so ardently for such a regale, as to think he could be very well contented to die, provided he might be first permitted to satisfy his longing. Necessity is the mother of invention; so says the proverb: the truth of which is verified by daily experience. Robin, whose slender purse was far from sufficient to procure those dainties, hit upon a scheme which he imagined would infallibly insure him of success. He resolved to travel to a distant part of the country, where he was not known, and take upon himself the title, and appearance of a Conjuror; a profession which has ever commanded great respect,
both

both in town and country : and that in case any person, whose wit proved lighter than his purse, should be fool enough to confide in his art, he would stipulate for three dainty repasts, before his oracle should deign to break silence.

Before he set out on this expedition (what will perhaps seem very surprizing to such of our readers, who are uninspired by the muses) he weighed in a just, and equal ballance, the dainties he promised himself to enjoy, against the kicks and cuffs he must inevitably receive, when found out to be an impostor ; when lo ! the kicks and cuffs kicked the beam. And now having equipped himself with a large hairy cap, made of the skin of a badger, a pair of whiskers, in which a Spaniard might have taken pride, and a Common Prayer-Book in old print by way of a conjuring book ; he bid adieu to his village, and directed his steps to more populous cities ; publishing wherever he came, his great and profound science in the art of divination.

He arrived at length, at the hospitable gates of Sir Tony Simpleton, baronet ; with whom most of our readers we presume, are acquainted : for no family in Britain can boast a more extensive progeny : their origin is easily traced beyond the deluge ; and their illustrious ancestors, have often wielded the royal scepter. Now so it had happened, that a day or two before the arrival of honest Robin, three of Sir Tony's servants, who had long since formed a combination against a certain diamond ring
of

of great value, which lady Simpleton usually wore on her finger; having found it straying upon her toilette, seized it as a lawful prize, with an intent to dispose of it the first opportunity, and share the spoils among themselves. My lady, extremely afflicted for the loss of her brilliant, hearing of the great fame of our conjurer, which had by this time spread all over the country, resolved to apply to him, in order to gain intelligence of her ring.

My lady was struck with a reverential awe, at the venerable appearance of our conjurer, who acted his part to the life. Madam, said he, 'it is needless for you to enter into a detail of your loss: I know, by virtue of the occult science I profess, that you have lost your diamond ring; and am much better acquainted with every circumstance than your ladyship.' 'Good God!' cries my lady, amazed that the conjurer should be acquainted with what every body in the town knew as well as herself, 'what a wonderful man! what a fine thing it is to be a conjurer!'

She now began to inquire very earnestly, whether she might entertain any hopes of recovering her ring? Robin, with the greatest gravity assured her, that within the space of three days, which he required to consult the planets, he would engage to produce the ring, though it lay at the bottom of mount *Ætna*: 'but,' added he, 'the search will be attended with some expence.' Lady Simpleton told him, she should not hesitate at paying him any reasonable gratuity, as she had a great value

value for the ring. ‘ Madam,’ replied Robin, whom our readers may have already perceived did not want for sense, ‘ we conjurers
 ‘ are above any mercenary views ; all I demand is, that during the three days I consult the motion of the planets, you will give
 ‘ orders for my being entertained in a manner suitable to the dignity of a wizard of my
 ‘ importance : for we conjurers, you must know, differ widely from the studious in
 ‘ other arts and sciences, who improve most upon a slender diet ; we, on the contrary,
 ‘ always study best on a full stomach ; and the richer our fare, the greater progress we
 ‘ make in our discoveries.’ Lady Simpleton told him, his demands were too modest not to be complied with ; and immediately ordered him to be conducted to one of the best apartments in the house, laying strict injunctions upon the cook, to obey his commands to a tittle.

The cook, having put on his cleanest cap and apron, waited upon the conjurer ; and with much scraping, and cringing, desired to know what his honour would be pleased to order for supper. Robin, finding her ladyship had left him *Charte Blanch*, made a catalogue of the choicest viands he could think of ; and, to make use of an expression *a la Mode*, desired to have them all by rotation. The cook tost him up a *fricasee* of chickens in a trice ; which, with a brace of Partridges, and a custard, composed a pretty frugal sort of a repast. The eyes of our conjurer sparkled
 with

with joy, at the sight of so delicious a banquet. He tucked his napkin under his chin, and being a man of business, scorned to leave a bone unpicked. Having supped to his heart's content, and closed his entertainment with a chearful bottle of claret ; he repaired to his downy bed, in the pleasing thought of his three repasts which were yet to come : and Morpheus, the inseparable companion of content, who, like a false friend, attends upon our smiling hours, but abandons us in the time of distress, soon shed his peaceful poppies o'er his head.

The next morning, as soon as it was well light, Robin got to carousing again : and remained up to the chin in grease till bed-time ; when the fumes of the generous liquor he had quaffed all day, mounting into his penecranium, so intoxicated him, that he was as drunk as David's sow. He made shift however, though not without much difficulty, to reel to his bed : and had just got between the sheets, when one of the servants, who had been concerned in stealing the ring came into the room, under pretence of clearing the table, but in reality, to observe what the conjurer was about : for he, and his associates were in great apprehensions, lest their theft should be discovered. Robin, hearing some body in the room, drew back the curtain ; and seeing what the servant was about, ' well,' said he with a hiccough, ' thank God, there is one ' of them however (meaning one of his three ' repasts.)—A guilty conscience needs no accuser.

cuser. The footman, imagining that the conjurer had discovered the authors of the theft by the power of his art, and that his discourse was addressed to him, ran down to his companions in a pannic, and related what he had heard. Fear made him exaggerate every circumstance—he assured them the conjurer was well informed of the whole affair, and that they had nothing now to do, but to consult their own safety, by a precipitate flight.

The other two were greatly alarmed at this recital, and were at a loss for some time, what to resolve upon ; till one of them proposed going into the conjurer's room the ensuing night, that they might be thoroughly satisfied their apprehensions were well founded ; since fear might have operated so strongly upon his companion, as to occasion his misinterpreting the conjurer's meaning. Having obtained their assent to his proposal, he went the next night into Robin's apartment ; who having gorged himself, like any alderman at a lord mayor's feast, had just risen from table. The footman immediately began to take away ; casting an eye, every now and then, upon the conjurer, whose eyes he as often found fix'd upon him. ' Well,' said Robin, bye and bye, ' thank God, there are two of them however.' The poor fellow was quite thunder-struck at the sound : the dish dropped from his hand ; his knees knocked together with the fright ; and would hardly support him to carry a confirmation of the dreadful news to his companions.

The

The testimony of the first being now corroborated by that of the second, no doubt could possibly remain, unless to the third; who indeed was the most incredulous of the three. He told them he did not think it at all improbable, but that the relation of the first might have made a stronger impression upon the second, as to make him imagine he heard the same words spoken, though at the same time perhaps the conjurer had never broke silence: and what the more strongly confirmed him in this opinion was, that he had told my lady he should not be able to give her any tidings of her ring, until the expiration of the three days. After many debates, and learned arguments, pro and con, it was at length agreed, that the third should go into the conjurer's chamber the succeeding night, and in case he should be convinced that their fears were but too justly founded, a council should be immediately held how to act upon the occasion.

The next day passed on like the two preceding ones, with this difference only, that Robin resolved to make the most of his last meal, and laid about him with redoubled vigour, that he might be the better able to sustain the bastinado, which he foresaw, without the assistance of art magic, would be the reward of his imposture. When bed-time approached, the third footman made his appearance; and, with many bows, and scrapes, was preparing to disserve the table, when Robin broke out into his wanted ejaculation —

‘ Well,

‘ Well, thank God,’ said he, ‘ I have now got them all three ! I am now content : and have nothing more to desire. Friend, continued he, addressing himself to the footman, tell your mistress I shall do myself the honour of waiting on her in the morning.’ The lacquey replied not, but went, with an heavy heart, to inform his companions of what he had heard ; who made no doubt that the conjurer intended to inform their lady of the theft. They spent the remaining part of the night, in deliberating upon what was best to be done ; and resolved at length, to throw themselves upon the conjurer’s mercy, who they thought, seemed to be a good-natured sort of a man, notwithstanding his formidable cap and whiskers.

The next morning, as soon as Robin arose, they threw themselves at his feet, deposited the ring in his hands, and confessed their guilt ; supplicating him, in the most moving terms, to have pity on them, and conceal the affair from their lady, as an halter would be the undoubted consequence of such a discovery. This was no disagreeable adventure for Robin, who, before this lucky accident, would willingly have compounded for two hundred lashes : the dreadful ideas of whips and tortures, which had occupied his mind ever since he awoke, began to give place, to the more agreeable expectation of honours, and rewards. Having moulded his face into as serious a form as possible, he told them they had acted very prudently in making a voluntary confession

session of their crime, although he had before discovered it by the all-powerful influence of the planets, and promised them, in consideration of their ingenious behaviour, to keep their transgression a secret from their mistresses.

Having given the servants their congee, Robin went privately into the yard where the poultry was kept, and compelled one of the turkey-cocks to swallow the ring. He then waited on lady Simpleton, and, with the greatest confidence, 'madam,' said he, 'we have at length, with much toil and study, gained the wished-for intelligence: your ring is safe.' 'Oh! bless me,' cries lady Simpleton, 'I am very glad of it! But where is it?—Sir Tony would have been so vexed, had I lost it.' 'You dropped your ring,' 'madam,' continued Robin, 'in the yard, in pulling of your glove; and it was presently afterwards picked up, by one of the turkeys: let them all pass in review before me, and I will engage to arrest the felon.' Lady Simpleton gave immediate orders for the turkeys to make their appearance; and Robin, seizing on the turkey, which was a very remarkable one, ordered him to be killed, and opened in his presence; and my lady had the pleasing satisfaction of taking her ring from his belly. She now looked upon our conjurer as a very extraordinary personage; and insisted on his tarrying till the next day, when her husband was expected from London. Robin, who had no objection to a renewal of his carousing

carousing charter, accepted the invitation; had the honour both of dining, and supping with her ladyship; and enjoyed a fourth day's regale, very different from what he had expected.

The next day Sir Tony arrived. My lady flew to him in raptures, to inform him what a wonder of a man he had beneath his roof. She launched out into the highest encomiums, on his superior skill and penetration; and assured him, that without his assistance, the ring on which he set so great a value, would have been inevitably lost. Sir Tony, although he was no Solomon, could not rightly digest this story. He swore that the conjurer was a cheat, and an impostor; who lived by the credulity of mankind; and threatened to have him instantly kicked out of doors. My lady, however, found means to sooth his rage; and prevailed upon him to put the conjurer's skill to the test, before he carried his menaces into execution. At the instant a tame robin, that used to frequent the house for the sake of a few crumbs of bread, which he would peck familiarly from the hand, flew from the garden into the hall, and perched upon Sir Tony's shoulder; who immediately seized the little warbler, and, confining him in a silken handkerchief, ordered the conjurer to be called, who very chearfully made his appearance, in expectation of the promised reward.—

‘Harkee, friend,’ says Sir Tony, ‘I am informed you profess great skill in necromancy. But as I have ever been an infidel

H

‘in

‘ in point of magic, I insist upon it, that
 ‘ you convince me by the experiment. Tell
 ‘ me what is inclosed in this handkerchief : I
 ‘ will then renounce my incredulity, and you
 ‘ shall meet with a reward, worthy so great a
 ‘ cabalist : but if on the contrary, you are in-
 ‘ capable of giving me the satisfaction I de-
 ‘ mand, be assured your insolence shall not es-
 ‘ cape with impunity.’

Poor Robin, conscious of his incapacity to
 solve the problem Sir Tony had proposed,
 cursed his ill stars, that made him wait his ar-
 rival ; and giving himself over for lost :—
 ‘ alas ! poor Robin,’ exclaimed he, ‘ you are
 ‘ then caught at last !’—Sir Tony, astonished
 at the wonderful penetration and sagacity of
 our conjurer, immediately released the robin
 from his confinement, and joined heartily with
 my lady in his commendation. Robin, you
 may depend upon it, was not disagreeably sur-
 prized, when he perceived by the flight of his
 namesake, what a fortunate turn his affairs had
 taken. Sir Tony regaled him a month longer,
 loaded him with presents ; and assured him at
 parting, that he should always meet with a
 kind welcome at Simpleton-Hall ; and Robin,
 whose reputation was now in its zenith, dis-
 daining any longer to turn the sod, took a
 grand house not far distant from his patron’s,
 where he still continues to flourish, a conjurer
 of renown.

The Fortunate PEASANT :

A T A L E.

WE often find, in men of obscure birth and mean education, latent seeds of superiour genius and understanding ; which, had they the advantage of a proper cultivation, might be productive of the richest fruits : while, on the other hand, we see many noble personages, who, were their natural parts assisted by a suitable education, might cut a very significant figure at the plow-tail. What pity then, that so many bright geniusses should be lost to society, meerly for want of means to procure a liberal education ! what pity, that a set of rich clodpoles, whose only merit consists in their wealth, should without one grain of sense, or discernment, be advanced to the highest stations ! *O tempora, O mores !* O times ! O manners !—but to proceed to our tale :

A certain potent king, of what regions we have never been able to learn, nor is it at all material to our readers ; took great delight to travel the country in disguise. He was a

learned, and a virtuous prince ; and had by long study and experience, acquired so profound a knowledge of mankind, that he could calculate the intrinsic value of a man's genius, as truly as a jeweller can the worth of a diamond ; and, like a good lapidary, took a pleasure in polishing, and drawing from obscurity, those valuable gems which he found rough as from the quarry.

In one of his excursions he met with a peasant, who was tilling a small tract of land that lay before his cottage, with great assiduity and cheerfulness. ' God save you, tiller of the earth, said the king, pleased with his industry. ' And you also, Lord of the earth,' replied the peasant ; who knew him, notwithstanding his disguise. ' Why do you give me that title,' resumed the king ? ' do you know who I am ? ' ' No, Sir,' replied the peasant, perceiving he chose to remain incog. ' I do not : but I called you so, because God having created the earth for the use of man, he may not improperly be stiled the master.' The king perceiving by this rational answer, that he was a man of deeper penetration than the generality of his vocation, resolved to have a little further chat with him. ' Friend,' said he, ' you seem to labour very hard, although you do not appear to be very young.' ' True, Sir,' replied the peasant, ' for there are older than myself, whom I am obliged to maintain by the sweat of my brow.' ' Pray how much may you earn in a day,' said the king. ' I earn, Sir,' replied he, ' taking

' taking one day with another ; about eight-
 ' pence.' ' And is that sufficient to maintain
 ' you,' said the king. ' Ah ! Sir,' replied he,
 shaking his head, ' my own, are the most
 ' trivial of my expences.' ' Pray inform me
 ' then, how you lay it out,' said the king.
 ' I spend two-pence,' continued the peasant,
 ' every day, for the maintenance of myself and
 ' wife : with two-pence more, I discharge my
 ' debts : two-pence I lend ; and the remaining
 ' two-pence I give away.' ' You speak enig-
 ' matically, friend,' quoth the king : ' I wish
 ' you would render your meaning a little more
 ' intelligible ; for really I do not comprehend
 ' you.' The peasant proceeded : ' I spend
 ' two-pence, Sir, as I said before, for the
 ' maintenance of myself, and my wife ; and
 ' by the smallness of the sum, you may guess
 ' the coarseness of our fare. With two-pence
 ' more, I pay my debts : for my father and
 ' mother are still living, so old and infirm,
 ' that they are quite past their labour ; and as
 ' they provided for me, with a parental ten-
 ' derness in my youth, it is but just that I
 ' acquit myself with filial piety, of what I
 ' owe them, by supporting them in their old
 ' age. The two-pence I lend, are for the
 ' maintenance of my children, who, by rea-
 ' son of their infancy, are incapable of pro-
 ' viding for themselves ; which I hope they
 ' will be grateful enough to repay me, when
 ' bending beneath the weight of years and
 ' infirmities, I shall be unable to maintain
 ' myself by my daily labour. The two-pence

‘ I give away, are for the maintenance of the
 ‘ two daughters of my wife, by her former
 ‘ husband ; and which I have no hopes of ever
 ‘ being repaid, as they cannot be supposed to
 ‘ entertain the same affection for me, as my
 ‘ natural children ; and will probably inter-
 ‘ marry with those, who will hinder them
 ‘ were they so inclined.’

The king was highly delighted with the peasant’s discourse ; and thought he had found a gem, which would be well worth the polishing. ‘ Friend,’ said he, ‘ I have been greatly
 ‘ entertained with your conversation, and am
 ‘ resolved to be of service to you ; promise me
 ‘ only, that you will not relate to any one,
 ‘ what has passed between us this day, until
 ‘ you see me again. Look at me steadfastly,
 ‘ that you may know me another time : and I
 ‘ charge you, once again, not to divulge a
 ‘ tittle of our discourse, till you see my face.’
 The peasant assured him he should yield due obedience to his commands ; and the king returned to his palace, very well pleased with his adventure.

The next day, having assembled those of his courtiers who valued themselves most upon their wit and ingenuity, he proposed to them the problem he had learned from the Peasant, and gave them three days to expound it ; with the promise of a reward, worthy the royal donor, to him who should be able to explain it to his satisfaction.

Having exercised their wit, and put their invention to the rack to no purpose, they gave
 up

up all hope of succeeding ; one only excepted, who, wiser than the rest, resolved if possible, to find out the Peasant, and bribe him to the solution of the riddle. Having gained information which way the king had walked that day, he was so indefatigable in his enquiries, among the peasants who inhabited that part of the country, that he at length found his man ; who made no secret of his having conversed with the king, whom he assured him he knew perfectly well, notwithstanding his disguise. The courtier then, desired to be informed of the subject of their discourse : but this request the Peasant refused to comply with : as the king had commanded him silence upon that head. The courtier, a crafty old fox, well versed in the arts of a court, did not give up all hopes of obtaining his wish : he had yet one argument left, the persuasive force of which, he himself had often experienced : and drawing an handful of gold from his pocket, he conveyed it, with a friendly squeeze, into the hand of the Peasant ; assuring him at the same time, that he would scorn to make an ill use of his confidence. The Peasant who had never, through the whole course of his life, beheld so tempting a sight, resolved in his mind the happiness this sum would procure to his little family ; he knew how little the promises of the great are to be depended upon ; and, consequently had some reason to doubt, whether the king would ever think of performing his promise ; he therefore yielded,

and who can blame him, to the silent eloquence of the gold.

The courtier, well satisfied with the success of his journey, returned to court, explained the riddle and demanded the prize. The king, although he guessed that he had found means to tamper with the Peasant, would not depart from his royal word ; but, conscious that the promises of princes should ever be preserved sacred, and inviolate, gave him the promised reward. He resolved however, to make the Peasant feel the effects of his wrath, for divulging what he had so faithfully promised to keep secret ; for which purpose he disguised himself as before, and made a second tour to the cottage. ‘ Well, ‘ friend,’ said he, ‘ I find you have not scrupled ‘ to violate the promise you so solemnly made ‘ me.’ ‘ Upon my word, Sir,’ replied the Peasant, ‘ you must have been misinformed : ‘ I scorn to be guilty of a breach of promise ; ‘ and dare assure you that I have paid all due ‘ obedience to your commands.’ Do not aggravate your crime by a falsehood,’ said the king, ‘ for certain I am, that you have divulged what passed between us the other ‘ day ; notwithstanding I so strictly enjoined ‘ you silence.’ ‘ Tis very true, Sir,’ replied the Peasant with great composure, ‘ I confess ‘ I did relate what passed between us ; but deny that I have in any wise forfeited my parole : both promises, and menaces were put ‘ in practice to extort the secret from me, but ‘ all proved ineffectual ; and I refused to let a ‘ syllable transpire, since you had commanded
‘ me

‘ me not to divulge it to any one till I should
 ‘ see your face ; but when not only your face,
 ‘ but a number of faces like yours were pro-
 ‘ duced (shewing the king the species he had
 ‘ received,) I no longer hesitated to comply.’

The king, who perceived that the Peasant knew him all along, was highly pleased with this ingenious subterfuge ; and esteeming so sensible a man worthy of a better fate, took him to court with him, and elevated him to the dignity of prime minister : probably because he perceived in him a talent for sophistry, a qualification indispensably necessary in a statesman ; for we must confess that his evasion for the breach of his promise, was a little jusuitical,



SALLY SALISBURY, *and Count*
C—D :

A STORY founded upon
FACTS ;

Not to be met with in the Histories of
her LIFE.

AMONG the numerous votaries of Venus who have rendered themselves immortal to posterity, none can boast a larger share of fame than Sally Salisbury ; nor can any plead a fairer title. She possessed every qualification, that could render a woman of her profession accomplished : her person was agreeable, her wit ready, and her constancy like that of the turtle, while her mate kept constant in his supplies ; but when she had, by her extravagance, reduced him to his last shilling, and rendered him incapable of maintaining her any longer in that profusion she delighted in, Sally became as cool as a cucumber ;

cucumber ; and turned her back on the man, who had fondly ruined himself for her sake. Long had she thus continued her ravages among the youth of Great Britain with impunity ; for such was the fatality of her charms, that they overballanced avarice, ingratitude, and the cruel pleasure she found in exulting in the misery of those she had ruined : till at length a foreign hero arose, who deaf to her tears, and proof against the witchcraft of her charms, punished her ingratitude as it deserved.

Count C——d, a young French nobleman, in the course of his travels, paid a visit to the British court. Sally was then in her prime, and the reigning toast among the nobility ; for, at that time of day, she would have thought it beneath her dignity, to stoop to any thing under the degree of a Lord. The Count, who like the generality of his nation, was a man of consummate gallantry, soon got himself introduced to Miss Salisbury, through the mediation of his Louis D'ors, whose splendour she had no power to resist. He visited—he beheld—he was smitten ; her bright eyes shot quite through his heart : in short he was captivated, as much as a Frenchman could be. Sally, the most artful of her sex, found means to drain the Count's purse : though she had no little trouble in maintaining her conquest, as she herself confessed, for he was of a very volatile disposition ; and possessed a large share of that levity, and unconcern so common to those of his country. But Sally's reputation lay at
stake :

She therefore employed all the address she was mistress of, to keep him in her chains ; in which she had the good fortune to succeed : and the poor Count, upon the decrease of his finances, had the mortification to share in the common fate of all Sally's lovers, and be made a jest of, by the woman who had hitherto professed the most disinterested esteem for him. He had not only expended on her all his ready money, but had also pledged most of his jewels ; and contracted several considerable debts ; and Sally to compleat his disgrace, and her own triumph, prevailed with a tradesman, to whom he was indebted about one hundred pounds, to arrest him. The Count however, easily found bail for the sum ; and writing immediately to Paris for fresh supplies, denounced vengeance against the perfidious Sally : whose cruelty, and ingratitude, had converted his love into hatred.

The Count who was perfect master of the art of dissembling, did not give Sally the least cause to suspect his design ; to all outward appearance he was more deeply in love than ever. He even affected to say in company, when he thought it would reach Sally's ears ; that, like a spaniel, the more she spurned him, the more he was doomed to fawn. Having received the supplies he had wrote for, he set up a very gallant equipage ; cloathed his attendants in the most superb liveries ; and equalled, in his own dress, the magnificence of the sultan of the Indies.

With

With this pompous retinue he proceeded to Sally's house ; and having sent in his name—O the surprizing effects of omnipotent gold ! —Sally, who, with infinite delight, had beheld from her window, the gaity and grandeur of the equipage ; gave the kindest reception imaginable, to the man whom the day before she would not have deigned to treat with common civility. In short, the Count was quite astonished ; and owned himself foiled in the art of dissembling. Sally's complaisance was now as unbounded, as her insolence had been before : she complained of the Count's neglect ; asked him why he did not visit her as usual ; and insisted on his staying supper, and spending the night with her, without setting any price upon her favours. This the Count was not at all sorry for, as he must otherwise have purchased the favour at any rate ; for on that depended the whole machination of his design : he therefore accepted the invitation with raptures, which Sally mistook to proceed from the effects of her charms.

The table being spread, down they sat to a most sumptuous entertainment ; for Sally, little dreaming it was to be at her own cost, had spared no expence in providing what was elegant. The Count took care to ply her pretty briskly with wine, during the course of the entertainment ; and Miss Salisbury, who had no dislike to a chearful glass, was so much overpowered with the generous liquor before bedtime, that she fell fast asleep in her chair ; and the Count, with the assistance of her
maid,

maid, made shift, though not without much difficulty, to put her to bed.

Having dismissed the maid, and perceiving, by her snoring, that Sally was fast as a rock; he took a turn or two about the chamber, waiting impatiently for the hour of one, when his friends, as had been previously stipulated between them, were to rendezvous under the window. At length the appointed signal was given; three distinct raps against the parlour shutter; such as all our readers must have heard, who assisted at the exorcism, not long since performed, at the Comic Opera in Cock-lane. The Count immediately threw up the window, and flung out his coat, waistcoat, and breeches; which were instantly conveyed into a sack they had brought with them for the purpose. He then proceeded to ransack the apartment: the silver chandeliers, the gold repeater, the toilette and its contents, with a little cabinet, in which she kept her ready money and jewels, all followed the breeches. Having performed this secret expedition to his heart's content, he gave his friends the signal to retreat, who immediately marched away with bag and baggage; and the Count, leaving the window open, went to bed to Sally, so well satisfied with his revenge, that he caressed his bedfellow when she awoke, with redoubled ardour.

The next morning, when the count came to rise, no breeches were to be found. Sally rung the bell in a fury, for the maid; and reprimanded her, in the most opprobrious terms,
for

for her negligence in mislaying the Count's breeches. The maid as strenuously asserted her innocence: and upon a farther scrutiny, neither coat nor waistcoat were to be found. The Count stormed, Sally scolded, the maid cried; so that they formed among them, a most harmonious concert *en trio*. At length the maid, seeing the window wide open, and missing the chandeliers and toilette, which she knew she had left there the night before, informed her mistress, in a dismal yell, that rogues had broke in at the window, and stript the room in the night.

Sally, at this doleful tale, sprung out of bed immediately, in search for the dear casket, in which the darling of her soul was inshrined; but all in vain: it was lost, irreparably lost, never more to feast her longing eyes; and Sally, unable to support so lamentable a disaster, swooned away. But the Count soon awakened her from her trance—‘zounds! madam,’ cried he, in the voice of a stentor, ‘do not think to make me your dupe. Do you imagine that I cannot penetrate into the baseness of your design? it was by your order the chamber was plundered in the night: you knew I had jewels and money about me to a considerable amount; and this scene of villainy is all your own contrivance, in order to defraud me of my property.’ ‘Alas!’ replied she, in a plaintive voice, ‘is this then the consolation you administer, when you see that I am totally ruined, and have lost my all?’ ‘I believe, madam,’ resumed

sumed the count, ‘ I shall soon cause you to
 ‘ change your tune, for, by God, I will not
 ‘ suffer myself to be tamely duped in this
 ‘ manner. I will make immediate application
 ‘ to a justice of the peace, and have every
 ‘ soul in the house taken into custody :’ so say-
 ing, he leaped nimbly out of bed, and running
 to the window, soon alarmed the neighbour-
 hood with the repeated cry of thieves !—
 thieves !—and the house was surrounded in an
 instant.

Poor Sally, extremely unwilling to undergo
 so signal a disgrace ; malgrè her pride which
 was excessive, condescended to fling herself at
 his feet, and conjure him in the most moving
 and pathetic terms not to expose her. The
 Count, who possessed a great share of good
 nature, was satisfied with the vengeance he
 had already taken, and going to the window,
 assured the mobility that his outcries were no-
 thing more than the effects of a dream. He
 then sent a servant to his lodgings for another
 suit of cloaths ; and having dressed himself,
 took an eternal farewell of the faithless, and
 ungrateful Miss Salisbury.

TRICK

TRICK *upon* TRICK:

An English NOVEL.

MR. John Traffick, an eminent Goldsmith at Bristol, had two sons, John, and Charles. Charles, who was the youngest, was placed by his father with a mercer at London; with whom having served his apprenticeship, he married, and set up for himself near St. Paul's-Church-Yard. His brother John remained at Bristol; and having succeeded his father in his business, married; but had no children.

A certain sharper, who was acquainted with the two brothers, being a native of the same city, happened to be in London at the time Charles went into business for himself; and passing accidentally by his door, upon his return from the gaming table, where, malgré his cunning, he had reduced his noble to ninepence, happened to cast his eye upon the sign; where he read, in very legible golden characters: Charles Traffick, Mercer. Umph! says he to himself, who knows but this may
be

be my old schoolfellow Charles, I have been often told that he served his time to a mercer ; perhaps I may be able to take him in for the loan of a few pieces. In order to be certain whether it was him or not, he applied to a neighbouring publican for further intelligence ; and, to his unspeakable satisfaction, received such information as left him no room to doubt of his being the very identical Mr. Charles Traffick, his schoolfellow.

Upon revolving again in his mind the scheme he had formed of borrowing from his old acquaintance, he made two very judicious remarks : " That more people were ready to borrow than to lend ; and that a bird in the hand, was worth two in the bush : " he resolved therefore to make some work, and not leave trusting to the mercer's generosity, what he could obtain by his own cunning. Having called for a paper of tobacco, he applied himself to his pipe ; for the fumes of tobacco, as the learned agree, are the midwives of teeming brains ; without the assistance of which, many a noble scheme would be stifled in the birth. The prolific fumes had no sooner reached the seat of the brain, than a sudden start from his chair, and the breaking of his pipe against the table, bespoke him happily delivered of a scheme, of no little importance. He immediately paid his shot, and sallied forth in quest of a friend of his, who followed the same laudable profession of sharpening, and imparted to him his project ; which the other re-

lished

lished very heartily, and promised to play his part so as to merit applause.

Having thus settled matters to his wish, he equipped himself in an old tattered coat, and waited on the mercer. ' Ah, my old school-fellow, said he, running to embrace him, ' how glad I am to see you !' The mercer, unwilling to enter into such close connexions, with so despicable a personage ; and expose a crimson silk night gown, to the loathed embraces of a greazy doublet ; made his retreat to the further end of the room with, ' upon ' my word, friend, I do not know you.' Not know me ! why sure, you cannot have forgot your old schoolfellow Gamble, the mantua-maker's son at Bristol.

' Oh ! bless me Mr. Gamble is it you ? I ' really did not recollect you. I hope all ' friends are well in the country. But I have ' a little business upon my hands at present, so ' must beg you will excuse me.' ' Alas, Sir,' cries Gamble, ' I come at once the messenger ' of good, and bad tidings : your poor brother John is dead ; but as he left no children, ' he has bequeathed the bulk of his fortune, ' which is reckoned very considerable, to you ; ' and made you sole executor of his will ?'

This last piece of news, easily consoled Charles for the death of his brother : he even forgot, in the excess of his joy, that he just before told Gamble he was engaged ; and insisted upon their drinking a bottle together before they parted. When the glass had circulated pretty freely, Traffick testified his surprise,

prize, that his sister in law had not wrote to him. 'Alas! Sir,' replied Gamble, 'she did write to you; and committed her letter to my care: but an unforeseen accident, which happened to me at the inn where I put up, has not only retarded me in the delivery of the letter, but has also obliged me to appear before you in so indecent a garb.' 'Bless me!' cries the mercer, 'pray what was that?' 'why you must know, Sir,' continued Gamble, 'that about this time two years, I came to London, upon a little business, and happening to be short of money, contracted a debt of about five guineas, at the very inn I put up at this morning. Now this had intirely slipt my memory: but the innkeeper, who had kept it chaulked up in black and white ever since, remembered it well enough; and demanded his money. What could I do? I had not a sufficiency about me to satisfy his demand; I therefore endeavoured to pacify him with fair words, and promises: but he was deaf to all I could say, swore my intent was to cheat him (and I must confess appearances were against me) and insisted upon my leaving my coat, as a pledge; which civil request I was under a necessity of complying with, and was obliged to borrow this old frock from the hostler. The fellow's insolent behaviour put me into such a ferment, that I quite forgot the letter, which remains in the coat pocket: but I have a friend in town, who, I believe, will advance me the money.' 'I am surprized,

‘ prized, Sir, you should talk of applying
 ‘ elsewhere, when you have a friend so near
 ‘ you,’ cries Traffick, whom the wine, and
 good news together, had elevated to an unu-
 sual pitch of generosity, ‘ I will advance you
 ‘ the money, Mr. Gamble, and insist upon
 ‘ your making this house your home, during
 ‘ your residence in town.’ Gamble made his
 bow, and accepted the kind invitation, for
 that night ; but assured him, ‘ he was obliged
 ‘ to set out the next morning on his return to
 ‘ Bristol.’ Traffick then advanced his old
 schoolfellow the five guineas, and would fain
 have sent a servant to redeem the coat, but
 this Mr. Gamble, for reasons best known to
 himself, would by no means agree to : so after
 many apologies, took his leave of the mercer ;
 who desired him not to exceed two o’clock,
 his hour of dining.

Gamble now paid a second visit to the
 gaming table, in order to try his luck again :
 but fortune still continued to persecute him.
 He lost in less than half an hour, four of the
 five guineas he had received from Traffick ;
 and had a very strong temptation to risk the
 other, in order to regain what he had lost ;
 but this conduct would, if he came off loser,
 infallibly render his scheme abortive ; so that
 prudence, after a pretty obstinate struggle,
 gained a victory over inclination. Having re-
 tired from the gaming table, he took a turn to
 Monmouth-street, where he equipped him-
 self with a pretty decent coat ; and the time
 being now elapsed, which was requisite for go-
 ing

ing to the inn, he returned to the house of the mercer.

Traffick, who waited with impatience for the letter, opened it eagerly ; and was not a little surprized, to find it written in a hand he was intirely unacquainted with. However, his eagerness to peruse it, hindered him from testifying his surprize to Gamble : though if he had, Gamble had an answer at his fingers end ; since it was no other than the inimitable Mr. Gamble himself, who had both framed, and copied the letter ; in which he had not forgot to insert an apology for the widow Traffick's not writing herself : the poor lady assured her brother in law, that the violence of her affliction, was the only obstacle to her writing ; for that she could not pen a syllable, but she blotted it out again with her tears. The mercer, notwithstanding his insensibility, could scarce refrain from tears, at reading this pathetic letter. He regaled Gamble with a good supper, and ordered the best bed-chamber in the house to be prepared for his reception ; and as Mrs. Traffick seemed very pressing, for her brother-in-law coming down to Bristol, he agreed to set out with Gamble the next morning early.

When all the family were retired to rest, Gamble who had something else to do than to sleep, opened his window, and discovered his companion in the street ; who was too much the man of business, not to be punctual to his appointment. Gamble immediately stole down stairs, as softly as he could, and attempted to
open

open the street door ; but Mr. Traffick had unluckily, according to a custom he never departed from, taken the key with him into his room. This was no little mortification to Gamble, though it did not intirely disconcert his project neither. He groped his way into the shop, and paying due obedience to the maxim, ' beggars should not be chusers,' took those bales of silk which lay nearest his hand, and carrying them into his room, threw them to his companion in the street ; who having got his freight, disappeared in an instant.

The next morning when Gamble came down, dressed, and ready to depart ; the mercer told him that he had postponed his journey for two or three days, by the advice of his wife, who thought it would not look quite so decent for him, to make his appearance at Bristol without mourning, which would take up some time making ; but that he would trouble him with a letter to his sister-in-law, to inform her of the reason of this delay ; and also to condole with her upon the death of her husband. Gamble acquiesced in Mrs. Traffick's opinion, and agreed that mourning was a decorum not to be omitted. Now had Mr. Gamble been capable of penetrating into the mercer's resolve the night before, it might have spared him much beating of his brains ; for being a man that did not affect popularity, but delighted to travel alone, he had spent best part of the night in ruminating, upon a method to put a stop to Mr. Traffick's intended journey, and had at length (for wits you know always
jump

jump together) resolved on the very thing Mr. Traffick himself had proposed, (*viz.*) to persuade him to wait for his mourning. The mercer having concluded his epistle, committed it to the care of his schoolfellow; and furnishing him with money for his expences on the road, wished him a good journey.

Gamble went away in high glee, to think how well he had succeeded; and resolved to set out immediately for Bristol, and act the same farce over again with the brother. For this purpose he forged another letter, as from Mrs. Traffick of London, to her brother-in-law at Bristol; couched in much the same terms as the former: giving a pathetic account of Mrs. Traffick's affliction, for the loss of so good a husband, who had left him by his will a considerable legacy, and named him executor, and testamentary guardian of his children: that his presence being absolutely necessary at London, she conjured him to come thither without delay; making the same apology for not being able to write herself.

When he arrived at Bristol, he presented this letter to Mr. John Traffick; who testified great sorrow at the melancholy news. He gave his old schoolfellow an hearty welcome, and when he understood that he came on purpose from London, at the instance of his sister-in-law, treated him with more than ordinary civility; kept him to supper, and ordered him a bed in his own house. When bedtime approached, Gamble told him he should set

set out next morning early upon his return to London ; and asked him, if he had any commands that he could execute ? the goldsmith begged he would do him the favour to inform his sister-in-law, that he had given immediate orders for a suit of mourning, and would set out in two days at farthest.

Gamble, you may easily imagine, had as little inclination to sleep at the goldsmith's, as he had had at the mercer's. He crept softly down stairs as before, when the family were retired to rest, and found means to convey several boxes of jewels into his pockets ; and, without the assistance of his aid de camp, made a much richer booty at Bristol, than he had made at London. The next morning he left the house before his host was stirring, under the pretence of hastening to London : and the goldsmith was in such haste, preparing for his journey, that he never mist his trinkets ; but having got his mourning, set out for the metropolis.

Now so it happened, that the two brothers set out the same day ; John from Bristol, and Charles from London. Charles having set out early, arrived at Woolverhampton, which is about half way from London to Bristol, before his brother ; and put up at the sign of the Red-Lion, which is looked upon as the best inn there, where he got a mouthful of supper, and went to bed betimes, in order to pursue his journey early the next morning. His brother John arrived not till very late ; and, upon enquiring for the best inn, was directed to the

Red-Lion, where he asked for a bed, and was conducted into a chamber, adjoining to that in which his brother lay ; and so situated, that he could not get to it without passing through the apartment which his brother occupied.

Mr. John Traffick, who was a very religious man, and a constant churchman (for he had never been at London) had a certain custom, which we doubt not but many of our London readers are utterly unacquainted with) of saying his prayers every night, before he went to bed : and, although he came in so late, could not prevail with himself to omit his customary orations ; which he pronounced in so audible a manner, as waked his brother Charles ; who began to listen, with great attention to the voice, which he thought was not unlike that of his deceased brother John. This idea threw him into a cold sweat ; and a quick succession of hobgoblins, spectres, and apparitions crowded on his imaginations. John, having hurried over his usual stint of prayer, in the same mechanical manner as he would make an etwey, or a pair of sleeve buttons ; went to bed. He had not lain long, before he recollected, that he had forgot to make use of the jordan ; but upon application to the side of the bed, found that the careless chambermaid had omitted to place that necessary utensil. What must he do ? ring he could not, for there was no bell in the room. It was moonlight : and he at length resolved to arise, and have recourse to a certain pewter convenience, which all our readers, who have ever frequented

frequented inn, tavern, or alehouse, have undoubtedly observed fixed in the corner of the passage.

He no sooner entered his brother's room, than Charles, who was still upon the listen, descried him ; and distinguishing, by the light of the moon the features of his brother John, set up a loud cry. John, who likewise beheld the head of his brother leaning over the bed, was seized with the same apprehensions : his very hair stood an end with horror, and affright ; and he remained motionless for some time. Charles, perceiving the apparition did not advance, thought he could not seize a more favourable opportunity, and leaping out of bed, ran down stairs as fast as his legs would carry him into the kitchen ; where the hostler, and chambermaid were sitting very lovingly together over a bottle of ale, after the rest of the house were gone to bed. As their backs were turned to him, they did not perceive him when first he came in, but upon his exclaiming, ' Lord God what a shocking spectacle ! ' they both turned about :—down went the table, candle, bottle and glasses. The inn resounded with repeated outcries of thieves !—murder !—fire !—The whole house was presently up in arms : mine host sallied from his chamber, armed cap-a-pie, with an old rusty hanger in his right hand, in his left he wielded an huge elbow chair by way of shield ; his fat spouse waddled after, brandishing in her hand a loaded jordan. John, whom this horrid din had roused from

his trance, began to impute what he had seen, to the effects of imagination ; and being unwilling to make one in a fray, slunk back again to his bed. The chambermaid had by this time informed her master of the cause of the uproar ; and vehemently insisted, that the house was haunted. The innkeeper, vexed to have been disturbed on so ridiculous an occasion, bestowed some hearty curses on her ; and mine hostess was not wanting in compliments of the like nature.

Now all retired again to their respective apartments. The innkeeper and his rib, marched back in the same order of battle to their chamber, and my landlord having laid down his arms, leaped nimbly into bed ; but an hearty pinch on the buttocks, caused him as nimbly to leap out again : for Charles, who, like his brother, began to suspect that his fears were groundless, was unwilling to be known the author of this disturbance ; and prudently retreated to his chamber, as he thought ; but happened in his hurry, to mistake the innkeeper's room for his own. Mine hostess, seeing her husband jump out of bed, and beholding a head upon the pillow, which her fright represented as dreadful as the Gorgon's of old, discharged the jordan, with its contents, full at the noddle of poor Charles ; and locking the door, followed her husband, who had by this time given a fresh alarm. The hostler, the tapster, and the waiters were now all assembled ; and a council of war being held, it was resolved, *nem. con.* that they should all enter
the

the room in a body. And now the door being unlocked, poor Charles, who had in vain essayed to open the door, stood revealed to open view; shivering in his shirt, which was dropping wet. He would have advanced to the innkeeper, to inform him of the affair, but the cohort gave way at his approach; and those undaunted heroes who had mutually agreed to stand by each other, took to their heels; one alone excepted—Tim, the tapster, an hero of Hibernian race, who boasted an uninterrupted lineal descent, from the great, and magnanimous Brijan Boraimbe, disdained to fly. To him alone was reserved the achievement of this perilous adventure: he advanced, with an intrepidity that astonished the beholders, and seizing upon this dreadful apparition, brought him to the light. The danger over, his fellow adventurers flocked around him, all declaring that a ghost was a mighty odd sort of a thing; till at length one of the waiters recollecting the features of Charles, assured his master it was no spirit, but one of their guests.

They now adjourned to the kitchen, where the mercer found himself under a necessity of disclosing the truth of the story, in his own defence; and swore positively that he had seen the apparition of his deceased brother John Traffick of Bristol, whose affairs he was then going to settle. ‘I’ll tell you what, ‘master,’ says the innkeeper, with a significant leer, ‘I begin to smell a rat; and I wish you ‘ben’t sent on a fool’s errand. Why Mr. John

‘ Traffick of Bristol, is now a bed in this very
 ‘ house ; unless he has been disturbed by the
 ‘ noise.’ ‘ Are you certain of that’ said Charles ?
 — ‘ I am sure as how he said his name was
 ‘ John Traffick,’ replied the innkeeper, ‘ and
 ‘ that he was going to London, because why,
 ‘ that his brother was dead,’ Charles now
 began to think with his landlord, that he had
 been bubbled ; and the appearance of his bro-
 ther John, who being informed of the occa-
 sion of the uproar, had dressed himself, and
 come down ; confirmed him in his suspicions.
 As for John, he refused to give credit to what
 was told him, till he had assured himself
 of his brother’s identity, by palpable demon-
 stration. Upon comparing notes, they easily
 perceived in what manner they had been du-
 ped ; and returned the next morning, like
 fools as they came, to their respective habita-
 tions.



The W I S H E S :

A T A L E.

THE Duke d'Offona, viceroy of Naples, of whom we have heretofore made honourable mention ; used to take great delight in walking through the city in disguise, with no other attendants than one lacquey ; in order to discover, what were the sentiments of the public in regard to his administration ; not that he might punish them for their temerity in censuring his conduct, but that he might ease them of the grievances they complained of, as far as was consistent with his duty to his sovereign..

As he was going his rounds one night, he perceived three soldiers sitting upon a bench, at the door of a publick-house, who, by their mirth and festivity, seemed in want of nothing to render their happiness compleat. The duke, who had a longing inclination to know the subject matter of their discourse, dismissed his lacquey, and joined the soldiers, who gave him an hearty welcome ; and offered him share of
I 4 their

their liquor ; which he accepted. When the bowl had gone round pretty freely, and many jovial songs been sung; one of the soldiers proposed to his comrades, that by way of pastime, each of them in his turn, should Wish for that which he thought would render him happiest during the remainder of his life : ‘ and to begin,’ said the soldier who first made the proposal, ‘ I wish I had the sum of one thousand crowns ; I should then think myself happier, even than the Viceroy himself.’ ‘ That is a mercenary wish,’ quoth the second, ‘ beneath the gard of a soldier.’ ‘ I Wish for my part, that he would make me one of the captains of his guards ; I should then esteem my lot, infinitely preferable to his.’ ‘ If I might form a Wish,’ cries the third, ‘ I do assure you, that neither of your Wishes would have charms sufficient to attract me : the height of my ambition would be, to obtain a night’s lodging with the vicereine his spouse ; I should then think myself far happier, than both of you together.’ ‘ Come,’ said they, addressing themselves to the viceroy, ‘ let us now hear your Wish ?’—‘ I Wish,’ said he, ‘ that I were viceroy ; I would then endeavour to render each of you happy in his Wish.’ ‘ An hearty fellow, egad !’ cried the soldiers, shaking him by the hand, ‘ though we would much rather forego our Wish, than change our viceroy ; for it is impossible to live beneath a milder, or a gentler sway : all our wants are amply supplied, and he governs with the goodness, and lenity of a father.’

‘ father,’ This eulogium, though far short of what he deserved, was far from being displeasing to the viceroy.

The soldiers now took their leave, in order to return to the garrison; and the viceroy happening to meet, at that very instant, an officer who belonged to his guards, ordered him to inquire the names of those three soldiers, whom he shewed him at a distance, and what company they belonged to; and to bring him intelligence the next morning without fail.

The officer acquitted himself punctually of his commission; and waited on the duke at the time appointed, with the intelligence he desired; who sent an order to their captain, to send those three soldiers to him immediately. ‘ Speak boldly,’ said the duke when they came into his presence, ‘ and take heed ye do not deviate from the truth: what was the subject of your discourse last night; at such an hour, and in such a place?’ the soldiers astonished, began to gaze at one another; but dared not make any reply. ‘ Harkee, gentlemen,’ continued the duke, ‘ to the point immediately: or I protest you shall all three be tied up to the halberds for your disobedience.’ The soldier who had proposed the topic of Wishing the preceeding night, being the boldest of the three, took upon himself at length to be spokesman. ‘ My lord duke, said he, ‘ I confess we were discoursing together last night, at such time, and in such place as your excellency has mentioned; but our dis-

' course was general ; and I really cannot re-
 ' collect any thing in particular.' ' The dif-
 ' course you then held, was relating to me,'
 said the viceroy, ' you know best whe-
 ' ther I have been rightly informed : but let
 ' me advice you, once again, not to excite
 ' me to anger, by impugning a known truth.'
 The soldier perceiving that the duke grew
 warm, thought he had better comply with his
 orders ; lest he should, as he threatened, pro-
 ceed to extremities, ' My lord duke,' said
 he, ' I will tell your excellency the subject
 ' of my discourse at that time ; humbly hop-
 ' ing you will be pleased to pardon the free-
 ' dom of a conversation, that passed over the
 ' bottle. My comrades and I, being in a merry
 ' mood, agreed the more socially to pass
 ' away the time, that each of us, in his turn,
 ' should Wish for that, which would render
 ' him happiest for the remainder of his days ;
 ' and I remember to have said, that the sum
 ' of one thousand crowns, would make me
 ' happier, even than your excellency.'

The duke sent immediately for his treasur-
 er, and ordered him to pay one thousand
 crowns to the soldier ; who went away as
 happy as a man can be, who is in possession of
 all he desires. ' And you,' said the viceroy,
 turning to the second, ' what was your
 ' Wish ?' The soldier, imboldened by the
 duke's liberality to his comrade, answered with-
 out hesitation : ' my lord, I said, that if I
 ' was one of the captains of your excellency's
 ' guards, I should esteem my lot infinitely
 ' prefer-

‘ preferable to yours.’ ‘ Well,’ resumed the viceroy, ‘ you shall not have any cause to reproach me, for being less liberal to you than to your companion; from this moment be happy in your Wish: I will promote one of the captains of my guards, and you shall enjoy his place. And now,’ continued he, addressing himself to the third, ‘ let us hear your Wish?—‘ ah! my lord,’ said the soldier, trembling and confounded, ‘ I hope your excellency will graciously be pleased to excuse me: we were at the publick-house, where we drank so freely that we knew not what we said; at least that was my case.’ ‘ Speak,’ resumed the duke, immediately; ‘ and to the purpose; lest I make you repent of your disobedience.’ The poor fellow, well knowing the duke would be obeyed, replied in a voice as full of quavers as an opera singer: ‘ my lord, I was rash enough to say, little imagining it would be brought to your excellency’s ears, that a night’s lodging with the vicereine, would render me happier, than if I were to enjoy the Wishes of both my comrades together; but my lord,’ continued he, casting himself at the duke’s feet, ‘ pardon, I beseech you, the temerity of a man, who spoke without thinking.’

The viceroy commanded him to rise. ‘ I am sorry, friend,’ said he, ‘ that it is not in my power to grant your request; if it was, you should return as happy as your companions: all that I can do to serve you is, to speak to her in your favour.’ Come, follow
low

low me. The poor fellow, trembling every joint, would have given both his ears to be well extricated from this dilemma ; but the duke, who would take no denial, insisted on his following him to the apartment of the vicereine, whom they found at her toilette.

The duke having previously acquainted her with the soldier's Wish, took him by the hand, and presenting him to his lady : ' this,' said he to him, ' is the only person capable of making you happy in your Wish ; obtain her consent, and be assured I shall not oppose your happiness.' The soldier abashed, hung down his head : and the vicereine, highly offended at his insolence, would have ordered him the strapado, had not the duke interposed ; who sent him away safe and sound ; thinking the mortification he would undergo, in not having formed a more reasonable Wish in which he would probably have been indulged as well as his companions, punishment sufficient.



The C R I P P L E S :

A T A L E.

WE shall, without any previous apology, present our readers with another story relative to the same duke ; whose vigilance was so indefatigable, that he would make frequent excursions on foot, through the streets of Naples, in order to observe whether a regular police was maintained ; and that he might the easier detect those officers who were remiss in their duty, always went unattended.

Having met in his walks a great number of Cripples, who, under the title of disabled soldiers, were continually importuning him for alms ; the viceroy a humane good man, whose heart always shared in the sufferings of his fellow creatures in distress ; resolved to attempt something for their relief. The moment he returned to his palace, he sent for his secretary, a man of parts ; in whom he placed much confidence, and telling him what numbers

numbers of Cripples he had met with, who all pretended to have been disabled in the service, asked him what method he had best pursue for their relief. ‘ My lord duke,’ says the secretary, shaking his head, ‘ the number of those who pretend they have been disabled in the service, is far greater than you can possibly imagine : they increase daily ; and are become a public nuisance. It is impossible that one half of them can be real objects.’ ‘ If that be the case,’ said the viceroy, ‘ I am resolved that an exemplary punishment, shall deter others from imposing on the public for the future. But we must act with caution ; lest the innocent be involved in the punishment of the guilty : I have thought of an expedient for that purpose, and will put it in execution to-morrow.’

The next day, the viceroy caused an edict to be published throughout the city ; that having received orders from the king his master, to recompence all such soldiers as had been maimed in his service ; he gave publick notice, to all such as were inclined to take the benefit of the order, to assemble the next day before noon, in the Larga del Castello, which is the most spacious square in Naples, in order to receive such bounty, as the king had been pleased to assign them. The next morning such prodigious multitudes assembled, that the viceroy was quite astonished ; and found that his secretary had not exaggerated.

Having placed himself in such a situation as to be heard by all the assembly. ‘ Gentle-
men,’

‘ men,’ said he, addressing himself to the mul-
 ‘ titude, ‘ I have received orders from the
 ‘ king my master, to recompence those brave
 ‘ soldiers who have been disabled in his service ;
 ‘ but the numbers appear so great, that the
 ‘ funds I have received on that account will
 ‘ prove greatly deficient. Now it is highly
 ‘ improbable, that in one city, there should
 ‘ be such a prodigious number of disabled sol-
 ‘ diers ; and the intention of his majesty is,
 ‘ that none should partake of this bounty, but
 ‘ those who have been actually maimed in
 ‘ his service ; not those who by sickness, or
 ‘ other accidents have been deprived of the use
 ‘ of their limbs. In order therefore, to distin-
 ‘ guish those who are intitled to the bounty,
 ‘ from those who are not, I have fixt upon an
 ‘ infallible method ; which I am resolved to
 ‘ put in practice forthwith. It appears very
 ‘ clear to me, that those who have been
 ‘ wounded in honourable battle ; though they
 ‘ may want for strength, will be able to make
 ‘ up that deficiency by their courage : thus
 ‘ shall I distinguish them from those dastards,
 ‘ who having never dared to meet the enemy,
 ‘ are as defective in courage, as in strength.’
 Having ordered two of his attendants to
 stretch a cord, waist high : ‘ now,’ continued
 he, ‘ those who have courage, and generosity
 ‘ enough to leap over this cord, I shall esteem
 ‘ as brave and valiant soldiers, who have dis-
 ‘ tinguished themselves in battle, and been
 ‘ maimed fighting for their prince ; but those
 ‘ poltroons, whose courage will not supply the
 ‘ defect

‘ defect of their strength, I shall set aside as
 ‘ dastards, who have not been disabled in the
 ‘ service; and punish them as their imposture
 ‘ deserves.’

Those who had been really maimed in the service, were the first to present themselves; and with hearts glowing with a generous ardour, attempted to vault over the cord; but all their efforts proved vain: and I believe our readers will easily admit, that all the courage, and heroism that can possibly inspire the human breast, will not enable a man upon crutches to leap over a stool. Those then were set aside, with the opprobrious epithets of dastards and impostors; and the viceroy assured them, they should every man be sent to the gallies. Those who counterfeited lameness, the better to carry on their trade of begging, imagining that the viceroy was serious, leaped over the cord with all the ease, and dexterity imaginable; and, to the great astonishment of the spectators, appeared to be double the number of the former.

By this subtle experiment, the viceroy distinguished the real objects from the impostors, whom he ordered to be chained to the oar; and provided for the others, with a generosity worthy of the great duke d’Ossona.

The LOVER'S REVENGE:

A N O V E L.

IN that charming season, when the infant flowers begin to enamel the verdant meadows, and the trees to display their variegated blossoms; when the gentle zephyrs, pregnant with the fragrance of the violet, diffuse their aromatic odours through the groves, and the shrill notes of the lark, joined to the deep murmuring of the rills, form a most melodious concert; Don Pedro de Mendoza, invited by the serenity of the evening, took a turn to the Prado. He sought the most retired part, as best suiting the melancholy cast of his thoughts; and attended his guitar to the following complaint:

A I R.

*Love how boundless is thy sway!
Sweetest pleasure! sharpest pain!
The heavens, the earth thy pow'r obey,
And Gods have languish'd in thy chain.*

He

He had scarce ended his sonnet, when a lacquey accosting him, asked if his name was Don Pedro de Mendoza ; and upon his replying in the affirmative, slipt a billet into his hand, and retired so precipitately, that Don Pedro had no opportunity of asking him any questions. He opened the billet : but how agreeably was he surprized, when he beheld the hand writing of his beloved Laura, who malgré the assiduity of his courtship, had continued hitherto inflexible ; and repaid his vows with indifference. The contents of the billet were as follow :—“ Fail not to meet me to
 “ night, at nine precisely, in the garden ;
 “ you will find the back-door open—adieu in
 “ haste.

Laura.

Don Pedro, transported with joy, imprinted a thousand kisses on the dear billet ; and quitting the Prado, attended with impatience the wished for moment. You need not doubt of his punctuality to the assignation, he even anticipated the time near an hour ; and the moment the gate was opened, ran, or rather flew into the garden ; and was conducted by a female attendant, into an alcove at the bottom of the walk, where the charming Laura was seated, beauteous as Venus herself. Don Pedro approached her, in the most respectful manner, and was going to throw himself at her feet ; when she started from him, and with a look of rage, and disappointment, exclaimed : ‘ just heavens ! am I betrayed ?’ Don Pedro would have spoke in justification of his conduct, but she refused to hear him ; and
 instantly

instantly quitting the alcove, left him in the strangest quandary ever man was left in. He was too well acquainted with her hand, to be mistaken in the billet; he could therefore form no probable conjectures, to reconcile the contents of the note, with the capriciousness of her conduct. He had continued sometime, musing on the oddness of the adventure, when the sound of voices, which seemed to be approaching, roused him from his thoughtfulness; and he retreated, with as much precipitation as he had entered.

He returned home, and retired to his apartment; but the violence of his passion hindered him from tasting the sweets of repose: for though so unworthy a treatment, might have cooled the affections of a less amorous lover, love had assumed too great an empire over his heart to be sensible of any decrease.

Soon after he arose the next morning, his father entered his chamber; and after common salutations had past between them: 'son,' said he, 'I have news to impart, which I doubt will afflict you; but I am persuaded your prudence and good sense, will give you strength to triumph over a passion you have conceived for an object so unworthy of your affection. Beauty and virtue seem to have united their charms to render her lovely, but it is all deceit; she breaths the spirit of libertinism, and her heart is as corrupt as her person is beautiful.' Don Pedro was quite thunder struck at this harangue; and looked not unlike the statue of Surprise. 'She is become,

‘ come,’ continued the father, ‘ the public
 ‘ theme of scandal at Madrid ; and no one he-
 ‘ sitates to brand her with the appellation of
 ‘ prostitute.’

Don Pedro, unable to conceal the excess of his despair, sunk down upon a sofa that stood near him, and the tears started from his eyes. ‘ I am pleased with this sorrow,’ said the father, ‘ it shews the innate goodness of your mind : I myself have experienced how difficult it is to extinguish a soft passion, when it has once taken root in the heart. This morning,’ added he, ‘ her father and she, unable to brook the taunts and reproaches of their acquaintance, set out for Grenada : time, and some object more worthy of your love, must effect your cure.’ So saying, he left him to revolve on what he had said ; but love and grief had so overpowered the faculties of the unfortunate Don Pedro, that it was some time ere he perceived he was alone. When he began to revive from his lethargy : ‘ Ah ! ingrate,’ said he, ‘ is this then the reward of the most generous passion, that ever inspired a lover’s breast !—but tis impossible ; thou canst not have been so perfidious ; this billet, this dear billet is a convincing proof of his falsity of the assertion. But then how am I to reconcile this with my reception in the garden ?’ Alas ! there must have been some mystery in the affair, that I am not capable to unravel——oh ? had I but an opportunity of coming to an explanation with her,

her, she would undoubtedly convince me how much I wrong her by my suspicions.

Thus lover-like argued the amorous Don Pedro ; eager to deceive himself with false suggestions. He was now fully convinced of the innocence of his mistress ; and took a firm resolution to set out immediately, and follow her to Grenada. He left his father's house that very night, unknown to any one ; and, to avoid a discovery which might impede him in his designs, began his journey on foot, and in disguise ; and, as if love was an antidote against hunger and thirst, took no money with him, but the trifle he had in his pocket. In short, he had reached the famous city of Grenada, before he bethought him of his imprudence.

At his arrival, he made a fruitless enquiry for his fair one ; none he asked was able to give him the least intelligence, as Laura, and her father had travelled incognito to avoid enquiries. Our lover began now to find himself in as much danger of starving in the midst of a populous city, as if he had been in the middle of a desert, being an utter stranger to every body, and not a faravode in his pocket, and found that, ' charity begins at home,' was as good a proverb at Grenada, as at Madrid.

As he stood musing at the corner of a street, on the critical situation of his affairs, a serjeant happened to pass that way, beating up for volunteers to serve against the Algerines. This roused our youth from his study ; who
resolved,

resolved, after some little deliberation, to enlist for the sake of a subsistence, rather than starve; till such time as he could make his father acquainted with his situation. He enlisted himself accordingly; and was billeted, as is customary in that country, upon a burgher of the city, till the next day; when the recruits were to join their respective corps. It was now near supper time; and the amorous Don Pedro, had forgot to make any demand for bounty money, which the honest serjeant had taken care to appropriate to his own use, so that he found himself under a necessity of trusting to the generosity of his landlord for a supper.

Having found out his destined abode, he knocked at the door, which was opened by a surly old fellow, who being informed of his errand, shewed him, with a very bad grace, into the garret; where he found a bed, not much inferiour to a dog-kennel. Don Pedro begged of his guide, in the most polite manner, to give him a mouthful of something to eat, which the other, in as boarish a manner refused; so that he was obliged to betake him to his bed supperless. He found but little inclination to sleep, for his bed was not altogether so soft, as the downy couches he had abandoned, and he began to lament the folly he had been guilty of, in quitting his father's house for such a wild goose-chace.

In turning from side to side, he perceived the reflection of a candle against the wall; and raising himself in the bed to see from whence

whence it came, found that it proceeded from a light in the apartment under his, which shone through a crevice in the cieling; and presently after heard a voice, which he imagined not unlike that of his dear Laura. This idea caused a sigh to heave from the bottom of his heart; and upon a repetition of the same accents, he arose: but how great was his astonishment! when, upon looking through the crevice, he beheld in a well furnished room underneath, the chaste, the virtuous Laura, seated on the knees of a lusty young friar. In the height of his anger he pitied the unhappy fair one; and could not help feeling a sensible concern for her weakness: he listened a while to hear what topic they were upon; and found himself to be the subject of their discourse. The adventure of the garden was canvassed in a most ludicrous manner:—‘the billet,’ said Laura, ‘was intended for you; but, by the mistake of the servant, was delivered to your name-sake. I shall never forget the obsequious air the poor fool put on, when he approached me,’—here she mimicked the address of Don Pedro, with so much humour, that both she and her lover, burst into repeated peals of laughter.

Don Pedro had now heard enough to concert his few remaining sparks of love into rage and indignation; and he would very willingly have taken a severe revenge, both on his false mistress, and his rival, had such an attempt been practicable. His curiosity would not permit him to leave his peeping; but he was
resolved

resolved to see, to what lengths they would carry the farce. Presently the table was spread with a profusion of delicate viands, on which Don Pedro, who was very hungry, fixt a greedy eye. The lovers just seated themselves, and were going to fall to, when three or four loud raps at the door, put a stop to their merriment, verifying the old proverb that, 'many a good bit is lost between the 'the dish.' The maid bolted into the room in a hurry, to apprize her mistress of her father's arrival, who was at the bottom of the stairs. The friar, almost dead with the fright, begged of them, for God's sake, to hide him in some closet or cupboard; but alas! there was no such conveniency in the apartment; and my young gentleman having no time for deliberation, thrust himself under the bed. Laura, and her maid, had just time to lock the untouched dishes into a small beaufet; when her father entered the room. Laura flew to embrace him: 'ah! my dear father,' said she, 'how glad I am to see you! 'we were moaping here by ourselves, my 'maid and I; little expected you would have 'returned so soon.' 'my dear,' replied he, 'having finished my business sooner than I 'expected, I travelled with as much expedition as possible, to avoid lying on the road; 'for one meets with very indifferent accommodations, at the inns in this part of the 'country: I was in such haste to get home, 'that I did not even allow myself time to get 'a bit of dinner; so you may guess, whether
' or

‘ or no I have brought home a good appetite.’
 ‘ Dear papa! ’ cries miss in a well feigned surprise, ‘ what could you think of finding at home? we never eat any thing for supper, in your absence, but a roasted apple, or so.’
 ‘ Alas!’ replied he, ‘ this happens very cross, for I am extreemly hungry; and it will be impossible to get any thing so late in the night.’

Don Pedro, whose rage had by this time subsided, resolved to spare his mistress the mortification of a discovery. Having planned a scheme of revenge, more worthy of a lover; he huddled on his cloaths as fast as he could, and stepping down stairs, knocked at the door, which was opened by Don Antonio himself, (for so was her father called.) Don Pedro entered boldly, being under no apprehension of a discovery, for he was so compleatly disguised, that he might have imposed, even on his own father; and addressing himself to Don Antonio, whom he knew to be extreemly credulous in point of witchcraft, magic, and apparitions:—‘ Sir,’ said he, ‘ I am a young volunteer, quartered at this house, and have in my time been a great traveller; by which means I have had an opportunity of collecting many valuable secrets. One in particular, I obtained from a Bramin of most profound erudition, in the desarts of Arabia; which gives me an absolute power over a certain number of infernal spirits, who are obliged to execute my orders: nay, Sir,’ continued he, seeing Don Antonio shake his
 K head;

head; for in spite of his credulity, he could not rightly digest what Don Pedro had related, ' I intend to give you a sample of my art, ' lest you should doubt my veracity. I know, ' by virtue of my art, that you have not yet ' supped: not for want of an appetite, but for ' want of a supper.' ' A wonderful fellow ' truly !' exclaimed Don Antonio, who began now to place an implicit faith in the soldier. ' Now, Sir, if you approve of my scheme,' resumed Don Pedro, ' I will engage to provide you a very elegant supper.' ' That is ' not practicable to night, friend,' says Don Antonio, ' for all the shops in this city, ' have been shut long since.' ' That matters ' nothing, Sir,' replied Don Pedro, ' my ' cooks are always at hand: for to tell you ' the truth, and I imagine I may speak freely ' to you without any apprehension of the in- ' quisition; I have certain Dæmons at my ' command, who will dress me a supper in a ' trice; in as elegant a manner as any tavern ' in Spain.' So saying, he took the poker from the fire-side, and drew a circle, muttering all the while in an unintelligible jargon, which no body could understand. After making some strange contorsions, the better to humour the farce; he pronounced in an audible voice: ' rise from your infernal mansions, ' and prepare a feast for your master.' Then turning to Don Antonio, asked him what he chose for supper? who replied, quite astonished, ' that it was quite indifferent to him.' ' Bring then,' resumed Don Pedro ' a roasted ' chicken,

‘ chicken, a brace of partridges, and some or-
 ‘ tolans;’ these being the dishes he beheld
 from his garret. ‘ Ah! for God’s sake,
 ‘ Sir,’ cried Don Antonio, trembling like an
 aspen leaf, ‘ countermand your orders, for my
 ‘ daughter will be frightened to death; and
 ‘ though I know my own courage to be in-
 ‘ vincible, yet, I must confess, I would much
 ‘ rather have their room than their company.’
 ‘ There is not the least occasion for their ap-
 ‘ pearance, Sir,’ replied Don Pedro smiling at
 his terror, ‘ I will order the dishes to be
 ‘ arranged in yonder cupboard:—and now,
 ‘ Sir,’ continued he, ‘ all is ready; my plea-
 ‘ sure has been punctually complied with:
 ‘ open the cupboard, and tell me whether my
 ‘ orders have been duly observed.’ The face
 of Donna Laura was overspread with a crim-
 son blush, when she found she had been dis-
 covered, but she could not help praising within
 herself, the wit, and ingenuity of the young
 soldier; and she also indulged a secret hope,
 that he would also have address enough, to
 extricate her lover from his confinement. She
 now resumed her former cheerfulness; and
 opening the cupboard, feigned the utmost sur-
 prize to find the supper smoaking on the
 shelves; and as for Don Antonio, he re-
 mained so lost in wonder, that it was some-
 time before he could find the use of his speech.

Don Pedro now, as founder of the feast,
 assuming the air and authority of a master,
 intreated his guest to be seated; and his po-
 liteness, yielding to the excess of his hunger,

he cut off a leg of the chicken, and fell too
 fans ceremonie ; and assuring Don Antonio,
 that it was excellent, pressed him to follow his
 example : but the idea of such an infernal sup-
 per, gave him such a disgust, that hungry as
 he was, he declared he would rather go sup-
 perless to bed, than eat victuals of the devil's
 cooking. ' Come, come, Sir,' cries Don
 Pedro, ' taste but a mouthful, if it be only to
 ' falsify the proverb, which tells us that God
 ' sends meat, but the Devil sends cooks ; I
 ' will engage you'll allow, when you have
 ' once tasted, that his infernal majesty keeps
 ' as good cooks as any in Spain.' In short Don
 Pedro was so very importunate, that Don An-
 tonio could not in good manners, refuse to
 comply with his request. He tasted : and
 Laura, though with much difficulty, was pre-
 vailed upon to follow his example. They
 both confessed the meat was excellent ; and
 now beginning to be a little more reconciled to
 their fare, they began to do the soldier justice,
 who on his side regaled most deliciously.

The table was at length uncovered, and
 the bottle had circulated pretty freely, when
 Don Pedro bethought him of the poor friar,
 who had had the mortification to see his treat
 devoured before his eyes, without being able
 to partake ; and thinking he had taken ample
 revenge, resolved to deliver him from his un-
 easy situation. ' Well, Sir,' said he to Don
 Antonio, ' what do you think of your sup-
 ' per ?' Don Antonio thanked him in the po-
 litest

‘ which approaches nearest to your own nature ;
 ‘ that of a friar.’—The poor patient under the bed, glad to find so favourable an opportunity of taking his leave, drew his hood over his face to prevent his being known, and traversing the chamber as fast as his legs would carry him, soon gained the street. Don Antonio was quite petrified with fear ; and the inimitable Laura, the better to humour the farce, fell into a feigned swoon ; and being with much difficulty brought to herself, desired to be left to her repose. Don Antonio having again loaded his kind entertainer with thanks, retired to his chamber ; and Don Pedro to his cockloft ; hugging himself, to think how admirably the adventure had turned out to his advantage.

His hunger being now asswaged, and all the delicacy of his passion extinct, he fell into a sound sleep, and waked not till the next morning, when he arose and waited on Don Antonio, who received him most graciously, and thanked him again for his good supper. Don Pedro staid breakfast with the old gentleman, who insisted upon his promise to dine with him ; and some affairs of consequence demanding his presence abroad, he desired Laura to entertain him till his return. As soon as Don Antonio’s back was turned, Don Pedro, who had reason to think ceremonies would be superfluous, clasped her in his arms, and discovering himself, related the hardships he had

had endured for her sake, and insisted upon sharing her favours with the friar. The willing fair one, charmed with his wit and generosity, granted his request without reluctance ; and Don Pedro thought himself abundantly overpaid, for all his past fatigues.



The HUMOUROUS MILLER:

A T A L E.

IN days of yore, when every petty lord of a manor assumed the authority of a sovereign, and held his tenants and other dependants in the most servile state of subjection, lived a lord of a most cruel and revengeful temper, who seemed to take a pleasure in tormenting every one about him; even honest Mumbletext, the parson of the parish, could not escape the rage of his malice.

Mumbletext it seems, was much addicted to the study of astrology; and, in order to render himself a man of importance among his parishioners, pretended to prognosticate the various changes of the weather. In general his predictions were false, but sometimes by chance, happened to prove true; and Mumbletext soon gained so great a reputation amongst the ignorant vulgar, that it passed for current in the village, that the parson was a magician, and dealt with old nick. This at length reached the ears of the lord, who glad of an oppor-

opportunity to indulge his ill-nature, sent for the parson.

Mumbletext, who had been but lately inducted to the living, had never yet had the honour of appearing before his lord ; he therefore put on his best gown and band upon the occasion, and waited on him, not without some diffidence, for he was very well acquainted with his character. ‘ Well good-man Parson,’ said the lord, ‘ I have been informed that you are a very great adept in the black art, and that you pretend to pry into futurity.’ ‘ Pardon me, Sir,’ replied the Parson, ‘ I do indeed take great delight, in the study of judicial astrology, and may chance to foretell sometimes, by a minute observation of the conjunction and influence of the planets, the various changes of the weather.’

‘ It signifies nothing talking,’ said the lord, resolved to gratify his malice, ‘ it is in every body’s mouth that you are a magician ; therefore unless you expound four questions which I shall put to you, I will order you to be scourged through the village for an infamous impostor.’ The poor parson trembling, and half dead with the fright, would have offered something farther in his defence ; but the lord refused to hear him : ‘ ’tis to no manner of purpose to argue the case,’ said he, ‘ I will admit of no medium ; you have your choice, to expound, or be whipped ; and must resolve upon one or the other immediately. The four questions,’ continued he, ‘ of

‘ which I require the solution are as follow
 ‘ first, whereabouts is the exact middle of the
 ‘ world? secondly, how much I am worth?
 ‘ thirdly, what I think? and fourthly what I
 ‘ believe?’

In vain did poor Mumbletext protest, that he knew no more where the middle of the world was than the man in the moon; and that it was in the power of God alone, to read into the secrets of a man’s heart. ‘ No, no’ replied the lord, ‘ you impose on the ignorant by your impostures, but do not imagine to treat me in the same manner: you must either give me the satisfaction I demand, or confess that you are an errand cheat; and submit to the chastisement due to your demerits.’ The parson, finding that all his arguments were of no effect, desired, in order to gain time, that he would be pleased to allow him till the next morning to consult the planets; which was granted.

Poor Mumbletext trudged homewards with an heavy heart, and a sorrowful countenance, revolving in his mind the punishment he was threatened with; and imagined every now and then, he felt the cudgel at his back.

The miller of the village, a very arch droll kind of fellow, happened to meet him, and perceiving him look so dejected and melancholy, took the liberty of inquiring into the cause; for the parson and he were intimates; and had often cracked a bottle of ale together. Mumbletext shrugging his shoulders, informed him in a plaintive voice, of the misfortune
 fortune

fortune that had befallen him, and of the disgrace he must inevitably suffer the next morning; seeing it was impossible either for him, or any one else to resolve the questions proposed. 'Phooh!—phooh! mum,' said the miller, 'never make yourself uneasy upon that account: lend me your cassock and band, and I'll go in your stead with all my heart: he never saw me in his life, and has seen you but once, so that I shall easily pass muster; and let me alone for giving him an answer.' Mumbletext, who knew the miller to be a sensible clever fellow, thought he could not trust his cause in better hands; he therefore very thankfully agreed to the proposal; and sent him his regimentals as soon as he got home.

The next morning, the miller dressed himself in his canonicals, and made as good an appearance as any parson of them all; for he had a full round paunch of his own, a face as sleek, and as ruddy as an apple; and wit enough, although he could neither talk Latin nor chop Logic, to pose any two parsons in the county. When he arrived at the manor-house, he desired a servant to acquaint his lord, that the parson of the parish had taken the liberty of waiting on him, in order to satisfy him in regard to some questions he had proposed the preceeding day. The lord, who had just risen, and was dressing himself; hearing the parson was come, ordered him up stairs immediately. 'Well, friend,' said he, 'I suppose you are going to harp upon the old
' string;

' string ; that it is not in your power to give me
 ' the satisfaction I demand ; I am therefore re-
 ' solved to make an example of you, for en-
 ' deavouring to impose upon mankind : here,
 ' servant prepare the instruments of correc-
 ' tion.' ' My Lord,' answered the miller,
 ' I am ready at the peril of my life, to ex-
 ' pound the difficulties you proposed.' ' We
 ' shall soon see that,' said the lord, ' and to
 ' begin : tell me whereabouts the exact middle
 ' of the world is ?—' I am not only ready to
 ' tell you where it is, Sir,' said the miller,
 ' but will also shew it to you if you think
 ' proper ; and that in less than a quarter of an
 ' hour, for it is situated not above two hundred
 ' paces from your house.' ' Aye indeed,'
 ' quoth the lord, ' I should be glad to see it.'
 The miller immediately conducted him into a
 neighbouring plain ; and having measured,
 and remeasured the ground, with a stick he
 had brought with him for the purpose ; ' there,
 ' Sir, said he,' striking his stick into the
 ground, ' is the exact middle of the earth.'
 ' How do you prove your assertion to be true,'
 said the lord ? ' Ah ! Sir,' replied the miller,
 ' cause it to be measured, and if I have erred,
 ' even in the breadth of an hair, I submit
 ' to forfeit my life.' The lord, who had not
 considered the impossibility of detecting the
 supposed parson in a falsehood, thought he
 might as well give up the argument, since it
 was not in his power to prove the contrary.
 ' Well, friend,' resumed he, ' I am content to
 ' depend upon your veracity ; but to the se-
 ' cond ;'

' cond : ' can you tell me what I am worth ?'
 ' why, Sir,' replied the miller, ' our Savi-
 ' our, who, without disparagement, was
 ' worth something more than you are, was sold
 ' for thirty deniers ; if I value you at twenty
 ' nine, sure you can have no reason to com-
 ' plain ?' ' No truly,' replied the lord, who
 began to be pleased with the smartness of his
 repartee, ' and if you can resolve me as well
 ' what I think of, you shall have no reason to
 ' repent it.' ' In troth, Sir, says the miller,
 ' I dare venture an even wager, that you
 ' think more of your own profit than of mine :
 ' and so, I think I have answered your ques-
 ' tion.' ' A pleasant fellow indeed,' quoth
 the lord smiling, ' but what answer will
 ' you make to the fourth ? can you tell me,
 ' what I believe ?' ' yes, Sir,' replied the
 miller, ' Is it not true, that you believe me to
 ' be the parson of the parish ?' ' undoubtedly,'
 answered the lord, ' and yet,' continued he,
 ' I am only the miller of the village.' ' Who-
 ' ever you be,' quoth the lord, whom the mil-
 ler's wit, had rendered better humoured than
 usual, you are a very humorous, pleasant fel-
 low ; and your conversation has afforded me
 the highest entertainment. From this day,
 you shall always meet with an hearty welcome
 at the manor-house ; and, for your sake, I
 consent to remit the parson's punishment.

The

The C A U T I O N ;

O R,

The M I L L I N E R tricked :

A T A L E.

IN Cheapside lived a sprightly spinster ; of no little eminence in the millenery way.

Miss Muslin, for so the damsel was called, was as sharp as her needle ; and could handle a yard with as much dexterity, as any lady of the profession : so remarkably industrious, and notable was she, that she attracted the attention of squire Snappit, as he passed and repassed her door, who immediately came to a resolution of paying her a visit ; and endeavouring to be a little better acquainted with her.

It

It will not, we presume be improper, before we proceed any farther, to give our readers a short insight into the character of this gentleman.

The squire was by profession a chevalier d'industrie; in plain English, he was a man who lived by his wits. He was descended of an intriguing family: his father, his mother, his sister, his brother, all followed the same laudable vocation as he did; and had been all of them, in their time, great encouragers of our hempen manufactories. But no offspring of this right worthy line, ever attained to so large a share of fame as the squire; genius and roguery united in him in the superlative degree; in a word, he was a rogue of rogues. The implements of this gentleman's profession, for from the prime minister to the grubber; none can do business without tools, consisted in a collection of rings, one whereof was set with real, and valuable diamonds; the others, which resembled the true one as much as two peas resemble each other, were set with stones of small value which are found in Canada; and, being cut by an ingenious artist, bear so near a resemblance to the real diamond both in water, and in lustre, that it is difficult for any, but a very judicious lapidary, to know the one from the other.

Having dressed himself in a suit of blue and gold, a suit which had always the honour of sharing in adventures of this nature; he stepped into a chariot, which he had hired for the day,
and

and ordered the coachman to drive to miss Muslins'.

The milliner, seeing a coach stop at her door, and judging of the importance of the personage within, by the richness of his dress, and the sparkling of the real diamond, as his hand lay carelessly lolling on the coach window, ran to the glass, and adjusted her pinner and handkerchief with all possible dispatch: then, with a graceful courtesy, received her customer; and desired to know what he would please to have? 'madam,' says he, 'I have been recommended, by several ladies of taste and fashion, to your shop. They assured me that you had great choice of the best goods; and are withal a very fair dealer; I am come therefore, to buy some trifles I have occasion for in your way.' 'Sir, I shall be proud to receive your commands,' replies the milliner, 'and I will be bound to say, that no shop in London can produce better, or more fashionable goods than mine are; and I will answer for it, that very few sell so cheap as I do. I am like the quakers, always at a word. Now here's a pretty pattern, Sir, what do you think of this for a ruffle? lord Jemmy Foppish bought three pair of them yesterday; and, as I am a sinner, he gave me four guineas a pair for them, but you shall have them for three; only I must beg the favour of you not to mention what they cost you; for I declare it you have them at prime cost, they stand me in that money out of my own pocket.'

Snappit

Snappit however, with very little difficulty, prevailed upon her to take two guineas a pair for the ruffles. He then desired to see some of the richest point lace in her shop; which was immediately produced. ‘ Mistress Muslin,’ said he, ‘ I shall rely intirely upon your judgment in this affair : you must know, I have just laid out five hundred pounds in jewels ; which, with the lace I intend to purchase of you, and some other knick knacks of the like nature, I shall make a present of to my lady. I call her my lady, for we are to be married to-morrow. You’ll put up what lace I pitch upon, into a separate paper ; and direct it for Miss Plumb, at alderman Plumb’s, in ——’ bless me ! Sir,’ cries the milliner interrupting him, ‘ are you the gentleman that is to be married to miss Plumb ? I ask pardon for the liberty I take.’ Snappit answered in the affirmative ; and assured her there was no offence. ‘ I hope the alderman is well, Sir,’ continues Muslin. ‘ He is, madam,’ replied Snappit. ‘ I presume you are acquainted with him,’ ‘ O yes, Sir,’ replied the milliner, ‘ for the alderman and I are first cousins ; I’ll assure you.’ All this Snappit very well knew before ; and had assumed the character of the alderman’s son-in-law, meerly with a view of ingratiating himself with the milliner, and passing for a man of some importance, the better to succeed in the scheme he had contrived.

Muslin

Muslin now insisted upon his walking into the parlour; for as she knew that the alderman was very infirm, and built large expectations upon his will; she would not, on any account, have been wanting in respect to his relations. The squire with great complaisance complied with her request; and having contracted for laces to the value of fifty pounds, informed her, to her no little disappointment; that having no ready money at present, she must give him a few days credit. Muslin, who, as we before remarked, was a sharp notable woman; did not much relish the parting with her goods without ready money, even to a relation. She hum'd, and haw'd:—money was very scarce,—times very hard.—Snappit understood her meaning: ‘madam,’ says he, ‘you may depend upon the money, in three or four days at farthest, for I expect fresh remittances from my steward every day: in the mean time, that you may be indemnified, at all events; I will leave this diamond ring with you as a pledge.’ ‘La,’ Sir, replies Muslin, ‘I did not speak in regard to that: but, however, to be sure, if so be that you chuse to leave the ring it will be as well, because, as you was saying just now, let what will happen I shall be on the sure side of the hedge; though I cannot say I understand much of diamonds, not I; but if you please I will shew it to a neighbour of mine, a jeweller; who lives but three doors off. This the squire very readily agreed to;

‘ to ; and she posted away with the ring to
 ‘ the jeweller.

Snappit did not remain idle during the absence of the milliner ; he rummaged her band-boxes, and conveyed several pieces of rich lace into his pockets ; after which he again resumed his seat in the parlour, and waited her return with great composure.

Muslin came back in high spirits : ‘ Sir,’ says she, ‘ I have shewn your ring to the
 ‘ jeweller, who says he will give fifty pounds
 ‘ for it himself : not that I doubted in the
 ‘ least the goodness of the ring, but then, Sir,
 ‘ you know one would be glad to know the
 ‘ value, in case any accident should happen to
 ‘ it.’ Snappit assured her it cost him eighty guineas : and taking it out of her hand, in order, as he pretended, to make her remark the singular beauty of one of the sparks, conveyed it into his pocket, and returned her the false one in its stead ; which she locked up with great care in her scrutore : and the squire, having deposited his purchase in the seat of his chariot, took his leave of the milliner ; highly pleased to think how well he had succeeded.

Poor Muslin waited, in daily expectation of the money being sent ; but a month passing on, without her hearing any news of the squire, she found her self under a necessity of applying to the jeweller for the loan of twenty or thirty pounds on the ring ; in order to make up a sum. The jeweller
 having

having strictly examined it, declared that he would not lend six-pence on it, for that the stone was not worth two-pence, and the chafing was nothing but brass, gilded over. Words are weak to express the surprize of the milliner. ' Lord, Sir,' cries she, sure ' you yourself told me that you would give ' fifty pounds for it !' ' for the ring you ' brought me before, madam,' replies the jeweller, ' and I am still ready to perform my promise ; but this is a meer bawble.'

The milliner began now to suspect the truth, that she had been imposed upon : and, upon her applying to alderman Plumb for a further éclaircissement, was, to her very great mortification, confirmed in her suspicions. She would now willingly have compounded for the loss of the goods she had sold him, for she very reasonably imagined that the squire had kept his hands employed, while she was gone with the ring to the jeweller : she therefore examined her boxes as soon as she got home, and found, upon a moderate computation, that she was one hundred and twenty pounds out of pocket. She raved, she stamped, and behaved like a frantic ; till time, the universal moderator of affliction, put a period to her sorrow. She resolved however, to keep the old proverb in her mind for the future, which answers us that ' appearances are deceitful ;' and requests of us to make her story public, as a warning to traders in general.

A Glimpse

A Glimpse of the GOLDEN AGE:

A T A L E.

THE following story may be depended on as a fact : and as we are well assured it never yet made its appearance in print, will not, we presume, prove unworthy our readers perusal ; as it presents a lively picture of that honesty and liberality of heart, which, the poets assure us, were the characteristicks of the Golden Age : virtues rarely to be found in our degenerate days ; especially amongst the trading part of mankind, with whom, cheat as cheat can, seems to be the established maxim.

About the year one thousand seven hundred and thirty four, an English gentleman, who had a pretty considerable estate in the environs of Dublin, found himself under an immediate necessity of crossing the channel, in order to the adjusting of his affairs. When he had settled matters to his wish, he thought, that as it was then the spring of the year, and the weather proved favourable, he might as well
take

take a view of the country before he returned to England.

In the course of his travels, he happened one day about dinner time, to put up at a little hedge inn, that lay somewhat out of the common road. Now, though we shall upon every other occasion be very ready to gratify our readers curiosity, we must humbly beg his pardon if we omit to inform him, in what particular province the following true adventure happened; whether the hero of our story was born on this, or the other side of the Shannon; as we would willingly pay a compliment to such Hibernian gentlemen as shall condescend to peruse our tales; by leaving them at liberty, upon a repetition of the story, to adopt our hero for their countryman, or even for their townsman, if they shall think fit. The gentleman, having alighted, committed his horse to the care of a Teague, who performed, with equal glory, the double function of landlord, and of hostler; and asked what he could have for dinner? 'faith and troth, honey, e'vn what yourself pleases,' replied Teague. 'Why then suppose you roast me a bit of veal,' quoth the gentleman. 'Arrah faith, and we have no such a thing in the house now, except it be part of a loin.' 'That will do extreamly well.' 'Arrah now, dear honey, and by Chreest now, Paddy M'Iochlin was after eating it for his breakfast this morning; but be naming any thing else that you were having a mind for, and you shall have it.' 'Well then,

‘ then, a bit of mutton.’ ‘ Upon my shoul
 ‘ now,’ says Teague, ‘ there is not a morsel of
 ‘ mutton to be had within five miles of us ;
 ‘ but be naming any thing else, and you shall
 ‘ have it.’ In short, the gentleman, who was
 not a man of a very choleric disposition, had
 the patience, with the greatest composure, to
 go through a catalogue of other viands ; and
 Teague, with as great solemnity of counte-
 nance, continued to reply as before. At
 length the gentleman chanced to name a
 chicken, which, in reality, was the only meat
 to be found in Teague’s larder ; and it was
 lucky he did, or he might have remained din-
 nerless from that day to this, had he stayed
 there so long.

Well, Sirs, the chicken was brought up in
 due time, plump, and well dressed ; and the
 gentleman, whose appetite was pretty keen,
 did honour to the cook. Having sat some-
 time after dinner, to smoak a pipe and so forth,
 he called for his reckoning. ‘ Arrah, my
 ‘ dear,’ quoth Teague, ‘ there is sixpence to pay,
 ‘ if you an’t thinking of it too much.’ ‘ Too
 ‘ much !’ quoth the gentleman, in amaze,
 who expected the reckoning would amount
 to five times that sum, ‘ pray let me see the
 ‘ particulars ?’ ‘ nay, measter,’ cries Teague,
 imagining the gentleman thought his demand
 exorbitant, ‘ if you are thinking sixpence too
 ‘ much, ev’n give me five - pence ; or what
 ‘ you please.’ ‘ I am far from thinking your
 ‘ demand unreasonable, friend,’ said the gen-
 ‘ tleman, ‘ I only ask for the particulars, be-
 ‘ cause

‘ cause I have reason to think that you have
 ‘ wronged yourself, by omitting to charge for
 ‘ something.’ ‘ No faith ha’nt I,’ replied Teague,
 ‘ there is threepence half-penny for wine, two-
 ‘ pence your horse, and an halfpenny for bread.’
 ‘ I thought you had wronged yourself, man,’
 cries the gentleman, ‘ why you have omitted
 ‘ to charge for the chicken?’ ‘ Arrah now,
 ‘ and why would you be mentioning the
 ‘ chicken,’ quoth Teague, ‘ upon my shoul
 ‘ now, and you are heartily welcome ; and if
 ‘ you can eat another, much good may do
 ‘ you.’ ‘ But I do insist upon paying for it,’
 resumed the gentleman. ‘ The de’el a far-
 ‘ thing will I take,’ replied Teague. ‘ Well
 ‘ then,’ continued the gentleman, ‘ since you
 ‘ will not fix a price upon your chicken, I
 ‘ will : there are eighteen-pence for it.’ ‘ Eigh-
 ‘ teen-pence for a chicken,’ cries Teague! ‘ the
 ‘ Lord forbid I should take eighteen-pence for
 ‘ a chicken !’ ‘ then set a price upon it your-
 ‘ self man,’ quoth the gentleman. ‘ Why
 ‘ faith, and troth now,’ says Teague, ‘ how
 ‘ can I be setting a price upon a thing that
 ‘ costs me nothing at all?’ ‘ how can that
 ‘ be,’ said the gentleman?’ ‘ why, my dear,’
 replies Teague, ‘ sure I have hens in my yard
 ‘ that bring me eggs, and those eggs bring me
 ‘ chickens.’ ‘ Aye, but there is the expence
 ‘ of keeping.’ ‘ Faith now, honny, and that is
 ‘ nothing at all ; they live on what they pick
 ‘ from the dunghill ; and when I carry oats
 ‘ to a gentleman’s horse, I throw an handful
 ‘ among them, so that you see they do not
 ‘ stand

‘ stand me in a farthing a piece.’ ‘ Well
 ‘ then,’ said the gentleman smiling, ‘ since
 ‘ that is the case, we will reckon but six-pence
 ‘ for it ; so there is a shilling for the whole :’
 but in despite of his endeavours, Teague remained inflexible ; and could not be prevailed on to take more than the six-pence he had first charged.

When the gentleman had mounted, and was ready to depart ; he put his hand in his pocket, and threw the six-pence for the chicken, which Teague took up with an intention of restoring ; but the gentleman clapped spurs to his horse, till he got out of his reach, then calling out : ‘ adieu my honest host,’ said he, ‘ I ever entertained a prejudice against those
 ‘ of your country, which you have now removed ; and I assure you, I shall ever esteem
 ‘ an Irishman for your sake.’ ‘ Blessings on
 ‘ you now ; for that,’ quoth Teague, ‘ may
 ‘ God and Saint Patrick go along with you,
 ‘ and send you safe into your own country :
 ‘ but, upon my shoul,’ continued he, the tears standing in his eyes, ‘ I would rather
 ‘ not take the six-pence for the chicken.’

“ O ye innholders—ye vintners—ye publicans—ye tradesmen in general of the city
 “ of London, and parts adjacent ; behold
 “ a right worthy example placed before your
 “ eyes !—an example, worthy of your imitation—is it not ?—aye—and will ye follow
 “ it then ?—no—what ! aye and no, both in
 “ a breath ? can it be said that the same
 “ thing, is at once both good and evil ?—

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“ undoubt-

“ undoubtedly good Mr. Writer or Scribler,
 “ you have hit the right nail on the head ;
 “ the example you preach up to us, is at once
 “ both good and evil. That it is good in
 “ itself, we allow : that it is good with re-
 “ gard to our pockets we deny. Charity be-
 “ gins at home, Sir, there is an old proverb,
 “ and a true one for you, and he who lives
 “ up to that, needs not care a button for the
 “ Golden Age ; though to tell you the truth,
 “ Sir, we can find no records of any age,
 “ that can plead a better right to that title
 “ than the present. Do you see this purse ?—
 “ chink—chink—what say you now, Sir ?
 “ —one word in your ear before we part :—
 “ when rogues fall out, say they, honest men
 “ come by their own : let us therefore agree
 “ to wink at each other's knavery, since it is
 “ our mutual interest so to do. We will con-
 “ tinue to froth our cans, flint our measure,
 “ chalk up two for one, and make our cus-
 “ tomers pay through the nose ; and do you
 “ go on and prosper, in the art of frothing
 “ your page, swelling your volume, debiting
 “ dullness for wit, and making your readers
 “ pay two shillings for what is not worth
 “ one.”

The King of SPAIN, and the
SOLDIER:

A T A L E.

IT is well known, that the Spanish soldiers have pensions assigned them for their lives, and very often for the lives of their children also, when they have rendered any important service to their country; or behaved so well in battle, as to deserve a recommendation from their general.

In the reign of king Philip the second, a Spanish veteran, upon his return from Flanders, where he had served many campaigns, and brought with him sufficient testimonials of his good conduct, to pretend to some reward for his service; being overcome with heat and thirst, tied his horse to a tree, and sat down to rest himself beside a chrystal stream, that waters the beautiful palace of Paredes, built by Charles the fifth, distant about two miles from

Madrid. The place where he sat, formed part of one of the finest warrens in Castile. It was uninclosed ; and parted by the highway, which ran through it ; and the king, who took great delight in the sport, happened to be upon the spot at that time, shooting of rabbits. The monarch, who possessed much affability, approached the soldier : ‘ whence come you, my good friend,’ said he ? ‘ I come from Flanders, Sir,’ replied the soldier, little dreaming that he spoke to his sovereign. ‘ And where are you going to,’ continued the king ? ‘ to Madrid, Sir,’ replied the soldier. ‘ And what is your business there,’ said the king ? ‘ to wait upon his majesty, Sir,’ replied the soldier, ‘ and beseech him to give me some recompence, for the important services I have rendered him in Flanders.’ ‘ And pray, what services did you render him there,’ said the king ?— ‘ what services ! Sir,’ replied the soldier, ‘ why had it not been for me, such a place, naming it, ‘ would not have been taken : I scaled the walls, and entering the breach sword in hand, hewed out a passage for my comrades ; and I bring good attestations with me, under the hand of the general, to prove the veracity of what I advance.’ ‘ Can you let me see them,’ resumed the king ? ‘ most willingly, Sir,’ replied the soldier, ‘ since they cannot but conduce to my glory.’ ‘ All this is very good,’ said the king to him. when he had read them, ‘ but I was present
‘ the

' the other day, when a soldier presented a
 ' similar petition to the king; and, although
 ' his pretensions were at least as well founded
 ' as yours, yet the king returned him his peti-
 ' tion, told him that he come at a very unsea-
 ' sonable time, for that he had no money to
 ' spare, so desired him to go about his busi-
 ' ness; and he will undoubtedly, make you
 ' the like compliment.' ' Will he,' said the
 soldier! ' by Saint Jago, he dares not.' ' He
 ' dares not,' said the king, ' why who can
 ' hinder him?' ' I would,' replied the soldier,
 ' for were he to treat me in the manner you
 ' mentioned, I know what I would say to
 ' him.' ' Aye,' says the king, ' and pray
 ' now, what would you say to him!' ' I would
 ' bid him go mount my mule, and fight his
 ' own battles for the future,' said the soldier.
 ' Saying, and doing are two things, friend,'
 said the monarch, ' and I am apt to believe,
 ' you would not have the assurance to speak to
 ' him in that manner.' ' I would, I protest'
 replied the soldier. ' Remember what you say,
 ' friend,' says Philip, ' I shall be very near the
 ' king's person when you speak to him; and
 ' if you forget, I shall take care to remind you
 ' of your promise.'

The soldier swore he would not be worse
 than his word; and having taken leave of
 the king, proceeded to Madrid; where he
 got a proper petition drawn up, and in two
 or three days afterwards, when the king re-
 turned to the capital, went to the palace,

and demanded an audience, which he obtained without any difficulty, as the king had given strict orders not to refuse him admittance; but you may guess at his astonishment, when he beheld in the person of the king, the gentleman whom he had conversed with in the warren. However, he soon recovered from his surprize; and, with the greatest presence of mind, presented his petition, and supplicated his majesty to grant him some recompence, for the services he had rendered him in Flanders. ‘And pray, what are those services, on which you seem to found such sanguine hopes?’ said the king: — the soldier immediately produced his certificate. ‘My good friend,’ said the king, ‘all this is very good: but you are come at a very unseasonable time; I have no money to spare, so you may e’en go about your business.’ ‘Ah! Sir,’ continued the soldier, ‘I beseech your majesty to commiserate my case: I am very poor; and have a wife, and three small children who must perish for want, unless you deign to consider our unhappy situation.’ ‘Aye but,’ said the king, who wanted to come to the point, ‘supposing I absolutely refuse to give you any reward, what will you say to me then?’ — you are resolved then not to do any thing for me, Sir,’ said the soldier. ‘I am,’ replied the king. ‘Why then by Saint Jago, Sir,’ continued the soldier, what

what is said, is said ; you have only to put your boots on, my mule stands at the gate.

Philip, pleased with the foldier's undaunted behaviour, settled an handsome pension on him, and his family.



The fanciful GENTLEMAN *and*
the DOCTOR:

A L A C O N I C.

IN the ancient and flourishing city of London, lived a fanciful old gentleman; who was so extremely apprehensive of dying, that he used, every day of his life, to send for the physician, in order to be informed of the state of his health, and whether or no he laboured not under some disorder, which might in time send him to sleep with his forefathers. In short, he had indulged himself so far in this ridiculous humour, that when a friend happened to call on him, and asked him how he did, he would always answer: ‘upon my word, Sir, I cannot tell you at present, for the doctor has not been here yet; but if you will do me the favour to call in the afternoon, I may possibly be able to inform you.’

Having waked one morning, sooner than usual, it made him very uneasy; and he actually apprehended, that his last hour was drawing near. Upon this suspicion, he sent
immedi-

immediately for his physician. ‘ Oh Lord !
 ‘ doctor,’ said he, ‘ I am a dead man, with-
 ‘ out your assistance.’ ‘ Pray, Sir,’ quoth
 the doctor, ‘ whereabouts does your com-
 ‘ plaint lie ?’—‘ alas ! I know not what ails
 ‘ me, Sir,’ replied he, ‘ but I fear I am
 ‘ much worse than what I appear to be.’ The
 physician of course felt his pulse, took a sur-
 vey of his phiz, examined his tongue, and so
 forth ; but finding no exteriour symptoms of
 any disorder, he interrogated him, with great
 gravity, whether he went freely ? if he had
 a pretty good appetite to his food ? and if he
 slept soundly of nights ? to all which ques-
 tions receiving an answer in the affirmative,
 he asked him, whether or no he was sensible
 of any pain ; ‘ no, Sir,’ replied the gentle-
 man, ‘ I am, thank God, free from pain,
 ‘ but, nevertheless, I fear I am very sick.’
 ‘ Well then, Sir,’ resumed the doctor, ‘ I
 ‘ will wait on you again, about an hour hence,
 ‘ and give you something to dissipate the in-
 ‘ commodities you complain of.’ ‘ What in-
 ‘ commodities,’ replies the sick man ? ‘ I com-
 ‘ plain of no inconveniences.’ ‘ Pardon me,
 ‘ Sir,’ says the doctor, ‘ you say that you go
 ‘ well, that you have a good appetite, and
 ‘ that you sleep soundly ; I suppose you would
 ‘ have a stop put to those inconveniences ?’
 ‘ by no means, Sir,’ replies the gentleman,
 ‘ you misinterpret my meaning.’ ‘ Why then
 ‘ did you send for me?’ says the physician,
 ‘ if you are in good health, you can certainly
 ‘ have no occasion for my advice.’ ‘ Alas,

‘ Sir,’ replied he, ‘ I sent for you, thinking
 ‘ that I was sick ; and what induced me to
 ‘ think so was, that upon feeling my pulse
 ‘ this morning, when I awoke, I found it
 ‘ went so very, very slow.’ ‘ Ah ! dear Sir,’
 says the doctor, confoundedly nettled at being
 sent for upon so ridiculous an errand, ‘ never
 ‘ wonder at its going slow ; for how the devil
 ‘ should it go otherwise, since it is borne by
 ‘ an ass.’

This a physician ! will some of our readers
 say,—impossible !—he had certainly never ta-
 ken his degrees, or he would have learned
 more sense than to leave a patient so abruptly,
 without fluxing him out of a few guineas :
 your true doctor, like your true leach, never
 falls off till he can suck no more. We do
 agree with our readers, that the doctor was a
rara avis in terra, a rare kind of a doctor in-
 deed ; for he was an honest, and a conscien-
 tious man. Whether or no he had ever taken
 up his diploma, is more than we are capable
 of determining : though supposing he had, it
 is a quere whether the faculty will ever be
 prevailed upon to acknowledge him for a bro-
 ther.

The G L Y S T E R :

A P A R I S I A N N O V E L.

TH E R E lived at Paris two gentlemen, belonging to the retinue of a prince of the blood royal, who were very intimate together ; one of whom, whose name was La Roche, was a very humourous pleasant companion, and a shrewd lover of a joak ; infomuch, that he would rather run the hazard of alienating the affections of a bosom friend, than lose a jest or brilliant repartee : the name of the other was Le Comte, who was also, a very agreeable pretty gentleman.

They both lived in the same house, in ready furnished lodgings ; Le Comte occupied the first floor, and his friend the second. La Roche, on account of some incommodity, had been advised to make use of a Glyster, once or twice a week ; and the apothecary's journeyman who brought it, mistaking one door for the other, frequently knocked at Le Comte's chamber, instead of La Roche's. This being
often

often repeated, made Le Comte so angry, that he divulged the secret in publick company ; and made some satyrical reflexions on the beastliness of his friend, who delighted in having his posteriors groped, by a parcel of dirty journeymen apothecaries.

La Roche, who knew better how to give, than how to take a joak, was very much nettled as his friend's raillery ; and knowing what an extream abhorrence he had to a Glyster, for he had often heard him declare that he would much rather die than have recourse to so filthy a remedy ; resolved to gratify his revenge, in making him take one by force.

In order to bring his scheme to bear, he paid a visit to his apothecary, who lived in the street Sainte Honorè, and told him that a friend of his, for whom he had the greatest regard, was at times, seized with such violent fits of lunacy, that he had been given over by the faculty, who were unanimously of opinion, that he had not three months longer to live ; but that a celebrated empiric had undertaken his cure, provided he could be prevailed upon to take a Glyster, without which all his medicines would prove ineffectual ; to which his aversion was so great, that, although his relations had used their utmost endeavours to persuade him, he still remained obstinate, declaring he would rather die, than undergo that innocent operation. ‘ His relations,’ continued La Roche, ‘ knowing me to be one of his most intimate friends, begged of me to leave no methods untried, to bring him to reason ;

' reason ; and I accordingly made use of all the
 ' rhetoric I was master of, to engage him to
 ' take it ; but in vain. I have just been con-
 ' sulting with the empiric, for it is really a
 ' pity so worthy a young gentleman should die
 ' in the prime of life, meerly through his own
 ' obstinacy and perverseness : he says that if
 ' the Glyster does but enter into the body,
 ' although he should render it immediately,
 ' yet it will suffice to prepare the bowels to
 ' receive his drugs, and we concluded that a
 ' Glyster he must take, either willingly, or by
 ' compulsion. I have communicated our de-
 ' sign to his relations, which they approved
 ' of ; and desired me to find out an apothecary,
 ' who would undertake to administer
 ' one. Here are ten crowns,' continued he
 (counting them out on the table) ' which I
 ' have orders to give you for your fee : you
 ' will besides, lay an eternal obligation upon
 ' his relations, who are people of fashion,
 ' and have it in their power to be of service
 ' to you in your profession, on many other
 ' occasions.' He might have omitted this
 latter part of his discourse, for the apothecary
 was too much taken up, in contemplating the
 beauty of the crowns, to afford any attention
 to what he said : certain it is, there needed no
 other rhetoric than that he first made use of ;
 and the shining specie pleaded so eloquently in
 his favour, that the apothecary would not
 have hesitated to Glisterify all the madmen in
 Paris, upon the like conditions. Having taken
 down the name, and place of abode of his
 patient,

patient, he promised punctually to perform the operation next morning; and to come well provided with assistants, in case he should prove refractory.

The apothecary having prepared his Glyster, took half a dozen stout fellows with him, in case of necessity, whom he left at the foot of the stairs, with orders to come up at a certain signal; and going up alone, knocked at the door. Le Comte, who was not yet stirring, called out: 'who is there?' 'a friend,' answered the apothecary. Upon which he arose, unlocked the door, and went to bed again. The apothecary entered the apartment with great solemnity, and deposited his syringe upon the table. Le Comte asked him what he wanted? 'I am an apothecary, Sir,' said he, 'and have brought your Glyster.' 'Devil take you for a blockhead,' cried La Comte, 'why do you trouble me thus continually? I have told you, twenty times before, to go a story higher, and yet you can never remember it.' 'Pardon me, Sir,' resumed the apothecary, 'I believe I am very right:' and taking the Glyster from under his cloak, pours it into the syringe. 'Why, you stupid rascal,' exclaimed Le Comte in a rage, 'I tell you once again 'tis overhead.' 'Pardon me, Sir,' replies the apothecary, 'I know very well what an aversion you have to a Glyster; and am surprized you would rather chuse to lose your life, than have recourse to so specific and gentle a remedy. Indeed, if like most of my profession, I
made,

' made up my Glysters of bad compounds,
 ' you would have good reason to loath them ;
 ' but I, Sir, am a man of honour and pro-
 ' bity, I scorn to poison mankind through
 ' mercenary views ; and can sit down con-
 ' tented with ten-pence profit in the shilling,
 ' while my unconscionable brethren grumble
 ' at eleven-pence halfpenny : and I defy any
 ' person to say, I ever used any other than
 ' the best, aye the very best of ingredients, in
 ' the composition of a Glyster ; nor is there
 ' any thing in this, but what I would safely
 ' give to a breeding woman, or a child at the
 ' breast.'

Poor Le Comte, was out of all patience at
 this tedious narrative, and cursing the apothecary
 for a scoundrel and a rascal, threatened
 to throw him out of the window, if he did
 not get about his business immediately. The
 apothecary, imagining he was relapsed into a
 fit of the lunacy, and being apprehensive that
 he would put his menaces into execution, gave
 the appointed signal to those below, who in-
 stantly rushed into his assistance.

The apothecary having got his myrmidons
 about him, drew near the bedside, armed with
 his syringe : ' Sir,' said he, your struggling
 ' will avail nothing ; 'tis for your own good,
 ' and take it you must.' Le Comte, finding
 matters draw so near a crisis, made a vigorous
 effort to rise, which the apothecary perceiving,
 ordered his myrmidons to seize him ; which
 orders were so punctually performed, that he
 found himself unable to move either hand
 or

or foot. Well it was for them he happened to be in bed, or they would not have gained so cheap a victory. He defended himself however, with tooth and nail, as long as he was able ; but being at length overpowered by numbers, for two to one are odds at football, he was obliged to submit. He cursed—swore—menaced, but all to no purpose : for now, having settled him in a convenient posture, the apothecary, with admirable dexterity, administered the Glyster, even to the last drop. The operation over, he covered his patient up in his bed again, and bidding one of his attendants open the door, devil take the hindmost was the word ; down stairs they scampered ready to break their necks ; and had turned the corner of the street, before poor Le Comte could open his window to observe which way they went, for as to following them, that was quite out of the question in his present condition.

He began now to consider with himself, who could have been the author of this farce ; which he made no scruple of placing to the account of his friend above stairs. Having dressed himself, and changed his linnen, which was pretty handsomely bedawbed, he went up to La Roche's chamber, in a violent passion ; and his rage was so great, that it was some time before his words could find an utterance. La Roche, who guessed what errand he was upon, feigned himself asleep when he came into the room ; then stretching out his arms, and yawning, bid him good morrow, and asked him,

him how he came to rise so much earlier than usual? Le Comte related what had happened to him, as well as his choler would permit, and swore that the author, let him be who he would, was a scoundrel, and deserved to be kicked. La Roche seemed quite astonished, protested his innocence of the fact, and assured him he would give him all the assistance in his power, to trace out the insolent perpetrator of so base a deed, and punish him as he deserved: in short, he acted his part so well, that Le Comte, imagining he must have been mistaken in his surmises, begged his friend's pardon for his unjust suspicions, and took his leave.

La Roche, who had with much difficulty refrained from laughter while Le Comte was present, now gave a loose to his mirth; and having dressed himself, waited, according to custom, upon their mutual patron the prince: and thinking his joak would remain incomplete, unless it were rendered public, he communicated the adventure to the courtiers; and Le Comte, in his turn, became the jest of the whole court.

Le Comte, whose doubts in regard to the author of his disgrace were now sufficiently cleared up, resolved to challenge La Roche. For this purpose he called on a gentleman of his acquaintance, who was in the service of marshal d'Ancre, for it was in his time that this adventure happened, which is strictly true, and not fictitious; and informing him of the affront he had received, and that he should insist upon such satisfaction as a man of honour

nour had a right to demand, begged he would do him the favour, to be the bearer of his challenge to La Roche, and his second in the field. His friend, who was a man in years, and had in his time, given undoubted proofs of his courage on many occasions, beheld things in a far different light from what they appeared to Le Comte, who was hurried on by an heat and impetuosity natural to youth, and endeavoured to wean him from this thought. ‘ Such a conduct,’ said he, addressing himself to Le Comte, ‘ will only serve to
 ‘ render you more ridiculous, by discovering
 ‘ to thousands, an adventure which otherwise,
 ‘ in all probability they will ever remain ignorant of : besides, what glory can you possibly think to acquire from a duel upon so
 ‘ shameful an occasion ?’ ‘ what !’ replied Le Comte, ‘ shall I then tamely put up so glaring
 ‘ an affront, without doing myself justice ;
 ‘ and be hooted by the boys, as I pass the
 ‘ streets, for a rank poltroon ?’ ‘ you misinterpret my meaning,’ continued his friend, ‘ I
 ‘ am far from advising you to forego your just
 ‘ revenge : but then let the revenge be proportionate to the injury. If a man gives
 ‘ me a blow, or makes a reflection injurious
 ‘ to my honour, I send him a challenge ; but
 ‘ a joak should be revenged by a joak. Your
 ‘ sword should be ever kept sacred for the defence of your person, or of your fame ; for
 ‘ the same rule of honour, which prohibits
 ‘ you from measuring swords with a man unworthy of wearing one, prohibits you from
 ‘ contami-

‘contaminating it in a trivial, or ridiculous
 ‘quarrel. Leave your cause in my hands;
 ‘and if I do not obtain you an ample, and
 ‘honourable satisfaction, let me bear the
 ‘blame.’ Le Comte, who knew his friend
 to be well skilled in the laws, and punctilios
 of honour, acquiesced in his advice.

We have taken notice, in the foregoing
 part of this story, that Lotaire, (for so his
 friend was called) was an attendant on the
 marshal d’Ancre; who, as we all know, was
 so powerful at that time, that he would fre-
 quently, without any form or process, send
 any one to the bastile, who had dared to speak
 disrespectfully of him. Lotaire, for whom
 the marshal always testified a particular es-
 teem, was all in all with the jailor, with
 whom he had been several times to communi-
 cate his master’s orders; and the great influ-
 ence he had over the marshal, made him al-
 most as much respected in Paris, as the mar-
 shal himself: he resolved therefore to make
 use of his authority, to revenge, in a ludi-
 crous manner, the affront his friend had re-
 ceived from La Roche. With this intent he
 sent for the king’s messengers, and told them
 it was his master’s pleasure, that they should
 immediately arrest La Roche, whom he de-
 scribed to them, and deliver his body to the
 keeper of the Bastile: he then called upon
 the keeper of the prison, and gave him notice
 that one La Roche would be brought prisoner
 there by the marshal’s orders, who recom-
 mended

mended it to him to keep him in safe custody ; as he must be responsible for him.

La Roche, who was intirely innocent of the plot laid against him, became an easy prize to the messengers. He asked them the cause of his arrest ? they told him they knew nothing of the matter, but that he would probably be informed when sentence was passed upon him ; and instantly hurried him away to prison : for in those countries, where despotism bears the sway, there is no questioning the legality of a messenger's warrant.—He could obtain no better information from the jailor, who declared he was ignorant of his crime, but acknowledged he had received an order for his commitment ; and conducting him to the apartment he had prepared for him, left him to ruminate at leisure, on his critical situation. And now being left to himself, his conduct underwent a strict scrutiny ; but he could recollect nothing he had either said, or done to merit so rigorous a treatment.

He had remained in prison about an hour, when Lotaire, who was intimately acquainted with him, paid him a visit ; and approaching with a well feigned air of sorrow and astonishment ; ‘ alas my dear friend,’ said he, ‘ what can be the meaning of this ?—I was this moment informed of your being in confinement, and laying aside all other business, came hither to learn the cause of your imprisonment, and to offer you my service on this melancholy occasion.’ ‘ Ah ! my good friend,’ replied La Roche, in a sorrowful tone,

tone, ' I declare, upon my honour, I am
 ' intirely ignorant of the cause of my arrest.'
 ' If it is for debt,' said Lotaire, ' I have mo-
 ' ney : all I have is at your service ; and if
 ' that should not prove sufficient, I have pow-
 ' erful friends, who will make up the defici-
 ' ency.' ' No—no, my dear friend, it cannot
 ' be on that account,' replied La Roche, ' I
 ' owe no creature living a farthing except my
 ' landlord, and had I occasion for all he has
 ' in the world, I am certain it would be at
 ' my disposal.' ' You have perhaps fought a
 ' duel ?—' no'—' nay,' continued Lotaire,
 ' something must have been laid to your
 ' charge : examine a little into your past con-
 ' duct. I know you are very apt to be too
 ' free in your discourse ; and that you would
 ' as soon sacrifice your life as a Bon Mot :
 ' have you not spoken disrespectfully of the
 ' marshal d'Ancre ? you know very well that
 ' in this age, our very thoughts become cri-
 ' minal ; and the least word against the mar-
 ' shal is punishable with death.'

At this last word (death) La Roche was
 seized with a fit of trembling : the vermillion
 forsook his cheeks ; and a deadly pale over-
 spread his countenance. ' Ah Morbleu !' said
 he, after a moment's reflection, turning up his
 eyes, and stamping with his foot, ' is that
 ' then the crime that is laid to my charge ?—
 ' that I am unable to determine,' replied Lo-
 taire, ' I only happened to mention it, ima-
 ' gining you might have been imprudent in
 ' that particular ; and if that should prove the
 ' case

‘ case, I heartily pity you : for you know, as
 ‘ well as I, the inexorable disposition of
 ‘ the marshal, who never yet pardoned the
 ‘ man that dared to offend him. Adieu !—
 ‘ I can be more serviceable to you elsewhere.
 ‘ I will endeavour to learn the cause of your
 ‘ imprisonment, and return to inform you :
 ‘ in the mean time, think of any thing else I
 ‘ can be of service to you in, and rest assured
 ‘ you may command me.’ So saying, he de-
 parted : and left poor La Roche in a very pen-
 sive mood ; for he made no doubt but that he
 had been arrested by order of the marshal
 d’Ancre, and that nothing less than his life was
 at stake.

Lotaire, who was determined to go through
 with the joak, went to a doctor in Sorbonne,
 whose province it was to attend condemned
 criminals, and prepare them for death ; and
 informed him, with tears in his eyes, that an
 unfortunate gentleman, a friend of his, had,
 by the marshal’s order, been condemned to be
 beheaded, without any form of process ; and
 was to be executed that very evening, but
 remained as yet ignorant of his sentence ; and
 that, as the news would undoubtedly give him
 a terrible shock, he thought a gentleman of his
 function would be the properest messenger : in-
 treated him therefore, to take upon him that
 office : and endeavour, by administering a little
 spiritual comfort, to reconcile him by degrees
 to submit to his fate. This was all Arabic to
 the good priest, who replied not a word ; but
 hung down his head, and seemed to be in a
 brown

brown study, till the chinking of two crown pieces, a sort of melody, which, according to the witty Hudibras, renders all doctrines plain, and clear ; roused the doctor from his lethargy ; and made him, without any further explanation, comprehend every tittle of what had been said. He now took down the name, and place of confinement of his penitent, and with a thousand servile bows and cringes, promised to attend him, in less than half an hour.

Lotaire returned immediately to the Bastile ; and with a countenance expressive of the bad tidings he was about to impart :—‘ Ah ! my ‘ dear friend,’ said he, ‘ what I apprehend is ‘ but too true, it is at the marshal’s suit you ‘ are confined ; and to speak with the freedom ‘ of a friend, I am extremely apprehensive of ‘ the consequence.’ ‘ Alas !’ cried La Roche, ‘ what crime can he possibly lay to my charge ?’ ‘ that no one could inform me of,’ replied Lotaire, ‘ but tis sufficient that you have displeased a man, whose very nod, as you very ‘ well know, can take off half the heads in ‘ Paris. Had you slain twenty people, I ‘ should still retain hopes of obtaining your ‘ pardon ; but in an affair of this nature, no ‘ one dares offer a word in your favour ; especially I, who am his servant.’ ‘ Oh ‘ heaven’s !’ exclaimed La Roche in an agony, ‘ and must I then lose my life ?’—Here the presence of the good priest interrupted the conversation ; who having heard the last words of La Roche, replied, ‘ And why ‘ not

‘ not,’ my good friend,’ ‘ consider our blessed Lord, who was far more innocent than you, gave up his life upon the cross. We are all mortal : what does it therefore import when we die, provided we die well prepared, and truly penitent for our sins.’ The arrival of the priest, damped La Roche’s small remains of hope. Lotaire perceiving this, arose from his seat ; ‘ my dear friend,’ said he, ‘ I pray to God to support you, in this day of tribulation : I will leave you a while to the care of this good gentleman, and see if there is any possibility of serving you.

The good father, finding himself alone with his penitent, began a most moving, and pathetic discourse. ‘ My dear son,’ said he, grasping his hand, ‘ you must endeavour to detach yourself from all worldly affairs, and prepare for death : you are condemned ; and have not above three hours longer to live.’ At this sad tale, the soul of poor La Roche was harrowed up with horror and affliction. The surprize and astonishment this terrible sentence gave him ; took away for some time the use of his speech : but when he came a little to himself, he stamped—he swore—he raved—any ordinary spectator would have pronounced him a madman ; but the good priest, who was no novice in affairs of this kind, and had met with many similar cases, - in the course of his practice, was not much surprized at this frantic behaviour : he endeavoured to restore him to his former serenity by dint of argument, and answered him
that

that this life was nothing, compared to an happy eternity. Our readers will excuse the omitting of the rest of his sermon : preaching is not our trade ; we should therefore, in all probability acquit ourselves very little to their satisfaction. Let it suffice then, that having at length, by his persuasive eloquence, calmed a little the tumults of his breast, he took his leave, that his penitent might be at liberty to prepare himself for confession ; and promised to return again in an hour.

Lotaire, who had been during this conference in a contiguous chamber, from whence he had heard all that past ; did not think his vengeance completed yet : he resolved however, to free La Roche from his apprehensions before night, by putting an end to the farce. The good father had no sooner departed, than Lotaire made his appearance again. ‘ Alas ! my dear friend,’ said he ; ‘ I have just been informed—ah !—I cannot—cannot speak the cruel word—you are—‘ condemned,’ cried La Roche, ‘ I know it but too well. What remains now, but to take an eternal farewell.’ Here a most tender scene ensued, which we chuse to pass over in silence ; lest of a comic, we make a tragi-comic tale ; a species of performance we have ever testified an extream aversion to. The melting scene was scarce over, when Lotaire cried out in raptures of joy : ‘ I have hit on’t ; egad I have hit on’t ! indulgent heaven has surely inspired me with the thought, for the preservation of my friend.’ ‘ Ah ! cease to feed me with vain
M ‘ hopes,’

'hopes,' cries La Roche, pricking up his ears at the welcome sound; 'I know too well, my death is inevitable.' 'My dear friend,' resumed Lotaire, 'do not give way to despair: pluck up a little courage, and resolve to follow my advice, and I will insure you of success. You are a state prisoner,' continued he, 'few people are acquainted with your condemnation; even the jailor himself remains ignorant of it: now what do you think my scheme is?'—'I know not,' replied La Roche trembling—'you know,' continued Lotaire; 'that when a prisoner of state is once lodged in the Bastile, he may think himself very well off, if he is quit for a twelve-months imprisonment; now do you inform the jailor, that imagining your confinement will prove pretty tedious, you intend to lay in a stock of coals for the winter: or you may leave that business to me, I will take care to acquaint him with it.' 'And what benefit can I propose to reap from that?' cries La Roche. 'I will engage,' said Lotaire, 'to prevail with a coal-heaver, for thirty or forty pistoles, to bring a sack of coals to your chamber, and change cloaths with you: in this disguise you may easily make your escape; for the jailor; mistaking you for the coal-heaver, will make no difficulty in letting you pass.' La Roche's countenance began now to clear up a little, for he conceived great hopes from this scheme of his friend's; and even imagined himself already at large: he conjured Lotaire to put his design in practice

tice without delay ; and, rather than fail, to offer the coal-heaver all he was worth in the world.

Lotaire applied immediately to the coal-merchant with whom he dealt, and telling him the story, was soon supplied with a man for his purpose, and returning with him to the prison, let the jailor also into the secret ; told him his intention was only to frighten La Roche, and desired he would assist him in his design ; and suffer him to pass unmolested in the coal-heaver's dress. The jailor, who always paid a just deference to his commands, and who had confined La Roche by his order, made no difficulty in granting his request. Lotaire having taken the coal-heaver to La Roche's apartment, who expected them with the utmost impatience, made them exchange cloaths with all possible dispatch ; and smearing La Roche's face over with soot, rendered him a perfect counterpart of the coal-man. Having thrown the empty sack across his shoulders, he began his enterprize ; and passed through the first and second door without molestation : but when he arrived at the third, the jailor, the better to humour the farce, cried out : ' sure this can-
' not be one of my prisoners ? ' This question had the desired effect. Poor La Roche gave himself over for lost, and was so terrified, that he had no power to move a step further, till Lotaire who was near him, answered ; ' no, no, ' it is only the coal-heaver, who brought the ' coals just now : ' upon which the jailor bid him pass.

When he found himself at liberty, he ran with all speed towards the palace of the prince his patron, in order to take shelter there; imagining every moment he heard the archers at his heels. As he passed the Pont Neuf, some gentlemen of Lotaire's acquaintance, whom he had posted there on purpose, cried out aloud as he had passed them: 'morblue! 'there goes a coal-heaver, the very picture of 'friend La Roche.' This caused him to redouble his speed, till he arrived at the palace, quite out of breath; where he found the prince, with others of his retinue to whom Lotaire had disclosed the affair, standing in the court yard in expectation of his arrival; and throwing himself at his feet: good, your highness, 'said he in a piteous tone, 'deigns to 'save my life.' The prince feigned not to know him, and would have retired; but La Roche held him fast, crying: 'for God's sake, your Highness, save my life; I am La Roche.'

The prince seemed greatly astonished to behold him in such plight, and asked him the reason of so odd a metamorphosis? La Roche proceeded to give him a detail of the whole affair with all the simplicity imaginable; till the prince and his attendants, unable any longer to restrain their risible muscles, burst out into loud peals of laughter, which gave him sufficient information, that he had been made the jest of the company.

The fright however had operated on him so strongly, that it threw him into a fever, which very near cost him his life. When he recovered,

vered, his rage against the authors of his disgrace was inexpressible ; and he would immediately have challenged both Le Comte and Lotaire, had not his friends interposed, who convinced him he had not the least ground for complaint ; as he had been the first aggressor, and had only received a rowland for his oliver. Time, and the mutual good offices of their respective friends, at length cemented the breach, and they became as great cronies as before ; and our readers, we believe, will allow that Le Comte had reason to be satisfied with his revenge.



The LIBERTINE Reclaimed:

A T A L E.

TWO young gentlemen, agreed to spend an evening together at the house of an acquaintance, who for some time past had given himself up intirely to gaming; at which he had hitherto had pretty good success, though he had not as yet so vilanised himself, as to make use of cogged dice, like the generality of gamblers.

When supper was over, he produced his dice, and proposed a game to his companions, by way of amusement; to which they consented. The gamester depending on his usual good luck, made sure that he should sweep the board: but fortune, that fickle dame, ever inconstant, ever wavering in her favours; after a long series of uninterrupted success, at length declared against him. At every cast he lost, he swore, and blasphemed most impiously. His companions, who entertained a due veneration for morality and religion, were seized with

with a just horror at the direness of his imprecations, and rebuked him pretty severely for his wickedness ; but this had no other effect than to augment his execrations. Having lost even to the last farthing, he threw down the dice in a rage, and swore they might play by themselves ; that for his part, he would go immediately to bed. His companions wished him a good night, and one of them, who had already planned out a scheme to reclaim him, advised him very seriously to ask pardon of God for the offence he had committed, in so prophanely swearing and taking his name in vain ; for which he could not but expect the most rigorous punishment.

Having got into bed, which was the same chamber where they played, he could not help swearing a prayer or two at the recollection of his bad luck ; and dropped asleep with an oath in his mouth. When the music of his nostrils informed the company, that he was fast as a rock, he who had planned his reformation, made his companion acquainted with his scheme, who gave it the approbation it deserved ; and they resolved to put it into immediate execution.

They extinguished both fire and candle : then feigned a dispute, concerning a certain cast, and were so vociferous in their contest, that they soon awaked the gamester, who starting up, and finding all involved in darkness, asked them how the d——l they could see to play without a light ?—‘ Phoo, phoo !’ cried they, ‘ you are not half awake yet

‘ man ; why you cannot see sure ? ’ they then made believe to begin their game again, and the gamester, on whom the liquor he drank had a pretty good effect, dropped insensibly asleep again. The players presently after, feigned another dispute ; and one of them having waked him, desired he would be umpire in their difference. ‘ Why how the d—l should I be able to decide,’ said he, rubbing his eyes, ‘ I cannot see in the dark ; where is the candle ? ’—‘ why here in my hand,’ answered one of his companions, ‘ come, come, rub your eyes again ; you are not thoroughly awake yet I perceive.’ ‘ D—n me if I can see a wink, said he.’ They seemed to be very much surprized at this ; and asked him whether he jested or not ? ‘ No, by G—d don’t I,’ replied he, ‘ ’tis matter of fact.’ ‘ Approach the candle nearer,’ said one of them, ‘ well, do you not see plain enough now ? ’ ‘ no, the d—l fetch me if I do,’ replied he : ‘ surely then,’ continued they, ‘ God almighty, in the justice of his wrath, has punished your blasphemy by depriving you of sight.’ The poor fellow, believing what they said to be true, began to conceive a real contrition for his fault ; acknowledged the justness of his punishment, and implored the mercy of heaven, with all the signs of a sincere repentance. ‘ Alas ! ’ said his companions, holding the candle near him, ‘ what a terrible misfortune is this ? and yet his eyes look as fine, and as clear as ever.’ Having giving him all the consolation

lation they were able, without marring their design, they wished him good night ; and exhorting him to ask pardon of God for the offence he had committed, promised to pay him a visit in the morning.

The poor fellow, heartily contrite for his sins, spent best part of the night in sighs and lamentations, and made a sincere resolution to reform his conduct ; and especially his prophane habit of swearing, Fatigued at length with bewailing his misfortune, sleep shed again her peaceful poppies o'er his head, and he slept till morning ; when, to his no small pleasure and astonishment, he found himself restored to his sight. He easily imagined, and his companions did their utmost to confirm him in the pious fraud, that he had obtained this miracle from heaven, through the sincerity and fervency of his prayers ; and their innocent device was productive of this happy effect, that it reclaimed him intirely from the habit he had got of swearing, and caused him to reform his life in every other particular.

CORNU CORNUTUS, *and his*
W I F E :

A T A L E.

NONE *but the brave,*
None *but the brave,*
None *but the brave deserve the fair.*

So sung Dan. Dryden ; and he might with
equal veracity, have added :

Daftards and fools,
Daftards and fools,
Daftards and fools obtain the fair.

Cornu Cornutus, a man in the mercantile way
of life, was very a citizen as citizen could be ;
that is, his mind was equally divided 'twixt
business and pudding : no wonder then if he was
of a dull flegmatic disposition, fitter for a cart-
horse than a stallion. A pretty wife he had :
efacks ! I would much rather carefs her than
describe

describe her ; for, in truth ; she foils all description :—sparkling eyes—glowing cheeks—ruby lips—delicate shape—graceful attitude. But a word to the wife :—let our reader's fancy paint the rest, lest, Pygmalion like, we become enamoured of an image of our own creating. What pity so delicate a creature should be linked to such an oaf of a husband ! Cornutus, 'tis true, was a good natured inoffensive kind of fellow enough, and was sparing of no expence upon his wife ; pudding she might have, and pudding upon pudding, but not the sort of pudding she wanted. Madam would very willingly have had recourse to her neighbours larder, to get a bit of what she liked ; but alas ! her husband was either so fond, or so jealous, that he would never suffer her out of his sight ; he was a constant companion in all parties of pleasure, which were not very frequent as he was a meer drudge to business ; and when at home he always allotted her a corner of his counting-house to work, or to read in ; just as she found herself disposed.

It is a point which hath been long since decided by your ancient philosophers, that nature, bounteous dame, has allotted to every creature such peculiar qualifications, as may contribute most to its happiness and advantage ; and as kindly withheld whatsoever might tend to its misery, or destruction. If we investigate the brute creation, we shall find that the hare is endowed with swiftness, but deprived of the bulk and strength of the ox ; which though of deep concern to that useful animal,
would

would not fail of proving destructive to poor puss. Thus, to come closer to the point, the same indulgent dame, who ordained man at once the slave, and tyrant of the sex ; inspired the female with a spirit of dissimulation and intrigue, which she thought proper to deny to the male. By this means she renders both parties mutual happy : the wife indulges her beloved intrigue, and follows the natural bent of her inclination without restraint ; while the dull husband, a novice in the art, suspects nothing of the matter, cuts his horns without pain, and enjoys his wanted repose.

Madam Cornutus, brisk, airy and gay, to whom Dan. Chaucer's description of a sprightly dame may be most aptly applied.

*Wincing she was, as is a jolly colt,
Tall as a mast, and upright as a bolt.*

did not at all relish this sedentary kind of life. Her looking glass informed her she had charms ; and her hour-glass warned her of their fragility : she resolved therefore to improve the fleeting minutes ; and love, since nature had formed her for loving. She was revolving in the mind of a thousand different stratagems to elude the vigilance of her Argus, when the soft warbling of a flute vibrated in her ear ; a melody most agreeable to a lady in her situation, for music is the soul of love. She flit to the window, prompted by female curiosity, to know from whence the sound proceeded, unobserved by Cornutus, who sat at his

his desk, his head reclining on one hand, his eyes fixed on the ceiling, and gnawing the end of his pen, deeply involved in a long chain of Scrip : Consol : Bank Stock : India ditto. But ah ! what transports !—what raptures !—what extasy filled her breast ! when she beheld at an opposite window a spruce—a jemmy—a dapper young fellow, more beautiful than the famed Adonis. Smirk, for so this young gentleman was called, no sooner beheld his Venus, than, like another Paris, he laid down his pipe ; paid homage to the divinity ; and gave her plainly to understand, by an infinite variety of bows, scrapes, winks, nods, shrugs and gestures, intelligible only to lovers, that he scorned to be behind hand in generosity with Paris, or any other heroic gallant whatsoever ; and would willingly present her with two apples, instead of one.

Madam understood the hint ; and would gladly have obeyed the summons, had it been in her power so to do : she answered him however, in the same dumb language, that his addresses were far from being disagreeable to her. Cornutus had been, during this dumb scene, involved in a complicated intricacy of accounts ; but on a sudden, looking at his watch, he started hastily from his chair : ‘ Z——ds ! ’ cries he, ‘ ’tis past eleven o’clock : quick, my hat and wig ! I must to Change directly : I was to have met a gentleman there half an hour ago, about business of the greatest moment.’ The heart of his loving spouse beat with transport at the welcome tidings ; she squeezed

squeezed his hand lovingly, and conjured him with a sigh, to make his absence as short as possible ; since she could never enjoy true happiness, but in the converse of her beloved spouse. Cornu, as pleased as Punch, hugged her to his bosom ; and assured her with a kiss, that their happiness was reciprocal, and depended on the same thread, for that he was ~~ever~~ uneasy from her sight ; and would never quit her for a moment, but in obedience to the call of his Lord, his master, his friend, his all—mammon.

No sooner was Cornutus's back turned, than his plaintive bride resumed her part at the window, from whence she beheld her new lover folding a billet he had just finished writing. Having added the superscription, he asked her, without uttering a syllable, whether he might venture to send it ? and she informed him, without opening her lips, that he might : he committed it therefore to the care of his page, and in less than two minutes it was conveyed to the hands of the amorous dame. She hugged it, she kissed it, she opened it, she read it ; with what inexpressible raptures lovers only can form any idea ; for the dull, uninspired train of mortals, esteem lovers as meer visionaries ; their raptures, their transports, their softest extasies appear to them as idle dreams, and their language as an unintelligible jargon more barbarous than Arabic. She took pen, ink and paper, in order to convey back by the same channel, the dictates of her love ; but her heart failed her, her hand trembled, as
unwilling

unwilling to perform the detestable office of pimp, which she was about to confer upon it; her pen dropt from her fingers, her bosom heaved with alternate love and terror, and she very naturally fell into the following soliloquy.

- ‘ To kifs, or not to kifs : that is the ques-
‘ tion ;
- ‘ Whether ’tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
- ‘ The stimulations of outrageous love ;
- ‘ Or to swim with the torrent of desire,
- ‘ And by asswaging end them. To toy, to
‘ kifs ;
- ‘ To kifs, and by a kifs to say we end
- ‘ The heart ach, and the thousand strong
‘ desires
- ‘ That flesh is prone to ; ’tis a consumma-
‘ tion
- ‘ Devoutly to be wish’d. To toy, to kifs ;
- ‘ To kifs, to be found out : aye, there’s the
‘ rub ;
- ‘ For in the trance of love who may pop in,
- ‘ When we have shuffled off our outward
‘ garments,
- ‘ Must give us pause : there’s the respect
- ‘ That renders female fame of so long life.
- ‘ Else who would bear the pangs of raging
‘ love,
- ‘ When she herself might her quietus make
- ‘ With a bare——

Here her idea was raised to so strong a pitch of desire, as banished every other thought from
her

her breast: she conveyed an answer to her lover, by the assistance of her confidante, couched in the same bombastic style, inviting him to improve the opportunity of her husband's absence, who was gone to Change about business, and would hardly return in less than an hour.

But this was a summons Smirk could by no means think of complying with: Cornutus might return; the window was two stories high; and he was very loth to trust to his agility in so perilous a leap, for, in despite of his accomplishments, he had one fatal defect, which it is often the misfortune of adventures both in love, and in warfare to labour under: the latter are often personable men: look big; push quarte and twice with admirable dexterity, and march with so intrepid a stride, 'till they come near enough to shake hands with the enemy, but then, when reflection should be cast aside, and their brains put in their pocket, they begin to weigh the pasanteur of cannon balls, and the length of tuledoes; so fairly measure back the ground they came, improving upon that maxim of the valiant Hudibras:

*' He that fights and runs away,
' May live to fight another day.'*

By not fighting at all; in like manner, the heroes in lovefare are often handsome fellows; scorn a rival in point of dress, swear, lye, and pen a billet doux, as well as any enamorado, that

that ever existed ; but yet when they have made the first advances, and the fair one, suctile to their wish, is ready to meet them with equal ardour, and challenges them to the amorous combat ; they make a shameful retreat, and forego their conquest through a defect of courage. In a word, Smirk was a dastard.

What pity, hapless fair one, some more doughty heroe from fair Hibernia's coast, had not taken up his quarters opposite your mansion ! you would not then have languished in vain. No danger can intimidate the intrepid Irish, equally valorous in the tough combats of Mars, and the softer encounters of Venus.

*And did you ever hear,
Of an Irishman's fear,
In love or in battle,
In love or in battle.*

Smirk immediately dispatched his excuse by the same hand that brought him the letter : he urged his tender regard for her honour and safety, as a cloak for his own cowardice ; represented to her the dangers attending such an interview ; and the fatal consequences, should her husband happen to come in unexpected, and detect them in the height of their amorous dalliance. Madam Cornutus, who was a lady of quick apprehension, was not at a loss to guess, from whence his officious concern for her safety proceeded : alternate love and rage, took possession of her heart ; for
what

what so odious to the fair-sex as a coward? had he been within her reach, she would indubitably have torn the traitor in pieces;—or stifled him to death in her arms. This moment rage, the next love gained the ascendant: now she resolved to forego so worthless a conquest; and now again love represented him to her idea in all his charms, and she retracted her former resolution. The softer passion at length prevailed, and she determined to accomplish by her wit, what she was not to expect from his courage. She intrusted a second billet to the care of her faithful confidante, desiring Smirk to watch her going out in the afternoon with her husband, and to follow close at her heels; and assured him she would find means to facilitate their mutual happiness, without exposing him to the danger he seemed apprehensive of. Smirk, having perused the note, bowed his head in token of obedience, and affairs remained in statu quo, till the return of Cornutus from Change.

The moment her dear Cornu came home, she sprung to his arms like a squirrel, and rained such a deluge of kisses on his lips, that he was almost stifled to death in the embrace. Cornutus in return, gave her a cold insipid hug or two, stroaked her cheek, called her his little chicken, his dove, his sugar-candy, and swore he loved her better than Cent per Cent; so down they sat very lovingly to dinner: we will leave them a while over the smoking Sir Loin, in order to introduce a few whimsical

cal reflections of our own, on that inexhaustible fund of writing matrimony.

Marriages, say they, are made in heaven : but, for my part, I am rather inclined to think, that they are fabricated in the sooty dominions of old nick :—jangling, wrangling, fighting, scratching, cuffing, tearing, cursing, swearing—is this a marriage portion of cælestial, or infernal largess ?—I never yet heard a cushion-thumper, but depicted the heavens a never failing source of the most exquisite, and refined harmony ; but if it be true, that marriages are made there, and this be intended as a specimen of their music ; the Lord have mercy upon us, and defend us from such caterwauling. Then when we reflect with what symmetrical order Mr. Hymen links his Paris !—miss Jenny Lovepenny, a girl scarce weaned from the coral and flabbering-bib, marries Mouthwater Mammon, and old Sexagenarian, with hardly a tooth in his head ; while Spindleshank Mammon, his hopeful son and heir, wallows in the flesh pots of madam Van Brisket, a corpulent dowager, old enough to be his grandmother :—but then she has a jointure of three thousand good pounds per annum. Add to this the daily coupling of gaiety, with reserve ; wit with dulness ; good nature, with spleen ; stanch Romanists, with those they term vile heretics ; those again with the votaries of Squintum, whom they look upon as little better than rotten sheep ; and those again.—In short we might extend the chain ad infinitum : but enough is as good as a feast ; we
will

will therefore close this grand argumentation, in settling our first point; (*viz.*) Where matches are made. Be it known then, that we do sincerely opine, that marriages were ordained in heaven; but, least so compleat an happiness as perfect matrimonial bliss, should divert the minds of mortals from cælestial, to mundane enjoyments; old nick was, by letters patent, created earl marshal, under the title of Hymen; with full power of marshaling the bands at his pleasure. This hypothesis once admitted, it will be no very difficult matter to account for so many preposterous conjunctions. But to return to our tale:

As soon as dinner was over, madam Cornutus nestled close to her husband, and putting her arm round his neck, and her cheek close to his, told him, in a soft whisper, that she had a request to make, and hoped he would not refuse her. Cornu, though the sun was in Taurus, trembled like an aspen leaf; and dreaded to hear the fatal petition; a new suit, a diamond necklace, a card debt presented themselves to his imagination, and he made no doubt of being fairly taken in for a cool hundred: but you may judge how agreeably he was surprized, when he found that a treat to Vauxhall was the whole scope of the petition; and that he was a better man than he expected, by ninety nine pounds eighteen shillings. His joy operated so powerfully on him, that he acquiesced with more than ordinary complaisance, cut a caper cross the room, grasped

grasped his crab-stick in one hand, his hat in the other, and so led the van.

In the overflowing of his heart, he resolved to treat spousee with a vehicle, and not suffer her to perambulate on foot: thrice he essayed to call—coach! and thrice the half formed accent died upon his tongue; so onwards they tript it, upon their ten toes, and Smirk, according to appointment, closed the rear.

Well, Sirs, they arrived in good time, and in good right, at those delightful gardens, where art and nature, emulous to outvie each other, have given us a miniature sketch of the beauty, though perhaps not of the innocence of the terrestrial paradise. In these enchanted bowers, every thing breaths the spirit of love, and soft desire: delightful symphony! tuneful nightingales! quavering trees! gentle zephyrs! nymphs! more beauteous far than all the wood nymphs, and Dryads antiquity can boast of; and, O ye voracious cits! whose indelicate ideas seldom emerge from pudding, and Sir Loin; here the cooling tart, the more solid cheesecake: the tippie inspiring ham, and somniferous lettuce, seem to sprout up spontaneously in every arbour.

Madam Cornutus thought it was now high time to begin her comedy: down she dropped, as dead as any stage heroine that ever ranted in tragic. ‘Oh my poor wife!’ cries Cornu, casting his eyes wistfully about for help. Smirk, who was imposed on as well as the husband, and took the feint for a reality, immediately offered his assistance, and they made
shift,

shift, between them, to raise her upon her feet again. Cornu would have posted away for a surgeon, to breath a vein, but upon Smirk's representing, that it would be more expedient to get her first of all into a more retired situation, he altered his purpose, and applied to Mr. T——s for a private room; and that good natured, condescending, complaisant gentleman, who has ever made it his study to captivate the public esteem, by his obliging behaviour, accommodated him with his own bed-chamber; whither the lady was presently conveyed by the care, and assiduity of her husband, her lover, and half a dozen of the waiters: nay it is confidently reported, that the heart of Mr. T——s was so sensibly touched at the sight of beauty in distress, that he trudged after them like Dryden's clown—'unknowing what he sought'—till the silver sound of a shilling, awakened him from stupefaction to—stupefaction: he answered the well known call, as naturally as a puppy does the voice of his master; skipped down stairs faster than he went up, resumed his seat in the bar, and shined forth again in the zenith of insignificancy.

Madam Cornutus having a little recovered her spirits, desired to be left alone; whereupon the waiters were discharged: but Cornu, who in the height of his concern for his wife knew not what he said or did; begged the favour of Smirk to stay with her for fear of a relapse, while he ran for a surgeon.

No

No sooner had Cornutus turned his back ; than the sick lady, intirely recovered from her indisposition, resumed her former chearfulness ; to the great admiration of her lover, who had thought her a dying woman : she informed him, in two words, of the artifice, and bid him make hay while the sun shined.

Cornutus returned at length, quite out of breath, with a surgeon at his heels ; but a more skilful surgeon had performed the operation in his absence ; and madam's cheek glowed, as ruddy as an apple. The good husband argued strongly in praise of phlebotomy, but his spouse assured him there was no manner of occasion, for that the kind gentleman he left with her, had administered a few drops, from which she had found herself exceedingly refreshed. The poor cuckold loaded the gallant with compliments for his civilities on the occasion : ' Sir,' says he, ' I heartily beg your pardon for the trouble my wife has given you.' ' Lord ! Sir,' replies he, ' it is not worth mentioning ; if it were to do ten times again, I assure you I should do it with pleasure.' ' Indeed, indeed, Sir, 'twas too much !—' efacks !' replies Smirk, ' I don't think I can ever do too much for her.' ' I swear but you have,' says Cornu, ' I find she has put you into a sweat with helping her.' In short they drank a friendly bottle together : the gallant was very well satisfied with what he had done ; and the husband the merriest man alive, to see his wife so miraculously recovered.

Cornutus

Cornutus thought he should never be able to acquit himself, of the immense obligation he lay under to Smirk : he gave him a general invitation to his house, and ever after received him upon the footing of his dearest, and most intimate friend. Thus Cornutus, cornuted, facilitated a repetition of his cuckoldom ; and the lady and her gallant, we presume, failed not to improve importunities to their own advantage.



THE MARRIAGE OF
B E L P H E G O R :
A N O V E L.

PLUTO one day, having quaffed more deeply of nectar than usual, began to be a little hiccius doctius. He ploclaimed an universal holiday throughout his dark domains. The Danaides ceased for a while their fruitless labour ; Sisyphus sat quiet on his stone, and Ixion on his wheel : Tantalus munched his belly full of apples, and washed them down with an hearty swig of the pure element, for he was confounded thirsty, and even Prometheus, though chained to the summit of Mount Caucasus, had a respite from his torments. In short every thing respired the air of tranquillity, but that vixen dame Proserpine, who cursed, and scolded like any billingsgate, because her husband had presumed to act without her advice. Pluto offered not a word in his own defence ; but tossing off t'other can, a grand specific on such occasion, called his
N wife

wife a prating B——; and swore he should rejoice when her half year was up, that he might doze out the remaining six months in quiet. The monarch, with this reinforcement of liquor, was now a match for all the spitfires in hell; and resolved now, or never, to make his wife knuckle. For this purpose, he issued his royal mandate for a review to be made. In vain did Proserpine insist that she should not be able to support such a hurly burly: 'tis my will and pleasure,' was the word.

And now Charon the ferryman made his appearance, with a boat load of souls he had just paddled over the Stygian-ferry; and, among the rest, a tall recruiting serjeant, and his drummer, who had both dropped in piping hot, with a brace of balls in their guts. This happened à propos enough: Pluto immediately dubbed the one muster-master, and ordered the other to beat up a march: but the drummer declared he could no more beat a tattoo without a drum, than Orpheus could play a jig, or a saraband without a fiddle; and the serjeant swore that a review, without a drum, would be as insipid as a country dance without pipe or tabor. Old Dis began to look grum upon the matter, for there was no such a thing as a drum to be found in hell, and if his review failed, his wife would not fail to sing victoria. At length a scheming politician, who did penance for the impotent schemes he had formed on earth, for the embroiling of states (for in hell the will is as kindly accepted as the deed) came forwards, and with a low bow,

bow, presented a scheme he had formed, for supplying the want of a drum. The infernal monarch approved of the project, for want of a better, and issued immediate orders for a lawyer to be flayed, and his skin to be nailed to the Danaides bottomless tub. The furies performed the operation on Quibble; and Vulcan, with the assistance of two or three of his journeymen, tacked on the buff in a trice. The drummer began now to belabour the lawyer's hyde, and the serjeant having marshalled his legions, the review began. The men marched by, two and two; of whom Pluto demanded, as they passed, the cause of their condemnation?—my wife!—my wife! was the constant reply. 'Ah the traitoreffes!' cries Pluto, casting an evil eye on his dame, who grumbled in the gizzard most confoundedly, 'they are the source of all evil, that I myself can vouch for.' When the men were reviewed, the ladies, in their turn, were marshalled in the same order; but Pluto thought it prudence to ask them no questions, which his spouse perceiving, took upon herself to be spokesman, and put the same quære to the women, as her husband had put to the men. My husband!—my husband! was the general clamour. Proserpine now got the laugh on her side; and Pluto, unable to support the keenness of the raillery, ordered the review to cease; took a composing draught, and so tumbled into bed; where he slept like a pig till the next morning.

As soon as he arose, he convened a council : for statesmen, and counsellors privy, buzz in hell, in swarms as numerous, as bees in the the month of May. They took into consideration the hearsay of the preceding day ; and it was debated whether the report of the matrimonial legions should be registered as matter of fact ; for if it were so, it would be no difficult matter to increase the glory of his majesty's gloomy empire ; but the majority voted it spurious, notwithstanding the authority of the grim monarch, who swore he had found it but too true, by experience. It was therefore carried, by a plurality of voices, that a minister of parts should be deputed to the middle region ; who should not only give a strict eye to all marriages that happened within his district, but should also join his own experience by marrying himself. Belphegor was pitched upon, as a Dæmon of sound headpiece, and undoubted veracity ; to him was intrusted the transacting of this important affair. Pluto, for conveniency sake, instead of incumbering him with cash, gave him bills of exchange for considerable sums, drawn upon his well-beloved correspondents the usurers ; and all of them payable at sight. His embassy was to continue for ten years, during which time he was to be incapacitated from dying, or returning to his native land ; and was to be liable to the various accidents attendant on human life ; but with liberty to play as many devils tricks as he pleased, and to extricate himself from any dilemma by his own industry.

Belphegor

Belphegor having got his commission, darted as swift as an arrow from a bow, through the poetical chaos, that divides our higher regions from the deep Tartarian shades, and alighted at Florence ; a city which, at that time of day, bore the bell from all others for luxury, and magnificence ; there, under the name of Signor Roderigo, he took a grand hotel, which he furnished most magnificently ; set up a gallant equipage ; put a number of servants in livery ; kept open table, and lived at such a rate, as attracted the admiration of all Florence. The great ones who had daughters to marry, sought his alliance with the greatest eagerness ; and the sons of Apollo, having exhausted their whole budget of flattering epithets on him, stood close to the anvil forging of new ones, unintelligible to the rest of mankind, if not to themselves also. 'Tis true Belphegor had every dissonant ingredient necessary, to render the marriage state truly unhappy : but what of that, Sir, he had money. 'Tis true Belphegor merited ignominy, instead of renown : and instead of the bays, deserved an halter : but what of that, Sir, he had money : and money, to sum up much in little is,—every thing.

The ambassador, according to his masters express commands, kept two exact registers, one of the happy ; the other of the unhappy nuptials that happened under his inspection : and can we relate it without a blush, the latter was closed, before he had turned to the second page of the former. The final proof only re-

mained, marry he must ; or woe betide him when he got into his masters clutches again. Devil as he was, he shuddered at the thoughts of committing matrimony, and would willingly have been excused from this latter part of his commission ; but he was obliged to make a virtue of necessity. Belphegor, who was a devil of common sense, very wisely laid aside all thoughts of finding a wife, adorned with those numberless perfections, which lying bards depicture from the wild chimeras of their brain, and whining inamoratos figure to their lovesick imaginations ; and concluded that if he could, with all his sagacity, find out the least perverse of her sex, he should have reason to esteem himself, more than happy.

Marriage, say they, is a meer lottery : and it must be confessed, that experience seems to confirm the opinion, since it generally happens, that a man, after giving himself much trouble in the choice of his number, draws a blank ; while another, who takes the first ticket that comes to hand, bears away the prize. Thus it happened with the poor devil. ‘ If I marry an heiress,’ argued he, ‘ she will not fail to
 ‘ twit me in the teeth with the fortune she
 ‘ brought me ; if I marry the daughter of a
 ‘ commoner, I have every thing to apprehend
 ‘ from a want of proper education : I will
 ‘ therefore pay my addresses to some fair one,
 ‘ whose circumstances are inadequate to her
 ‘ birth ; she will be sensible of the obligation
 ‘ I confer on her, and endeavour to make up
 ‘ the

‘ the deficiency of her portion in a profusion
 ‘ of conjugal love and duteous condescension.’

There lived in the city of Florence, at that period of time, a young lady of illustrious birth, named Honesta, who was extremely beautiful, but very indigent. Many wealthy offers had been made her, but were all rejected; for her pride was excessive; and she thought it beneath her dignity, to stoop to any one who would not have his pedigree beyond the deluge?—Belphegor however made shift to pass muster: and the lady, having given him to understand that she had refused the most advantageous matches in Florence, graciously condescended to suffer his addresses. Belphegor, who was as generous a devil as ever existed, highly overjoyed at his good fortune, spared no cost to win the affections of his haughty mistress. Every day seemed to rival its predecessor in splendour and magnificence—Balls!—feastings!—serenades!—in short, by time he prevailed on her to fix a day for the nuptials, he had exhausted great part of his finances. There remained yet certain preliminaries to settle, antecedent to the marriage: there was lawyer, upon lawyer, parchment, upon parchment; little sense; and much nonsense. ‘ A pretty farce truly,’ cries Belphegor laughing in his sleeve, ‘ so I must purchase a
 ‘ wife, as I would a castle; and have her
 ‘ conveyed to me in fee! I don’t wonder at so
 ‘ many unhappy marriages, since those damned
 ‘ cormorants the lawyers have a finger in the
 ‘ pye: nothing can ever prosper that they in-

‘termeddle with : their very breath is infectious ; their aspect more ominous than that of the raven , and I prognosticate no good to our marriage from their appearance.’ He was obliged however to sign and seal, before the parson was permitted to perform his office.

Belphegor had soon reason to perceive, he had not been a false prophet. From morning to night, ’twas one continued scene of strife and discord. Dame Honora, and her diabolical husband, was so vociferous in their matrimonial debates, that the neighbourhood was frequently up in arms. The Dæmon, cursed, swore, and raved like any Bedlamite ; and his rib, in her turn, scolded so violently, that she frequently made the house too hot to hold him. ‘ Villain !—traytor !’—would she exclaim, ‘ is it in this manner you treat a woman of my quality !—a woman of my virtue !—a woman of my parts !—a woman of my meek and peaceable disposition ?’—in short, the poor devil had reason to regret the hell he had left behind him.

Signor Roderigo’s funds were now so far exhausted, what with the expences he had been at during his courtship, joined to the extravagance of his wife, a number of indigent relations of fashion, who did him the honour of boarding gratis in his house, which she often twitted him in the teeth with, and the villainy of a steward, whose fortune augmented, as fast as his master’s decreased ; that he began to be apprehensive of finishing his embassy in a goal.

goal. He was indebted to several persons in considerable sums ; and the rogue of a steward, not content with having ruined his master, by lending him his own money at exorbitant interest ; causing the tradesmen, by his extortion, to charge double, and such like iniquitous practices ; spirited up his creditors to sue him, in order to oblige him to part with what small remnant of estate he had left. This had the desired effect : Belphegor sold his land, which the crafty steward purchased by his agents.

Now would this conscientious gentleman have assumed Roderigo's place, and dubbed him steward in his turn, he might have brought his affairs about again ; filched back his inheritance, and master and valet have enjoyed an alternate reign.

The situation of poor Belphegor became now truly critical : his castle was beswarmed by legions of duns and bailiffs ; and his wife, instead of comforting her husband in his affliction, as her duty prescribed, and endeavouring to alleviate his distress, by sharing in his grief ; loaded him with reproaches. This was too much, even for a devil to bear. His creditors he might have compounded with ; but his wife !—flight was his only resource, since, till the expiration of his embassy, he was debarred the use of an halter : so he even leaped through the casement, and shewed them a fair pair of heels for it. The bailiffs pursued ; but the devil gave them the change, and took shelter in a cottage.

The shepherd received him with a cordial welcome, which divested of compliment, glow-
ed in native beauty, and had charms far more attractive, than the forced politeness of cities. Belphegor no sooner informed him that he was an unfortunate gentleman, pursued by bailiffs; than Matheo, for so the shepherd was named, shewed him into a little subterranean grotto, where he kept his wine for coolness; and kept a strict look out himself, 'till the danger was past: then, releasing the demon from his confinement, bid his wife lay a rather extraordinary on the coals, and insisted on his guest's staying dinner with him. Belphegor accepted the invitation: and the good housewife went about her work with so much chearfulness and good humour, as if ambitious of pleasing her husband, in exerting herself to serve his friend.

The dinner was soon ready. The viands, though plain and simple, were excellent in their kind; and plenty, and œconomy went hand in hand. The demon had now, for the first time, a fast of true happiness; the bacon slice was sweeter far to him, than all the dainties he had tasted in prosperity; so true it is, that hungar and content, are sauces far more poignant, than any the most experienced French cook can prepare. Matheo, and his spouse seemed to vie with each other, who should take most care of their guest, and help him to the nicest morsels. The children too, miniatures of their parents, were not wanting in urbanity: they filled the goblets, diserved
the

the table, and laid the desert ; which consisted of all the various kinds of fruit the season afforded.

Belphegor, perceiving what a perfect harmony reigned in this little family, could not forbear testifying his surprize at it. ‘ My kind host,’ said he to the peasant, ‘ it moves my wonder, that two such contraries, as happiness and matrimony, should be capable of blending together : and yet, if I may judge from what I have seen this day, they live together, upon pretty good terms, in this cottage. Toleration of each other, I ever imagined to be the most perfect felicity the married state was capable of arriving at.’ The shepherd, who was a man of good sense, smiled at his error : and assured him, that though he had been married full thirty years, so far from repenting of his choice, no day had yet passed over his head, but he had reason to thank heaven for some additional happiness. Belphegor seeming quite an infidel in this doctrine, Matheo continued, ‘ Sir,’ said he, ‘ if it will not be disagreeable, I will entertain you with the history of my amours.’ The demon assured him it would not : and he began.

‘ You must not expect to meet with any thing romantic, in the history of my amours ; though they deviate not a little, from the common tract of courtship. Reason was the basis of my love : reason, which alone can guide us in the road to happiness. By the time I arrived at my twenty fifth year,

‘ I found

‘ I found myself master of this cottage, and
 ‘ the fertile vallies that surround it. There I
 ‘ tended my sheep, morn, and even. Pastora
 ‘ fed her flocks hard bye : vicinity soon
 ‘ brought us acquainted. I was captivated
 ‘ with the charms of her person ; but more
 ‘ with the beauties of her mind. She seemed
 ‘ not displeased with my endeavours to render
 ‘ myself agreeable to her : she permitted me
 ‘ to water her flocks, and to sheer her sheep ;
 ‘ while she, indefatigably industrious, turned
 ‘ the spinning-wheel ; and cheered my labours
 ‘ with the melody of her voice. An
 ‘ equality of fortune, a similitude of manners,
 ‘ soon blew our friendship into a flame : we
 ‘ loved before we were aware of it. I took no
 ‘ delight but in the converse of my Pastora :
 ‘ the hours were minutes in her presence ; in
 ‘ her absence ages. I composed amorous sonnets,
 ‘ for what cannot almighty love inspire,
 ‘ and attuned them to my reed ; but sonnets
 ‘ far different from those of whining lovers,
 ‘ who, neglectful of the saint within, pay all
 ‘ their adoration to the shrine. To such, a
 ‘ ruby lip—a dimpled cheek—are subjects inexhaustible ;
 ‘ but those will find, who regard
 ‘ beauty as the only essential to nuptial felicity,
 ‘ that they have taken the chaff, and
 ‘ left the corn behind.’

‘ Upon my word Sir,’ says the demon interrupting him,
 ‘ I cannot help admiring
 ‘ the justness of your remarks, which have
 ‘ more true philosophy in them, than the notions
 ‘ of many who have had the advantage
 ‘ of

‘ of a more liberal education, and pass in the
 ‘ eye of the world, for men of profound wisdom.’ ‘ Philosophy, Sir,’ replied the shepherd, ‘ I take not to be confined alone to
 ‘ books; or to any particular set of notions a
 ‘ man gets into his brain. Nature has given
 ‘ to every man, philosophy enough to render
 ‘ him happy, if he will make a proper use
 ‘ of her gift.’ But to proceed— ‘ My kind
 ‘ host,’ says Belphegor, ‘ Shall I beg the favour of you, before we proceed any farther,
 ‘ to afford us a specimen of poetry you mentioned:’ that you shall have immediately;
 Sir, replied Matthew, ‘ but first let us drink
 ‘ the health of the nymph that inspired my
 ‘ muse.’ Belphegor joined heartily in drinking Pastora’s health; and Matheo sung the following air.

S O N N E T.

*The lawrel, throughout the year green,
 Dreads not the bleak wintry blast;
 So virtue triumphant is seen,
 When beauty’s fail flowret is past.*

*The lawrel at length shall decline,
 And yied to time’s absolute sway;
 But Virtue still brighter shall shine,
 Unconscious of any decay.*

‘ A sonnet of this kind, continued the
 ‘ shepherd, your city dames would not fail to
 ‘ turn into ridicule, with its poor author; but
 ‘ I can

' I can assure you it met with a different re-
 ' ception from Pastora ; and cemented her
 ' esteem for me so firmly, that she no longer
 ' hesitated to become my wife. In short, Sir,
 ' we joined our flocks—we joined our hands
 ' —we joined our hearts ; which, whatever
 ' the multitude may think, is an essential
 ' point in matrimony. Since the happy day
 ' of our union we have resided in this cot-
 ' tage : I tend the sheep ; Pastora milks the
 ' kine, and looks to our family affairs. We
 ' want for nothing ; we wish for nothing ;
 ' and lead a life of mutual love and happiness ;
 ' our children, dear pledges of the nuptial
 ' tie, employ agreeable our leisure hours, in
 ' giving them such instructions as may render
 ' them hereafter, as happy as their parents.'
 Here Matheo ended his narrative : and fill-
 ing a bumper, drank to the health of his
 guest.

Pray, Sir, says the demon, who could
 scarce give credit to what he heard, ' give me
 ' leave to ask you one question : do no dif-
 ' ferences ever happen, between you, and
 ' your spouse ? if not, I think you have got
 ' beyond the *ne plus ultra* of connubial happi-
 ' ness : for my part, I should have esteemed
 ' myself happier than a prince, could I have
 ' compounded for one quiet day in the week.'
 My Pastora and I, replied the shepherd,
 ' have, I thank heavens, enjoyed hitherto,
 ' the sweets of uninterrupted tranquillity ; and
 ' shall, I hope, continue so to do, to our dy-
 ' ing day. My love, is the hardest word I
 ' ever

' ever heard from her yet ; and I believe she
 ' will do me the justice to return me the com-
 ' pliment. Our felicity, in this respect, I at-
 ' tribute chiefly to two motives : in the first
 ' place, neither avarice, nor ambition had the
 ' least share in our union ; unless it were an
 ' ambition of contributing all in our power,
 ' to the mutual happiness of each other : our
 ' passion was founded on friendship, and a
 ' knowledge of each others worth ; a founda-
 ' tion which will endure to the end of ages.
 ' In the next place, we were ever cautious of
 ' incroaching on each others province : I ma-
 ' naged my sheep ; Pastora managed her dairy
 ' without controul : and would every one
 ' mind to act in his proper sphere, and pay a
 ' proper attention to his own affairs, without
 ' intermeddling in the concerns of his neigh-
 ' bour ; discord would soon cease ; mankind
 ' enjoy the sweets of peace and tranquillity ;
 ' and the cormorants of the law starve, and
 ' so let them, for want of employment.'

The poor devil was thoroughly amazed at
 what he had heard ; and resolved, within him-
 self, to give Matheo, and his non-such of a
 wife, a place in his register of fortunates, the
 very first opportunity.

When dinner was over, Belphegor took
 the shepherd aside, told him who he was, and
 the errand he had been sent on. Matheo
 started back, trembling at the thoughts of such
 a diabolical guest : but the devil bid him not
 be troubled. ' Fear not, my good host,' said
 he, ' I am the best natured devil in the world ;
 ' when

‘ when I am pleased ; and will not fail richly
 ‘ to recompence you, for your civility in so
 ‘ kindly entertaining me, and skreening me
 ‘ from the catchpoles. There is no safety for
 ‘ me to remain in my present character : for,
 ‘ should I elude the search of my creditors,
 ‘ my termagant wife would not fail to pursue
 ‘ me, to the utmost limits of the earth. I
 ‘ intend therefore, to divest myself of this
 ‘ body, which is nothing more than a case,
 ‘ which a certain Atheist, who inhabits our
 ‘ gloomy regions, made me a present of. It
 ‘ was formed, it seems, by a fortuitous con-
 ‘ cussion of atoms ; and had been preserved by
 ‘ him in spirits, as a valuable curiosity.’ Ma-
 theo stared ! and Belphegor continued. — ‘ I
 ‘ must now seek shelter in the bodies of other
 ‘ people : but, in gratitude to my benefactor,
 ‘ I promise, on the word of a devil, thrice to
 ‘ obey your exorcisms. By this means, you
 ‘ will have a fair opportunity of acquiring an
 ‘ immense fortune ; for I intend for your sake,
 ‘ to take possession of such, as will be able
 ‘ to give you whatever recompense you shall
 ‘ exact :’ so saying, he disappeared from Ma-
 theo, who was almost blinded with the dust,
 caused by the dissolution of the atomic
 body.

Matheo, in spight of his boasted philoso-
 phy, could not withstand the temptation of
 riches. His favourite maxim, of taking the
 corn, and leaving the chaff behind, deserted
 his distracted noddle ; and he left reality, to
 grasp at a shadow. Pastora wondered at the
 sudden

sudden change in his temper : his good humour abandoned him ; he affected to sit brooding by himself, as melancholy as a cat ; and so totally neglected his affairs, that this new scheme of grandeur had turned all to rack and ruin, had it not been for the good conduct, and œconomy of Pastora.

Belphegor, in the mean time, had taken up his lodgings in the body of a beautiful young lady, daughter to a person of the greatest distinction in Florence. The whole corps of ecclesiastics were employed by the distracted parent, to drive the devil out of his child, but to no purpose. All their efforts proved ineffectual, and though they consumed two hogshheads, at least, of the very best holy water that could be got for love, or money, the demon maintained his ground ; and the good priests were fain to throw their cap at him. The rumour of the affair soon spread over the country, and Matheo, who made no doubt but that this was his devil, resolved to undertake the exorcism, and remind him of his promise. Pastora thought for certain, that her husband was bewitched : she expostulated with him on the folly of the enterprize ; and received for her pains, half a score hearty curses.

Matheo put on his best doublet ; trudged away to the city ; and waiting on the nobleman, told him he would engage, for the sum of ten thousand Florins, to deliver his daughter from the impure spirit. The nobleman stared at the exorbitance of the sum, and would have

have compounded with the exorcist for one half ; but Matheo refused to abate a maravedi of what he had asked. What was to be done ? the priests were at the end of their Latin—and the girl was an only child. In short, his demand was complied with, and security given for the sum. Matheo went to work immediately ; and the devil, who stood upon the point of honour, very civilly unrosted, at the first summons.

The shepherd received the price stipulated ; and, what may seem very surprizing to such of our readers, as never gave themselves leisure to reflect on the nature and properties of that precious metal, returned home, much more dissatisfied than when he set out : for gold, far from satiating the man that thirst for it, serves but to increase his drought : 'tis like a jack-a-lanthorn, which leads the wearied traveller over hill and dale, never to arrive at the wished-for goal.

Belphegor took possession of two other ladies successively, and Matheo, to make use of an expression which every lawyer understands far better than his *Pater Noster*, ousted him as often ; accumulated an immense fortune ; and lived—a wretch in state.

Now be it known, to such of our readers as are little conversant in the nature of compacts between the devil and his agents, that it is always the hard fate of such, to be left in the lurch at last. Old nick, like a cunning lawyer, takes care to throw in some quirk, quibble, or double entendre at the end, that renders the
premises

premises of none effect ; or, as Mackbeth says :

*He palters with us in a double sense ;
He keeps the word of promise to our ear,
But breaks it to our hope.*

Thus it fared with Matheo : the devil had promised him that he should acquire riches, but not that he should live to enjoy them, Belphegor, in order to punish him for his avarice, took possession of the king of Naple's daughter. The whole kingdom was in alarm at the dreadful news ; and Matheo's exorcisms being yet recent in the minds of every one, he was sent for to court. The monarch offered him a recompense worthy the royal donor, to unde-vil his daughter ; but Matheo, conscious of his insufficiency, assured his majesty he was nothing but a poor shepherd, who had no more power over the devil than the pope at Rome had. The king, enraged at his refusal, which he imputed to his insatiable avarice, and desire of a greater reward, ordered a gallows to be erected, and the promised reward deposited near it : ' there, friend,' says he, ' take your choice ; the purse, or the halter.' Poor Matheo began to look blew upon the matter ; and intreated the demon, in the most pathetic terms, to move his quatters : but Belphegor, who had acquitted himself of his promise, on *en homme d'honneur* disdained to budge ; and grinned in his sleeve at the misfortune of the shepherd,

Shepherd, whose insatiable thirst of gold had drawn him into this dilemma.

Matheo had now mounted the ladder ; the cord was tied ; the Psalm was sung , and he was about to make his exit, when a lucky thought came into his head. He whispered the executioner to cause the trumpets to be sounded, and the drums to be beat ; who paid due obedience to his orders. ‘ You covetous ‘ rogue you ? ’ cries Belphegor, ‘ whose ears were stunned with the noise, ‘ what ! must ‘ you be hanged in state, forsooth ? ’ — not so, master devil, replies the shepherd, — ‘ ’tis your wife, Honesta, who is arrived with ‘ this grand apparatus, seeking her beloved ‘ husband through the world : ’ — here she ‘ comes.’ The very name of—wife—struck the poor devil with such a panic, that he took to his heels, without taking leave. So all three were perfectly well contented : the king at the recovery of his daughter ; the shepherd at the receipt of the ducatoons ; and the devil at his escape from his wife.

Belphegor, the time of his mission expired, winged it to his native soil, heartily tired of his residence on earth. He assured his grim master, that he might save himself the expence of maintaining emissaries, since mankind were so wretchedly depraved, that they did his business more effectually than the ablest minister in his sooty empire. And as for marriage ! quoth he, — here the poor devil was seized with a cold sweat ; in spite of the

the sulphurous flames that surrounded him, he trembled all over like an aspen leaf; and could proceed no farther. Pluto however, a sharp sighted don, who could see further than his nose; comprehended how matters had gone, and ordered it to be registered accordingly.



The

The L A W Y E R:

A T A L E.

A Lawyer long had led his life,
Free from that plague! that tor-
ment!—wife.

He supp'd;—he din'd;—he sipp'd his tea;
Perus'd his brief, and took his fee:
Next day—the same dull scene again,
But felt no fever in his vein:
His pulse in equal tenor beat;
His heart ne'er glow'd with am'rous heat;
No love knew he, but love of pelf,
Each wish was center'd in himself.

Who winters sixty-five hath counted,
And ev'ry carnal wish surmounted,
Stands, one would think, an equal chance
With apes, in hell, to lead the dance.

Not so old gripe:—by fate decreed
In Venu's court his cause to plead.

Cupid

Cupid was bid perform his part,
 And rouse to love his frozen heart ;
 So drew an arrow from his quiver ;
 And shot poor Fumble through the liver,

For buxom Kitty now he sighs ;
 Kitty, the fair with radiant eyes :
 Of ev'ry ball, and hop the boast ;
 Amongst the cits a first rate toast.

What wonders can almighty love !
 The Vulture changes to a Dove,
 No more an avaricious elf,
 He wonders at his former self.
 Nothing but splendor to be seen ;
 How neat embroid'ry shews on green !
 What tho' the gout assail his toes,
 And the tight shoe increase his throes,
 Pain he defies—confines his feet
 Crispin !—a pump !—be sure 'tis neat !

His business stagnates, while the ass
 Surveys his visage in the glass ;
 Effays what peruke suits his face,
 What doublet gives the better grace :
 Then—, Jove like in Danaës tower ;
 Drops in her lap in golden shower.

Kitte, Danaë like complies,
 But modestly,—with down cast eyes ;
 At ev'ry period makes —— a pause,
 Affects a thousand hem's, and hah's :

I.a !

La ! Sir, had I inclin'd to marry,
 There's rich squire Plumb,—there's young
 Sir Harry

Have often woo'd me to consent,
 And offer'd Charte Blanche settlement ;
 But still my theme was—no—not I !
 Resolv'd a maid to live ; and die.

Yet sure—, as nurse has often said,
 All marriages in Heav'n are made,
 Since, in the space of half an hour,
 Some secret—some resistless Pow'r
 Cancels my fixt resolve :—the rest
 My blushes speak——ye gods how blest !
 Cries Fumble :—yes !—I read your meaning
 You love me !—That needs no explaining.

A tale—, we vouch Dan Prior for't,
 Should neither be too long, nor short :
 If, Niggard-like, we stint our measure,
 We baulk your draught, and spoil your
 pleasure ;

But if the stream too generous flows,
 Maudlin the satiate reader grows.
 Your Maxim—Mat—we'll keep in mind,
 A proper medium strive to find ;
 So hit your meaning to a tittle,
 Nor say too much ; nor yet too little.

Suppose our couple in the noose,
 From which no pow'r but death can loose :
 The posset spilt,—the stocking thrown,
 The bride and bridegroom left alone :
 Suppose——we dare suppose no more :
 Muse !—draw the curtain : shut the door.

Fumble

Fumble she follows parchment slaughter,
 To raise a portion for his daughter :
 In embryo yet ;—but which the wight
 Hoped, in good time, to bring to light.
 And, sure enough, at nine months end,
 Or, sooner as some folks pretend,
 Madam cries out :—A girl appears,
 The future comfort of his years.

Good lack a day ! the midwife cries,
 Behold the father's mouth and eyes !
 If't ben't his picture I'm a Jew :
 Why aye, cries dad,—I think so too.

The child who his own father knows
 Is wise :—For so the proverb goes.
 Which might, with equal justice, run :
 He's a wise sire who knows his son.

Reader ! what say'st—mehap you'll think,
 The still sow drank up all the drink.
 Now, by my troth, you've hit the mark,
 For lawyer Fumble kept a clerk,
 Who help'd the dame in time of need ;
 To him's the honour of the deed.

Four summers after — some say three,
 The learned ever disagree,
 Old Fumble went, in long vacation,
 To take some rural recreation,
 And left the business, and the house,
 To honest Tom, and virtuous spouse.
 Strait Tom usurps his master's place,
 Presides at table—carves—says grace ;

Fills the void space in bed of nights ;
His mistress was so 'fraid of sprights.

The term drew near :—a letter came
From lawyer Fumble to his dame ;
To notify that in days twain,
He'd see his household Gods again.

Thomas, who had not struck a stroke,
But spent his time in laugh and joak,
Sat to the desk both day and night,
And peg'd away with muckle might ;
Neglectful of the willing fair,
Pen, ink, and parchment claim his care.

The am'rous dame whose blood ran high,
Of't ask'd him, with a wistful eye,
Why he would pore so day and night,
Certain she was 'twould hurt his sight.

Z——ds ! Maam, cries Tom, see what a
tribe

Of briefs, and cases to transcribe ;
Prythee don't tease me—let me go on—
Was ever such a plaguing woman !

To write he essays—but in vain :

She jog'd his arm ;—she split his pen ;

His ink she spilt,—his plumbet bent ;

Thomas——, who well knew what, she
meant,

Half pleas'd, half angry, left his seat

Took up a coal, and drew a mete :

Pass this, quoth he, and, by my head

I'll touzle you upon the bed.

But

But buxom Kate defied the spark,
 And boldly stept across the mark :
 Tom caught her, willing, in his arms,
 And revell'd midst a thousand charms.

The am'rous scene was hardly o'er,
 When three distinct raps shook the door.
 By three such raps, the Cock-Lane spright,
 Harrow'd each soul with sad affright :
 The justice quak'd :—the parson shook :
 Down went the candle and the book.
 From whence this moral we may draw ;
 Listen, ye sages of the law :
 Justice corrupt, and parson evil,
 May sooner raise than lay the devil.

But to our tale :—old Fumble pop't in,
 Madam was mending of her stocking ;
 Tom sat at work with phiz so grave,
 Who could suspect him for a knave ?
 Fumble—, but first with aspect mild
 He kiss'd his wife—carest his child,
 Was hastning where squire Thomas wrote ;
 His bantling pull'd him by the coat :
 Oh ! go no further pray, papa,
 Or Tom will serve you like mama :
 Because she past that mark he made,
 He tumbled her upon the bed.
 Fumble began to feel his pate ;
 Wish'd the knot loose, but wish'd too
 late.

Dismiss'd his clerk, pack'd off his whore,
 Then stuck this maxim o'er his door.

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Ye dotards all, who needs must wed,
And try the joys of bridal bed ;
By my sad destiny take warning :
Join not dull night, to rosy morning.
As falshood contrary to truth,
So dissonant is age to youth.



The SHEPHERD:

A T A L E.

VIRTUE and happiness we find,
To no peculiar sect confin'd;
Attainable in ev'ry station,
By ev'ry age, and ev'ry nation;
By English—Spanish—Turk and Tartar;
From honest Hob—to star and garter.
Some fancy sweets Saturnian flow
In rural cots:—But is it so?
A moment's patience, good my friend,
We'll tell a tale:—Do you attend:
Than—when you've list'ned to the muse,
Adopt what sentiment you chuse.

Far from the town's infectious air,
Morosus fed his fleecy care:
The playful lamkins skip'd around,
The fragrant flowrets deck'd the ground:
The shepherd's tript it on the green;
No gloomy discontent was seen.

Morofus had a beauteous spouse ;
 Children twice two ; an handsome house :
 Some fertile acres which brought clear,
 About one hundred marks a year :
 Cows to make cheefe—oxen for tillage,
 No swain so wealthy in the village.
 Where joy and peace—were grief and strife
 Dependant on the goods of life ;
 Morofus might each year's increase,
 Taste the soft charms of joy and peace.
 Yet—strange to tell !—the wretched wight,
 Liv'd utter stranger to delight :
 Still pin'd for something midst his store,
 Still heav'd the anxious sigh for more.
 When more,—and more he got :—what
 then ?
 Why sigh'd for more ;—and more again.

His wife, in duty, try'd each art,
 To heal the ulcer in his heart :
 In vain :—Morofus' dogged soul,
 Remained impatient of controul ;
 Each day relax'd from worse to worse,
 His spleen augmented with his purse.
 This thing was wrong ;—and this not right ;
 Z—ds !—take this mutton from my sight.
 'Twas your own choice :—by God, you lie ;
 Then eat—my dear—some pidgeon pye :
 Pies I abhor ;—you know it well :
 Some hag has surely cast a spell,
 Resolv'd this day I should not eat :
 My dear—some remnants of calves feet.
 They stink :—to bear it I'm not able :
 Down go the dishes with the table.

It

It happ'd one day, in sullen mood,
 Morofus sought his mid-day food.
 Before the usual hour he came,
 That he might quarrel with his dame :
 But she descry'd him from afar,
 And fearful of approaching war,
 Used all the speed that she was able ;
 The porridge smoak'd upon the table.

Morofus, starting with surprize,
 Survey'd it with malignant eyes,
 Why ! how comes dinner dress'd so soon ?
 I never yet came home till noon :
 Had I not nick'd it, by my troth
 You'd spoil'd the victuals and the broth.
 Then down he sat the spoon to sip,
 The boiling liquid scalds his lip :
 Against his wife he vents his rage :
 When thus the dame ; more calm—more
 sage.

The proverb bids—, I've heard at school,
 Reserve your breath your broth to cool :
 Which maxim sage had you observ'd,
 Your mouth from scald had been preserv'd.
 But thus it fares with all mankind,
 Who to true happiness are blind.
 Of wealth, the pottage, dearest Dick,
 Is truly hieroglyphick :
 Had you been calm, refrain'd from riot,
 And eat your mess in peace and quiet,
 The friendly liquid would impart,
 A genial comfort to your heart ?

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Too greedy, now th' effects you feel,
Your mouth you've burn'd, and spoil'd your
meal.

So riches soberly pursued,
Productive are of greatest good :
But if too eager in the chace,
For blifs, our torment we embrace.



The

The disconsolate WIDOW:

A T A L E.

HYENAS fierce—or travellers lie
As oft the case is by the bye,
In plaintive voice your pity draw :
Approach—you perish 'neath their paw.
Just so 'tis with the widow train,
In doleful accents they complain :
But take heed how ye sympathize,
Like basilisks, their very eyes
Deal death :—who'er beholds them dies. }

My husband dead, the widow cries,
For ever flow my streaming eyes :
Life is no longer worth my care :
Then beats her bosom, tears her hair ;
Measures her length upon the floor :
Oh !—oh !—my husband is no more !
But acts the solemn farce in sight,
That she may get another by't.
Thence to her toilette :—wipes her tears.
The jetty pendants grace her ears,

The patch is plac'd above her brow :
 Dear me !—I look—I can't tell how :
 Betty !—come here child—what d'ye say;
 Don't I look horribly to day ?
 You grieve too much :—Ah ! poor dear
 man

Reach me my handkerchief and fan ;
 His loss I ever shall bewail :
 But really I look wondrous pale.
 Pale madam !—aye !—and well you may,
 You fret so all the live long day.
 A spouse so good, so ki—ki—kind
 Oh ! why leave hapless Bid behind ?
 I never shall—adjust this pinner,
 Survive—but hark ! the bell for dinner.
 Then with her hood she veils her face,
 And at the table takes her place.

In vain fond papa crowds her plate,
 Widows in public never eat.
 My dearest Bid, the parent cries,
 Bid cease your grief, and wipe your eyes ;
 Weep till they start from out your head,
 You never can recall the dead.
 A widow !—wretched and forlorn !
 Woe's me that ever I was born !
 Come—to oblige me eat this pye ;
 I've a young husband in my eye :
 Who, soon as decency permits,
 Lord, Sir, you've surely lost your wits !
 A husband I !—a speedy grave
 The greatest blessing that I crave.
 I marry !—oh ! how can you, cruel,
 Sport with my grief—add fuel to fuel.

The

The very thought so wrings my heart
 Prythee, child, eat your bit of tart
 Oh my lov'd lord!—I die!—I faint!
 Hogarth!—a scene for you to paint,
 Senseless she tumbles from her chair:
 Her father, frantic with despair,
 Beating her palms, calls out for aid:
 Quick!—quick!—the hartshorn: where's
 the maid?

Betty, run quick; fetch doctor Slaughter:
 Bid him make haste. Alas my daughter!
 But see at length she rears her head!
 Stay, Betty, 'till she's got to bed.

Biddy, to all advice perverse,
~~Still carries on~~ the threadbare farce;
 Firmly resolved to fob and glowt,
 Until her mourning time was out:
 But, soon as the revolving year,
 Threw off her weeds, and banish'd care;
 Flaunted away, in grand parade,
 To ball—assembly—masquerade:
 Strove in each winning art t' excell,
 And from her rivals bear the bell.
 How great was fond papa's surprize!
 He hardly could believe his eyes:
 Well! thought he, woman is a riddle;
 This hour the knell;—the next a fiddle:
 The shrowd is chang'd into a sack,
 Just as the whimsey takes:—good lack!

The promis'd husband he'd propose,
 But fear'd he might renew her woes;

So

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So—cautious to awake her sorrow,
Defers it from to day to—morrow.
But gamesome Biddy wiser grown,
Resolv'd no more to lye alone :
Papa, says she, twelve months ago
You promis'd me a—what ?—you know ;
A—husband, girl, I read your mind :
True portrait of all womankind.



The CONTRAST:

A T A L E.

FRRIENDSHIP, on earth so little
known,

And yet what name more common
grown?

Dares the advent'rous muse rehearse

Thy attributes in humble verse?

'Tis thine the drooping soul to chear,

'Tis time t'absorb the falling tear;

Benign, when fortune frowns, sustain

More than a double share of pain:

Equal in prosperous days we find,

But in our adverse more than kind.

Yet friendship's rarely to be found,

Unless you'll pay so much per pound;

Expos'd, a prostitute, to sale,

Int'rest still holds the doubtful scale,

But—soon as interest kicks the beam,

You waken from your golden dream;

Stung by the serpent you carest,

And kindly shelter'd in your breast.

Sir

Sir I'm your friend, Perfidus cries,
 While you give wine and ven'son pies,
 Your's in return, as I'm a finner :
 How long ?—why till you want a dinner.
 Fine friendship this : yet 'tis the fashion,
 In this, and every other nation.

Two friends once jostled in the street :
 Ye Gods ! how glad were they to meet.
 My Dearest dick !—my dearest Ned !
 I heard your wife was brought to bed :
 True, Sir :—what is it ?—a chopping boy :
 Upon my soul I wish you joy.
 Let's see—it has not yet struck two :
 What's the best news ?—faith nothing new.
 'Tis a full hour to dinner yet,
 Come to the Vine, and take a whet.
 I've not a fouse, my dearest friend,
 Phoo !—Z—ds ! ne'er talk of that, I'll lend.
 I'm wholly ruin'd and undone ;
 A thriftless wife, a graceless son
 Have squander'd all my little store :
 I'm ruin'd, Sir, for evermore.
 You jest !—alas ! the tale's too true :
 All my dependance, now on you.
 Why aye :—but—I mistook the hour ;
 Besides, the sky portends a shower :
 Adieu !—I must be gone—I hate
 To make my friends, and dinner wait.
 I'll wait on you to-morrow noon :
 Bless me ! I'm going out of town :
 How griev'd I am !—then turns his a—se,
 And ends the hypocritic farce.

Harkye,

Hawkye, miss muse, vouchsafe a loftier
 strain,
 Swell to enthusiasm your poet's vein ;
 Friendship sincere, sublime I mean to sing :
 Egad ! a very pretty thing.
 L—ds ! what d'ye mean ?—If I take a
 stick
 You've fill'd my head with Hudibrastic :
 I'd fain be dull—you urge to merry :
 I call for Malmsey—you bring Sherry.
 Know then :—to vex you, ugly whelp,
 I'll end my tale without your help :
 Be gone !—and tell your saucy fire
 I'll——throw his peruke 'hind the fire.

There liv'd in a cellar, not far from the
 Meuse,
 A noted translator of old boots and shoes.
 Not far distant from him—perhaps a stone's
 throw
 Liv'd a barber nam'd Joseph,——vulgaritèr
 Joe.
 And (to use the simile) a stone's throw from
 that,
 At a publican's house, hung the sign of a cat,
 Where Joe, and friend Snob spent their even-
 ings together,
 From politicks sinking, to——wash-balls,
 and leather :
 From wash-balls and leather, to politics
 return'd,
 This cot should be made good :—this arsenal
 burn'd.

Would

Would I were but sent against such and such
places !
I'd strap them !—and I would so lather their
faces !

In short, Sirs, this tonfor, and mender of
soles,
Were ever uneasy, but round the same coals ;
Between them so perfect a concord subsisted,
No friends could compare to 'em that ever
existed :
Did the tonfor require a piece set to his shoe,
Not a farthing to pay :—t'other shav'd him
in lieu :
Nay, tradition assures us when one's box was
out,
The other would give him the coge from his
mouth.

One night, from the alehouse retir'd to
their nest,
An ominous vision broke poor Crispin's rest.
He slept on his breeks, slept away to friend
Joe,
And rap'd at the door with a holla ! friend,
ho !
Holla ho ! was as quick by the shaver re-
plied,
Stay a moment ; I'll loosen the bolt within-
side.
He thought it was fire :—when he found
'twas his friend,
What wants my dear Tim ? any aid can I
lend ?

Have

Have you, overpower'd with the juice of the
barrel,

Engag'd in a fray?—I'll take part in your
quarrel :

Here's a fist stout as Broughton's.—Perhaps
you're in fear

Of those rascally bailiffs for 'bacco or beer :
Three pounds fifteen shillings the tot of my
store ;

Here, take it—I wish it were fifty times
more :

Or perhaps you are weary of lying alone ;
Step in, a G—d's name ; take a cut of my
Joan.

Alas ! none of these.—What then brings you
so late ?

To disturb you I think :—a curse on this
pate !

An unlucky vision got into my head,
I thought you was sick, so jump'd from my
bed ;

In friendship's strong torrent my reason was
lost,

And I knock'd at your gate, as you know
to your cost.

F I N I S.

Have you, ever known a man who
 played in a way?—I'll tell you
 there's a man in the world who
 Of such things is full of
 I have known a man who
 like a man it is—
 I have known a man who
 I have known a man who
 To think of you I think—a
 An echo of your name
 I think you was like to
 I think you was like to
 And I know of your name
 to your name



